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POCAHONTAS



Matoaks als Rebecca daughter to the mighty Prince
Powhatan Emperour of Attanoughkomouck als Virginia
converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and
Wife to the wor^m M^r Tho: Rolif.

POCAHONTAS

OR
THE NONPARELL
OF
VIRGINIA



BY
DAVID GARNETT



LONDON
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1933

P R E F A C E

FACTS begin by inspiring the imagination: they end by imprisoning it in a strait-waistcoat, and the following work was written in their fetters. The persons, the places and, with few exceptions, the events here recorded are historical.

I have visited the places, I have read all important documents (save one—a manuscript, the ownership of which I have been too late in tracing) and only in one minor point have I knowingly gone against the weight of evidence; and I have deliberately set my imagination the narrow, yet impossible, task of calling my characters from their graves and making them live, act, feel and think, though not speak, as once they did.

Such a reconstruction, in my hands at all events, is inevitably a work of fiction; for what, after all, are men's names and what are their deeds, when weighed in the scale against their emotions and their affections?

My ambition has been two-fold: to draw an accurate historical picture and to make it a work of art, and I am well aware that success would have been easier and more complete if my aims had been different from what they were.

I wish to express my deepest gratitude to all those who have helped me to gather my materials both in England and in America.

D. G.

July 28, 1932,
Williamsburg, Virginia

CHAPTER I



THE air was very soft before the heat of a summer's day, soft and full of a mixture of pleasant smells—of the sea and the ozone rising where the brine had dried out of the hot sandy beaches, of pinewoods and fir, cedar and resinous branches, of fields of flowers. And besides these delightful smells there was the rich fragrance which is found only in virgin forest, which comes partly of leaves and pine needles and fallen sticks rotting into humus, partly of mushrooms and toadstools, and partly of the balsamic exhalations of millions of opening buds and growing shoots.

The sky grew light and a faint mist crept out of the forest back to the estuary of the river and over the white sand dunes to Chesapeake Bay and the sea beyond. The wind played there, but up the river the air was still. The trees on the edge of the forest looked very tall in the first light, so tall and so widely spaced that the eye could penetrate a long way in the open aisles between their columns. There was no undergrowth in that primeval forest. Along the edges of the estuary and wherever forest gave place to savannah, the trees were roped and bound with climbing grape vines, which were often as thick as a man's thigh. The tops of the tallest elms and cedars were overrun and loaded with their clusters. Every little shrub was covered with them. Here and there the lianes of a green glossy-leaved moonflower had thrown themselves all over a decaying giant and burst out in a cascade of white blossoms,

or a frieze of common trumpet vine hung and sprawled, bursting into knots of flowers like flame-coloured foxglove tubes.

Away to the south-east were the white, shining sand dunes; the lapping tide flowed in on them from the great bay of Chesapeake and round the peninsulas and islets. The sun rose, and up the James and York rivers the virgin forest stood for miles untouched, and at rare intervals fell away in clearings trodden and rudely hacked by man, human figures came and went, and, for a stretch of half a mile, there were no deer standing on the shore, no wild turkeys dusting themselves in the sand. And then the forest closed in again, changing its character as the ground rose to hills covered with beech and oak, ash, pine and maple, or sank to cypress swamp where the overpowering scent of blossoming bog-magnolia filled the air.

At Werowocomoco, on what is now York river, the land was flat and park-like, a salting of a thousand acres, raised just enough above high tide to escape from being swamp, and divided by creeks and streams which at low tide became deep runs of black mud. The great forest trees stood in groups and there were pathways running every way, and between the network of brooks the green and yellow luxuriance of field, of garden, of planted tobacco and Indian corn.

Long cabins, covered with sheets of bark or woven reed matting, stood in the shadows under the trees: from their doorways naked children ran out, and in them women stood stretching themselves and yawning, shaking back their black stringy hair, screwing up their dark eyes at the sun, and regretting that voluptuous last sleep which follows after love.

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They were not the hatchet-faced, hawk-nosed Indians of the plains, but a round-headed people with broad cheek-bones, broad, rounded foreheads and thick noses which were straight or even a bit turned up at the ends. Their eyes were jet black and Chinese, but set quite straight in their flat faces; their skins varied from the colour of dull gold to a tawny mulberry shade. Some of the men were very tall. The women were small in stature, muscular and well made, naked to the waist, with firm round-nippled breasts. The girls amongst them had shaven foreheads; all wore but a single garment—a leather apron or kilt of fringed buckskin without the hair. Below their knees and above their elbows their arms and legs were ornamented by bands of tattooing, black on their dark skins. Sometimes they called to one another from house to house, but their voices were low and singularly agreeable. By nature they were a silent people; the barking of the crow and the whistle of the oriole were loud above the sounds of an Indian town.

From the big houses they issued forth in crowds, breathing in the fresh air with negligent pleasure. Soon they had gathered in bands, and, driving their larger children before them, and carrying the naked babies clasped astride their hips, they descended to the waters of the river. There they were noisier, laughing and calling to the children who swam out boldly into the current or came wading ashore again to meet the women and splash water suddenly into their faces. After such wantonness the mellow voices were raised in screams and laughter, and the waves thrashed into sudden foam where an aunt or elder sister pursued some insolent urchin and in the chase overtook and ducked him with further cries and splashings.

Each day began with this early bathe in which all the women and children took part: even the babies were carried out and dangled for a few minutes by their mothers in the stream. By the time the bathe was over, and the women and children were collected on the shore, the sun had risen above the tallest trees and the men had come out to swim in their turn. There were few of them compared with the numbers of the women, for they were a warrior people that spent its full-grown manhood in the glory of perpetual raids and wars.

The men's heads showed a long way out as black spots among the dancing silver wavelets, and when they turned and swam again for shore, with their long black hair streaming out onto the water above their shoulders, the morning was well begun. Already the women and girls were sitting on the sunny sides of the long houses eating their morning meal, while the men sauntered back, shaking the water from their shoulders and squeezing it out of their scalp locks which hung down on the unshaven side of their heads onto their left shoulders.

This fashion of shaving the right side of the head, to keep the hair clear of the bowstring, gave each man two completely different profiles:—one savage and frightful, the other womanish and noble.

While some were eating, others were already anointing their hair and painting each other's shoulders with anchusa root and red earth ground up into a paint with walnut oil. Soon the company of the savages was much dispersed: only a band of children chased each other among the trees; a maiden sang pleasantly as she walked across from one long house to another; an old man knelt and scraped a thin cane with a small tool. The older

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women had soon spread out the mats in the sun and were gone to hoe their gardens where the tassels of Indian corn reached high above their bowed shoulders; the girls were off away up the creeks into the woods carrying baskets to fill with whortleberries and the lads had pushed off in dug-out canoes to visit the night-lines laid out farther up the shore. Several of the tall men had departed silently after exchanging a few words with the kneeling old man who hardly paused in his scraping as they passed by on moccasined feet, carrying their long hickory bows in their hands, and quivers of turkey-feathered arrows at their belts. Clothes irked them always, and the men went naked except for a leather pad or breech-clout: the cool sea breeze which had sprung up seemed to them pleasant on their skins.

The old man who knelt and scraped was left alone. In his right hand he held a chisel pointed with a beaver's tooth. With it he was notching the shafts of arrows. Above rose the smooth trunk of an immense tulip poplar; at its base was a big flat stone on which were laid out the deer sinews, the turkey feathers and the sharp triangular arrow-heads of shivered stone. Nearby a little fire smouldered, and a little clay pot, resting on the embers, distilled a strong smell of simmering glue. When the last notch had been cut, the kneeling man rose to his feet. He was very tall, ancient but upright, with a deeply-lined face which wore habitually a disagreeable, sour, but humorous expression most typically American. His personal name was Wakun-senecaw, but he was always called Powhatan, the name of the kingdom by the falls on James river where he was born.

He was the great chief, the great king, the Emperor of the Virginian Indians, but he was unaware of royal blood

and divine right as he set aside his beaver-tooth chisel and moved to stir the glue made by boiling down the nobbly cartilaginous tips of deers' horns taken while they were growing in the velvet.

Soon he knelt down again before the flat stone and began very slowly and carefully splitting turkey feathers with a knife made out of a sliver of sharp reed. The Indian craftsman had to work extraordinarily patiently, for he had to be sure not to damage the delicate and precious tools with which he worked. But the reed cut into the quill and split it, and the edge was slowly dragged back; and in the end two-thirds of the feather lay cut in halves, before the quill broke, since it was too fine to split further.

Each of the feathers had to be cut and trimmed again, and often measured against the reed shaft of the arrow. At last all was ready: the quill base of each strip of feather was dipped in glue and the feather pressed onto the reed, and then, before the glue had set, Powhatan made the glued feathers doubly secure with a lashing of deer-sinew. When the arrow was feathered it had to be tipped. The arrow-head was inserted in a notch in the reed shaft which was then lashed tightly about with sinew, and then the whole top of the arrow was soaked in glue and thick glue moulded about the junction of sinew, stone and reed.

The morning had passed by while three arrows had been put together from the prepared materials, and before the half-dozen had been notched, feathered and tipped, it was late afternoon and Powhatan still sat patiently working alone with his bare shoulders dappled in light and shade by the sunlight falling through the poplar leaves.

While he was still at work the open spaces of the village became more populous; the older women came back from

the corn and tobacco gardens and stood in the doorways of the long houses, with their arms crossed below their paps, talking—before setting to work to collect the deer skins which they had shaken and laid out in the sun to air that morning.

‘Aye! Ayah! Aye! Aye! Huh!’ There was a sudden shouting, and a black-coated wolfish dog with something heavy in its mouth came into sight galloping in terror, pursued with astonishing swiftness by a naked old woman. The angry shouts became wilder as other women joined in; the dog doubled and was headed back, stones flew, and Powhatan straightened his back and began laughing silently, his face creasing up into deep folds. The dog had a long fish in its mouth; the tail stuck out beyond its nose, and the weight of the burden hampered it. Stones flew all round; the old woman, holding a hoe in her hand, sprinted madly, and the black dog rolled one eye back to squint at her. Powhatan leant against the tree helpless with laughter. A stone struck the dog in the ribs. It yelped and dropped the fish, and the old woman paused and threw her hoe, hitting the dog which yelped again in pain, and running on three legs, disappeared.

Powhatan wiped the tears out of his eyes with his knuckles. How his nails smelt of glue! That was the worst of the fletcher’s work. While he was still smiling and watching the old woman pick up her fish and retrieve her hoe, two of his wives came up to him with baskets of blueberries in their hands and a little naked girl running before them. She seized hold of her father and jumping on him began climbing until she was first pick-a-back and then perched on his shoulders. One of the women was a girl of seventeen to whom Powhatan had only been married a

few weeks: the other was a woman of thirty and the mother of Pocahontas, the little girl, and they stood beside each other watching the man and the child, laughing as Powhatan began describing how the old woman had chased the dog and thrown her hoe; and then they offered him their blueberries and he helped himself, putting handfuls of the fruit alternately into his own mouth and into the little mouth wide open above his forehead.

There were crowds already collected round the doorways as Powhatan gathered up his arrows and his tools and walked back to the long house where half a dozen of his young wives were going in and out preparing the evening meal.

The long house was a frame building—not unlike the tobacco barns to be seen to-day in America, but instead of having walls of sawn weatherboard and a roof of shingles, it was walled with sheets of bark and thatched with reed matting, and instead of an iron stove-pipe there was a hearth of burnt clay and smoke vents along the top of the roof between overlapping bark louvers. The building itself was between thirty and forty yards long and divided into three chambers. There were no windows: it was lighted from the open doors and the louvers of the roof. Over one end of it spread the branches of a great oak, and this darkened the rooms considerably.

On each side of the principal room were beds made of corner posts and pole frames supporting a springy layer of spruce boughs on which reed mats, deerskins, buffalo hides and feather robes were spread.

A bigger bed stretched right across the end of the room; this was Powhatan's couch where he commonly sat. It was raised about a yard above the ground, and spread over it

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was a great fur rug of raccoon skins fringed with pendant tails, deerskin robes and a leather pillow embroidered with pictures and decorated at the corners with seed pearls.

In all the corners of the room were big rolls of gear; strings of scalps hung like bunches of blackened seaweed. The interior of the house smelt not unpleasantly, but strongly, of raw-hide, leather, tallow, tobacco, salt fish and savages.

As it was summer the fire was outside and the meal was eaten under a lean-to thatched with reeds, which projected from the wall of the house. Hot soft-shelled crabs and a stew of sweet-corn and young turkey-poults were spread out. A girl-wife held up a bowl of water while Powhatan dipped his hands in ashes and washed his hands and wrists thoroughly, then rinsed them in another bowl and dried them upon a bunch of feathers. Then he sat down and helped himself to food and passed the dishes to ten elderly men who had joined him, while the women waited on them and the children watched with large eager eyes. Occasionally one child would give another a pinch and win for itself a murderous revengeful look. The compressed lips, the silent rage of the victim would amuse his persecutor, but no squeal of pain or laughter was permitted while the king was eating.

The sun was setting far up on the other side of the river, and the sky blazed in a short-lived Virginian glory of gold and scarlet; downstream all was darkness; branches of dead wood and handfuls of pine cones were thrown onto the fire, and the flames flickered upwards to the darkening sky. One of the women handed the king his pipe. He filled the bowl and she held a live ember to it while he puffed. Presently, when it was well alight, he set it travel-

ling slowly round the circle of men. Only then did they begin to talk, heedless of the scuffles and chatter of the children and the quieter gossip of the women.

Night fell. By one of the further houses a big fire could be seen burning, and the sound of rattles, whistles and drums began, stopped and began again. The young men were dancing. None of the men in Powhatan's circle of men looked up or listened; slowly the pipe went round while the drum and rattle sounded. At intervals a word or two was spoken.

After two or three hours, when it was quite dark, the music came to an end and the padded thudding of many moccasined feet could be heard passing by, going to the river. The young men who had been dancing were going out that night with a flare of torches, in their canoes, to spear fish.

From the river came the sound of a song: Powhatan rose abruptly, dismissing his circle, and walked into the long house, treading silently between the figures of women and children who lay head and tail along the walls, and without a sound reached the great raccoon-skin-covered bed where his two favourites were sleeping in each other's arms.

At the four corners of the house his sentries watched, and Powhatan lay and listened to the low challenges as their leader went his rounds every half-hour. The night was hot; he threw aside the furs and skins before he slept.

CHAPTER II

THE sun shone, dappling the spaces under the poplars and the oaks with little suns which danced as the leaves moved in the summer air. The whole of Werowocomoco was stirring with excited brightly-painted redskins. The naked children ran to and fro madly without interference. Only the children were naked; men and women, young men and maidens, were togged out in all the finery of shell and buckskin, of paint and feathers. But there was such variety of ornament, so complete a lack of uniformity in dress, that it is impossible to describe the appearance of the crowd. Pipisco, the young chief of Quiacohannock, was thickly painted and oiled all over, his arms and shoulders red, his body black, his face blue, his legs and rump red. He was stripped to his breech-clout, a pad of leather held by a thong about his loins, with the tail of a bison hanging down behind. All over his back was an embroidery of humming-birds' feathers which had been glued to the paint which shone between them. In his ears there were the dried feet and claws of a kingfisher—in his hair a turkey's feather. The right side of his head had been newly shaved, and his scalp-lock fell over his left ear onto his shoulder, and he pushed his way forward to join the dancers.

The drums beat, the rattles whirled, there was the sound of a strangled trumpet and the shouts of men bounding up and down as they danced. In the crowd they walked as though they were drunk. The girls stared impudently at

the bodies of the men, their eyes glittered, and their ripe lips expressed nothing but wonder and expectancy. Pocahontas was amongst them, a naked child of nine years old, standing serious and watchful, among her elders.

The dancing and singing had begun; the air was full of dust and noise as the dancers circled about a black post planted in the ground. It had a carved grotesque face, below which it was sheathed in long black hair: it was covered in human scalps.

Five older men, wearing robes and horns on their heads, came out of Powhatan's house carrying a long and heavy bundle; they pushed their way through the dancers who dispersed. The shouts redoubled; the conch blew louder and more hideously; the noise of the rattles was deafening.

Twenty cloaked, horned and feathered figures followed the first five, and last of all came Powhatan in his full crown of feathers. His women threw down bundles of skins and he seated himself twenty feet from the upright stake, while the crowd pressed about him on either side.

The bundle which had been carried out was a living man with pinioned legs and arms. He was set on his feet; his bonds were untied and he was lashed to the post. The horned werowances scattered to one side, and the crowd, seeing the bound man for the first time, howled with delight.

The prisoner, a young Monacan warrior from above the falls, who had been captured during a scuffle with a raiding party, was naked and very little painted. His skin was a dull gold and his lean flanks and thighs were beautiful. He lifted his eyes to the top of a neighbouring tree and caught sight of a blackbird, which had flown up from the reed bed, shaking its scarlet shoulders on one of the

topmost boughs, and the sight of the bird, which he alone had cared to notice, brought him sudden strength to bear what was coming. It seemed to him that he had seen that bird in a dream and he believed it had been sent to him as a sign. His head was thrust back so far that his own black hair pressed into the black hairy covering of the post.

There was a sudden hush as a woman stepped out of the crowd and walked up to the prisoner. The whole crowd watched her, breathless with excitement as she paused melodramatically beside him and asked him a question in a loud high-pitched voice.

The bound man did not move; he did not appear to have heard. The woman shouted another high-pitched string of words, elaborate in their sarcasm and cruelty, which were wasted, for the Monacan could not understand her language and in any case would not have bothered to listen. The blackbird absorbed him. He watched his own spirit shaking its wings and throbbing in its song.

Suddenly the woman stepped smartly up to him and seized a roll of his flesh above the right nipple and pulled at it. Then she screamed another insult, and the prisoner, knowing what was coming, began to sing very quietly, as though he were alone. The crowd listened spell-bound: a hush spread through the ranks of people. Men, women and children were all transfixed; the only other noise was the wind rustling the leaves as the foreign words were chanted, the rustle of leaves and the sibilant trill of the singing bird above.

The woman standing by the man screamed out one word and was silent. Then pulling a knife made of a clam-shell ground to a razor edge, she drew it sharply twice across the pectoral muscle. But even while the shell cut

deep into the flesh and the blood spurted, the voice went on evenly crooning the medicine song.

The woman paused and, with the gestures of a conjurer, drew a raw-hide leathern thong from round her waist and then tested its strength again and again, putting her foot on it, wrapping the ends round her wrists and pulling with all her might. Then she hooked one end of the thong to a copper bodkin and, taking care to let her audience see exactly what she was doing, she worked the bodkin under the band of flesh between the two deep cuts which she had made, so that it went in at one and out at the other. The prisoner sang gently while the thong was dragged right through the band of flesh.

Then holding the two ends in her hands, and turning her back on the prisoner, she ran with all her might towards the circle of her audience and jumped.

The bound body was jerked violently and the woman fell to the ground. The thong had pulled out the strip of scarlet, living muscle and skin into a long loop, but it did not tear in two until a second woman joined the first and each held an end of the thong and they both ran and jumped together. Then at last the tortured flesh parted and the women fell flat on the dusty ground.

The crowd rocked with merriment, but when the shout of laughter was over, the prisoner could be heard singing, very quietly, the same song. Powhatan watched the torture, rather bored, and thinking that owing to this wretched boy being captured, the Monacans might be unwilling to trade buffalo hides for a parcel of shell which had been brought up from Roanoke island by Chesapeake traders.

Two other women were having their turn with the prisoner and were threading the thong through another

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strap of living flesh. Meanwhile he looked up, over their heads, at the red-winged blackbird and, except when his body was being jerked in torture, he sang, sometimes repeating the words where he had broken off. He sang very quietly, saving his strength. Naked little Pocahontas watched every movement and she could not have said why she had to clench her fists and bite so tightly that her fingers and her jaws ached. All round her the women were gazing fascinated, with heavy dewy eyes; they laughed with uneasy expectation and shifted their postures nervously. Their mouths sagged open; they moistened their lips with their tongues and one after another stepped out to hold the stage and to have her turn with the weakening, dying man.

The game with the thong was over at last; the beautiful golden body had been destroyed. The thrown-back head had fallen forward, the glazed eyes could no longer distinguish even so much as the blood-soaked pebbles at the foot of the post. His lips did not move, but a horrible inhuman groan broke from his lungs, a groan that sometimes rose to a half-strangled scream and sank again into a hideous sound like some animal mooing, and then whimpered into silence.

One by one his fingers, toes and ears were hacked off; at last his groans stopped: he had fainted and the cut arteries spurted feebly and more feebly, soaking the black scalps behind him so that they hung in wet wisps which dribbled blood. He was dead at last, could give no more sport to women, and the corpse was cut down from the post.

Powhatan, throwing his deerskin over his shoulder, went back to his house, leaving the women still dancing

and singing round the body. When the sun had set, a flame leapt up through a great pyre of cypress and cedar boughs, and the smoke was heavy with the smell of burning flesh. The riotous singing, and the women's wanton laughter, provoking and teasing the men, died away. Their lust was being appeased at last as the full moon came out over the forest, and down by the deserted river there was the sound of fish jumping, jumping and the deer on the far side of the creek wading in to cool their bellies and nibble at the weeds.

'It was grand to sing so long; it was grand to sing so quietly; it was grand that he could sing then; of course it was grand.' Pocahontas, the little girl, repeated this to herself as she lay awake, but her innocent happiness and her blind acceptance of the flow of life were curdled within her. She shed tears, not tears of pity but of hatred. She was in the grip of a strange emotion. She did not know what it was, but it was so strong that she did not think of herself or bother to be ashamed of her extraordinary tears.

The night passed, and in the morning the village awoke happily. With smiling faces and gay gestures the golden-skinned women ran down to the river with their children, and splashed and called tenderly to them, and sang as they swam.

CHAPTER III



AT the end of April 1607, the *Sarah Constant*, the *Godspeed* and the *Discovery*, of 100, 40 and 20 tons respectively, sailed into Chesapeake Bay. They had been fitted out by the newly-formed Virginia Company of London. They were commanded by Captains Christopher Newport, Bartholomew Gosnold and John Ratcliffe, and were well equipped except for food. There were about one hundred and forty colonists on board and forty sailors.

The three ships had been haunted for weeks by the ghost of a man who was still alive. Yet those who felt the presence could not speak of it freely amongst themselves. Some of them had known the man, many had seen him and one at least had sailed across the ocean before because of him. It was dangerous to speak of him:—yet Sir Walter Raleigh lived, walked in the garden of the Tower, wrote and looked out over the river Thames. While he lived his ghost would trouble them and could not be forgotten since any day he, the Shepherd of the Ocean, might come out of prison and follow them to be their Captain in Virginia.

Some men hoped for that day, some feared it, but all feared to speak of it; and yet, however careful they were in what they said, everyone on board knew well enough to which camp all of their chief men belonged. So much indeed had been known before they started, whilst the ships were still fitting out within sight of the Tower, beneath Raleigh's very eyes. While they busied themselves about

their work, they had felt his gaze probing them in the back, and when the last cables had been cast off they looked up to see if they could discern his face watching them from the window, but it was gone: there was nothing but the walls of the Tower, the bars and the flag floating from the turret.

It was Raleigh who had sent out all the previous expeditions to Virginia; they were going now to look for the men in Raleigh's lost colony, and it seemed to some that it was he in prison who had sent them out again, and they cared more for him than for the Virginia Company and the Scotch King. Virginia had been Raleigh's: they were going to take possession of his estate and to found a colony: and their orders were carried in a sealed box which, by the directions of King James, was not to be opened nor their governors known until they arrived in Virginia.

That first afternoon they landed, and the woods and meadows rang with the shouts and merry-making of colonists and sailors. Some ventured under the tall trees into the forest with thoughts of hunting and were astonished when they put up a wild turkey.

But the forests of the New World were not desert; the shouts had been heard, and somewhere a solitary hunter ran swiftly through the trees to carry the news to a party of his fellows who were gathering oysters up Lynnhaven creek. At night, when the English were going aboard, the Indians came down to Cape Henry, creeping on all fours among the sandhills like bears, with their bows in their mouths, and charged down almost to the beach. Captain Archer was hurt in both hands, and a sailor was dangerously wounded by two arrows through his body.

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That night, the twenty-sixth of April 1607, all the principal men in the expedition crowded on board the *Sarah Constant*. The box was opened and the King's sealed orders were read aloud. Bartholomew Gosnold, Edward Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Smith, John Ratcliffe, John Martin and George Kendall were named of the council and were instructed to choose a president from amongst them who should govern with them. The president was to have two votes, and matters of moment were to be decided by a majority vote.

Captain John Smith, who was of the Raleigh faction, had, however, made treasonable remarks on the way out. A few years before this he had been thrown into the sea by inhuman Provençals on a similar occasion, but his own countrymen contented themselves by erecting a gallows on Nevis, one of the Leeward Islands, with the intention of hanging him. Smith, however, had declined to be hanged, but had been kept in irons ever since, and he was therefore not admitted to the council. He was intensely pugnacious and convinced that he was always right in small matters as well as in larger ones. He was violent in speech and more violent still in deeds. He was short, of herculean strength and boasted that he had killed three gigantic Turks in single combat in front of the Austrian and Turkish armies.

Wingfield was the opposite of Smith in many ways. He was an aristocrat, a spendthrift and an idealist, while Smith was a farmer's son and an adventurer.

Gosnold had sailed with Raleigh's nephew to Virginia, four years before, and it was owing to his tireless efforts that the Virginia Company had been formed and that this plantation was being sent out. Newport was a sailor with

experience of the coast of America who had been hired to take the colony over and see them satisfactorily settled. Ratcliffe was a pirate who had changed his name from Sicklemore; Kendall was a Catholic and a Spanish spy; Martin, a good man, a gentleman and a brother-in-law of Sir Julius Caesar's.

Besides these members of the Council the chief men were Prince Henry's gunner, Robert Tyndall, who had been sent over to make a report on the country by his Royal master; Gabriel Archer, who was educated, ambitious and deeply disappointed at not having been named by the King; and George Percy, the brother of the Earl of Northumberland, who had left England because his family seemed to have been finally ruined beyond repair.

Just a year before he embarked for Virginia, his cousin, Thomas Percy, had died sword in hand after the failure of the Gunpowder plot. Thomas had ruined the Percies. He had taken advantage of his position as the Earl of Northumberland's steward to spend three thousand pounds which he had collected in rents, for the purposes of the plot. After its failure the Earl of Northumberland was thrown into the Tower where he was to remain for fifteen years.

For the first ten of these Raleigh was his fellow-prisoner and friend, his constant companion at dinner; and Thomas Hariot, who had been out with Grenville in 1585 and had written an account of Virginia in '88, was his assistant in his scientific experiments.

In 1606 there seemed to be no future for George Percy in England. Raleigh, Hariot, and his brother, all turned his thoughts to Virginia.

The next morning the gentlemen marched through the

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woods eight miles along the shore while the carpenters were busy putting together the shallop, a shallow draught, sailing wherry big enough to take twenty-four men or more. This boat was ready for use the following day, and Newport and a party set out in her. They spent until the thirteenth of May exploring, first finding the channel into the James river up which the three ships followed them.

They met Indians who guided them to their town where they were welcomed dolefully, given mats to sit on and food to eat.

By the fourth of May they had got as far up the James river as Pasiha, close to the entrance of the Chickahominy river. It was a very hot day, and when they went ashore they were made welcome by an old savage who delivered a long speech.

For the first half-hour or so an American oration must have seemed very strange. Later on the English colonists were to complain bitterly of the boredom of listening to these speeches. They complained even when they were prisoners tied to the stake, knowing that the peroration would be followed by their torture and death.

But long orations were the tradition of the land, a tradition which has survived the passing of the red man and has grafted itself onto the Anglo-Saxon.

The English captains sat round with their eyelids dropping and their heads nodding involuntarily, dreaming, as they dozed, of mugs of English beer and the chatter of a London taproom, and starting awake again to wonder whether the hot afternoon and the foul noise would ever end.

The sailors and the colonists who were still aboard sat in the shade of a slung sail, catching what breeze they

could and asking each other occasionally what they were all waiting for. They could see the Captains squatting uncomfortably on the mats opposite the savages, and the dreaming guards, leaning on their guns, by the shallop drawn up on the shore; they could see the Virginian orator though they were too far off to hear the foul noise of his words. What on earth could be going on? 'Cap'n Newport, he'll get up and answer him back presently. Cap'n Archer, he reckons he can understand most anything.'

Meanwhile Tyndall, the gunner, had trained a culverin directly on the unsuspecting orator and, after renewing the priming of gunpowder, was lying beside his cannon smoking a pipe. He had only to tap it out over the touch-hole to blow the Indian off the face of the earth. The thought of doing so tickled his sense of humour as the speech went on, but he was not called upon to intervene: his companions were rescued from their miserable situation by the arrival of a canoe from the other side of the river. From it stepped out the beautiful Pipisco, the King of Quiacohannock, who made no apologies for his interruption, but seemed annoyed to find that they were the victims of Paspaha hospitality and urged them to come home with him.

However, the Captains had done enough for one day and, giving thanks to their hosts and distributing beads, went back on board their ships for the night. Next morning they had the shallop manned with muskets and targeteers and crossed over the river. When they landed, Pipisco came down to the waterside with all his train, he himself dancing in front of them and playing on a flute made of a reed.

The ships had been left cruising in the large piece of

water, six miles long by two miles wide, off the mouth of the Chickahominy, while the Captains pushed on higher up the river to find a suitable spot for their settlement. After a week they turned back to the ships, and just before they rejoined them they found a little point of land which they called Archer's Hope. Many of them wished to settle their colony there: the soil was fruitful, and there were wild vines as thick as a man's thigh running up to the tops of the tallest timber. There were squirrels, conies, black-birds with crimson wings and birds so brilliant that the sailors hardly believed that they were natural and not artificially coloured. Besides these bluebirds and humming-birds they found many turkeys' nests with eggs. They would have settled there if it had not been for Newport and the sailors who pointed out that the water was shallow and that at low tide the ships could not ride in close to the shore.

Next day they went downstream, sounding as they went, and eight miles below Paspaha found six fathoms of water close in to the shore. It was low-lying ground, but it was what Newport was looking for—an ideal place for unloading the vessels. The sailors were delighted; the colonists were weary of the search, and all were eager to begin the work of settlement.

That evening the Council was sworn in and Wingfield was chosen President, but Smith was not allowed to take his seat in the Council with the others.

The ships were in a hubbub that night, and many of the colonists would have been glad to sleep on shore. The decks were crowded with motionless figures asleep in the light of the moon. The water streamed down, fretting round the taut anchor-chain in a heaped-up ripple, while

the tide ran swiftly out. Then, during the night, the tide turned and the ships swung about at the ebb. The moonlight shone more faintly through a white mist, and now and again the lookout men slapped at their necks or wrists and cursed. There were mosquitoes singing softly which had strayed off shore after the wind had dropped.

Soon after day broke, the capstans were manned, the anchors weighed and the ships warped in to shore where they were moored by cables to the trees. Gangways were slung out from the ships, all the colonists were landed and were divided into parties under foremen. Most of them were at once set to work felling trees to make a clearing where they could pitch their tents and plan out their gardens.

The morning sounded with the blows of axes, and before many hours had passed the hoarse breathing of saws filled the warm air. Men stripped off coat and doublet and shirt and worked in their singlets or stripped to the waist. When a great tree crashed down, the felling gang would move on and the sawyers would take possession of it. All were happy then and busy: men looked merrily at each other along the back of the crosscut; theirs were eager eyes and smiling faces, and grains of moist sawdust were clinging in their beards. The sun was hot indeed, but the scent of resin and sawn wood was very sweet. Work was a pastime and an indulgence to them all, after so many months idleness crowded together on board ship. And suddenly twenty men cast aside axe and saw, hatchet and billhook, to pick up stones, and hullooming like school-boys, chase a grey squirrel out of the boughs of one of the fallen trees.

The little beast had been half-stunned by its fall, but it

CHAPTER III

recovered itself and leapt out bravely until it was run down in the open and knocked on the head. The woodcutters gathered eagerly to handle the limp body and then divided it amongst themselves without noticing a group of three men standing close to them.

The tail and the four legs were cut off and stuck in caps, and President Wingfield turned from the scene impatiently. The noise and eagerness of the men and their uncouth delight in destruction irritated him.

'No,' he said to Kendall and Martin, his companions. 'No palisade and no fortifications. We have come here openly to live peacefully. A fort but invites the naturals to attack it.'

Then without waiting to listen to further expostulations, he looked loftily over the tops of their heads, turned his back on them and walked away.

'What a paradise we might plant here . . . if my intercessions can help . . . my prayers. . . . They must not fell more of the trees than is necessary. I must direct in all things, or we shall have chaos.'

'Moonshine,' said Kendall, and swore.

'Smith says . . .' began Martin. 'Smith has been a soldier. He knows we must have a fort. He has fortified towns in Transylvania.' But Kendall was not interested in Smith or his forts.

'I shall call a council about it,' he said, and stamped off in exasperation to get a team of men together to drag the lopped tree-tops into a curving line protecting the encampment on the landward side.

'A poor protection against arrows,' he grumbled. Already the tents were going up, making a street of sailcloth roofs.

Meanwhile other gangs were at work with pick and shovel, spade and adze, rooting out the stumps of trees where they planned to set their gardens. Others dug saw-pits where they could rip up the timber into boards. That first day many trees were felled and a large part of the stores in the *Sarah Constant* and the *Godspeed* were unloaded by the sailors and laid under tarpaulins on the shore, and there was already talk of loading a cargo of the unseasoned timber, cut when it was fullest of sap, and of sassafras root for the *Sarah Constant* to carry back to London.

That night while all the weary labourers of the day were stretched out under their tents and awnings, an alarm was sounded from one of the ships. A big canoe had been seen in the moonlight, passing close inshore under the stern, but had vanished with a splash of white foam and the sound of dipping paddles directly it was hailed, and long before the sleepers on shore understood the subject of the disturbance, the occasion for it was gone.

Yet they had been watched all through the day by inquisitive eyes. From hiding places on all sides the lean sinewy hunters had looked out and marvelled at the slow, heavy-footed ways of Englishmen; at their white shoulders and bearded faces; at their deliberation in felling trees which contrasted so strangely with the flashing swiftness with which their bright Kentish axes bit deeply into the wood.

Next morning, while work was in full swing, there was another interruption, and the sawyers and log-haulers, hearing shouts from the posted sentinels, beheld them leading in two Indian messengers, who from their finery they took to be great men.

For many of the colony these two were the first Indians they had seen at close quarters, and, dropping their tools, they flocked round to gaze at their mulberry-coloured skins and their broad, expressionless faces, at their crowns of deers' hair dyed red, even to finger inquisitively their mantles of dressed buckskin.

The two messengers were led away through the throng of labourers to President Wingfield and Gosnold, who made out that they had been sent to announce that Wowinchopunk, the king of Paspaha, was coming 'and would be merry with them with a fat deare.'

On the eighteenth of May the Paspaha chief appeared with a hundred warriors armed with bows and arrows, and the colonists took to their arms, whereupon Wowinchopunk made signs to them to lay them down again. Great gesticulation went on, a spokesman on each side stepping out and speaking, of course, in his own language. After which the Paspahas came thronging in among the tents and one of the warriors stole a hatchet but was detected in the act by a colonist who took it back by force, giving the Indian a heavy blow on the arm which made him drop it. On seeing this another savage came fiercely at the Englishman with a wooden sword, and a general fight was only averted by Wowinchopunk calling to his men. They went away in anger.

How fiercely the two companies of men had suddenly looked upon each other as the scared colonist recoiled with the hatchet he had saved, and the English raised their weapons to protect him from the second Indian!

Next morning Percy and four other of the colonists, after lighting the matches of their muskets, set out to ramble farther into the woods than they had done before.

Under the trees the sun was not too hot and they walked light-heartedly and happily, though in silence since they hoped to come across some game. Soon the sound of the voices of their fellows and the rasp of the sawpits were left behind them and they were alone in the halls of the primeval forest.

'What is that?' asked Tom Wotton the surgeon, pointing to where a distinct pathway had been trodden across the isthmus connecting the island with the mainland.

'It is like Ireland. There are pathways in Munster. They call them *paces* and if you follow them you must look well to your arms or the kernes will be on you howling: "Ubbubool" The savages here live much the same as the native Irish, but the country is fairer.'

'You never saw flowers like these suckles in Ireland,' said Brookes.

Their dull and yet happy remarks were interrupted by finding ripe strawberries by the side of the little path which they picked and ate as they went along, and so, loitering through the forest, they saw the trees opening and came out into a clearing with scattered Indian houses standing among gardens. They went on but found only a few people in the village who stared at them inquisitively, and when Percy questioned them in English, they pointed up the river and said 'Papiha.'

But the girls were friendly, and as an excuse to look at these strange visitors more closely, brought out baskets of strawberries and, holding them up, laughed and bid them help themselves. To the Englishmen these naked shoulders and breasts seemed so cool, so smooth, these savage figures so graceful, teeth so white, and gypsy faces so gay and fresh that perhaps they would soon have been offering them

kisses for their strawberries if they had not been startled suddenly by a man who rushed out of his house with a bow in his hand and an arrow fitted to the string, and raced away into the woods, leaping over the trunks of some felled timber like a deer.

Percy guessed at once that he was gone to call the Indian warriors together, and the Englishmen hastened away from the village. An older dark-skinned man, who had come up to them while they were laughing with the girls, accompanied them on their way, leading them through a garden to the wood's edge. He pulled a plant of his growing crop and distributed the leaves amongst them before he bade farewell. The gift was slight, but he was a simple, humble old man, like any old labourer in England, and his good manners took away the unpleasant impression of the armed man running from them into the woods.

The day after this excursion, Wowinchopunk came to visit Jamestown with forty of his men, bringing a deer, and they lingered on into the evening, and would have liked to have slept in the fort, but the Englishmen would not trust them and made them go away. During their visit one of the gentlemen set up a round shield on a tree and signed to one of the Indian warriors to shoot at it. The Indian pulled out an arrow an ell long from the quiver on his back, drew the shaft to its head in the bow and shot the shield a foot through or better, which amazed and disgusted its owner since a pistol bullet would not pierce it. The English standing round burst out laughing. Seeing the force of the Indian bow, another of the gentlemen set up a steel target, and the Indian shot again and burst his arrow all to pieces. The guffaw which greeted this was huge, but the Indian pulled out a third arrow, and

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looking at the laughing men, bit it in his teeth and went away in a great rage.

Watching him they laughed, but they were uneasy and suspicious and wondered privately when that bitten arrow would come their way.

CHAPTER IV

NEXT morning, the twenty-first of May, the shallop was fitted out with provisions for a fortnight, and about noon Captain Newport embarked in it, taking twenty-three men and a boy with him to explore up the river. The sun was hot; the sweat ran down the bronzed necks and red faces, the tide was low and had just turned, and the great river shivered and sparkled in a mist of heat. The mosquito bites stood up like boils, blotching the faces of the crew.

The shallop pushed off, and the last joking farewells passed between the boat and the men left standing over their ankles in mud on the shore. Newport had taken Nelson, the mate, Tyndall, master gunner, and two other seamen with him, a dozen of the rank and file of the colonists, five of the gentlemen, including Percy, Smith, and Archer.

Smith took his turn at rowing with the colonists, and talked chiefly to Newport, to Nelson, to Percy, and to the gunner Tyndall. All the sailors liked him and were on his side, and many of the colonists had looked up to him before he had got into trouble on the way out. These men were now scared of being too friendly and ashamed of having deserted him. So they were awkward. Others in the boat only knew him as the man who ought to have been hanged and were surprised when Captain Newport called him down at the last moment, when it was too late for Wingfield to protest.

Thus the shallop was split up into several divisions of feeling. Those nearest to Smith in the boat talked to him with a false heartiness, those farther off looked away quickly when they met his steady blue, blood-shot gaze. But as they passed up the immensely wide river, tacking in the wind from one shore to the other, leaving behind them the broad reach off Paspaha and the mouth of the Chickahominy, and coming in turn to what is now Claremont, the Brandons, the narrow loop of Weyonoke, the reach by Westover, when they saw new and undiscovered creeks and marshy points, sandy bluffs crowned with poplars and oaks, and glades opening through the flower-draped walls of forest, saw deer gazing at their white wings before scampering off among the trees, and fish hawks diving in a flurry of spray, carrying off fish which flashed silver in the sun, their clouded mood changed to a merry one and an unbearable excitement set all of their hearts dancing to the same tune.

‘What next? What’s coming next? Now we shall know. Now we shall break at last upon the undiscovered land for which all have searched without success, that land where the morning dew is still wet on gold and the cheeks of golden girls, where the air smells sweet with honeysuckle and jasmine, and all things desirable ache for the touch of an English palm, to be ravished by English fingers.’ Such secret thoughts united them and healed the discord of Smith’s presence. They believed they would soon meet savages with golden ornaments and come to great lakes, to a mighty river running west, falling into the Indian ocean.

The dream of Eldorado gilded their thoughts; a vein of poetry, filling the pirate heart of every man, overflowed

and expressed itself in the names they gave to everything they saw. The chief of each village was a king, a poetical king of forest and meadow, such a buskined monarch as many of them had met with before on the boards of the Swan in Paris Garden, or the Globe on Bankside, or in Pastoral or Masque. They must be kings, for they wore crowns of feathers on their heads. Such was King Arahatec, who showed them such courtesy and took such a simple pleasure in showing his village to them. 'Arahatec's Joye', they called it. At 'Pore Cotage' they were astounded to see a boy with yellow hair, and asked themselves whether one of Raleigh's men, of the lost Roanoke colony, must not have begotten him.

After leaving Arahatec's Joye, they found the Indians standing in clusters all along the banks, proffering food. Thus, delightfully, they journeyed through Arcadia.

At last, negotiating bend after bend and loop after loop in the river, which forced them sometimes to lower the sails and put out the oars, they came to an islet in the river, under steep hills the sides of which were striped with cornfields and the summit of which was crowned with a palisaded town.

Waiting Indians led them up the hill to see the king, whom they assumed was the great Powhatan himself, of whom already they had heard much, but this was Powhatan's son, Parahunt, sometimes called Tanxpowhatan by the Indians and Little or False Powhatan by the English to distinguish him from his father.

His women brought the visitors mulberries and strawberries, but they had been feasted lower down the river, and their best entertainment lay in friendly welcome.

Already the English were falling into the habits of the

country, and Archer stood up and made a great oration, pointing to the unhealed wounds on his hands, pointing to the sun, vowing vengeance on the Chesapeake and protesting his friendship to Powhatan and all his peoples.

Newport spoke also, and the king, whom they supposed to be the great Powhatan, was deeply flattered and moved by the honour done him. The occasion seemed to all a solemn one, and Parahunt swore a league of friendship. Then, taking off his deerskin robe, he wrapped it round Newport's shoulders and embraced him.

The English then rowed up three miles to the falls, which made the river impassable any higher for their boat, then they dropped down again and anchored opposite Powhatan's town for the night. Next day was Whitsunday, and Newport invited Parahunt to dine off hot salt pork boiled with peas and washed down with beer, aquavite and sack. The Indian sat rather glumly, revolving these unfamiliar hot flavours in his mouth and gazing in a bemused fashion at the shimmering reflections of the wavelets dancing in the brilliant glare of the sun. The tide had turned and was coming in, the English were waiting to embark and plied him with questions. How far above the falls did the Indians get their copper? How many days' journey was it to the hostile Monacans? Would he furnish them with guides? For Newport had decided to leave the boat and go three days' march above the falls.

Parahunt found it hard to attend to such questions. The glare of the wavelets hypnotised him; the world about him had become unreal, and, suddenly fearing for his dignity, he stood up, indicated that he would meet them at the falls and went off. How he got there he never quite knew. The English were waiting for him and set up a shout.

Parahunt subsided on the ground, and then began a slow and halting speech dissuading them from their intended march. The journey would be tedious; they would be tired; no one would give them any food; it was a day and a half to the Monacans, who were his enemies and who came down at the fall of the leaf to invade his country. And then, even more gloomily than before, he rose to his feet and retired, for his stomach felt strange and his feet slipped on the stones. He wanted to be alone, to lie in the shade, and to forget the great dignities of the last twenty-four hours.

The English believed that they had been talking to the great king Powhatan and that they had got on with him famously, but it was clear that he disliked their project of exploring further. So that between fearing to leave the boat, and fearing to offend the Indians whom he had impressed so-favourably, Newport reluctantly decided to give up further exploration and to return to the ships.

First, however, they set up a cross on one of the islets, with the inscription: 'Jacobus Rex. 1607. Christopher Newport.' Then, since it was Whitsunday, they all fell on their knees and prayed for King James, and proclaimed him king over those parts with a great shout. Their Indian guide admired the ceremony and asked for explanations. He was much rejoiced to hear that the two pieces of wood which formed the cross symbolised Newport and Powhatan, and the nails which fastened them together their united league. King James's rule over his new dominions was still precarious.

They turned again and went downstream, and Newport dispatched their guide to fetch Parahunt. There was no peace that day for the poor Indian. He rose and staggered

down to the shore with his men, blindly received a hatchet and was honoured with two hurrahs as he made off again, waving his second-best deerskin above his head, having gathered that his visitors were not going above the falls after all, that there would be no immediate trouble with the Monacans, and that he was free to sleep it off.

Newport and his men pushed back as far as Arahatec's Joye, which they reached after dark. Arahatec had ordered a dinner to be prepared for them, but had left word that he was very sick himself and could not keep them company. Next day he attributed this to the beer, aquavite and sack, upon which Newport gave him another glass of spirits, and they were very jovial again. At Mulberry Shade they watched the Indian women bake bread for them, and feasted under a mulberry tree, which the Indian children climbed and shook so that the ripe fruit dropped on their heads as they sat. They were indeed in Arcadia. When they had eaten a land turtle and more mulberries, Wotton tuned up his gittern and he and Percy and Archer sang a song out of a play which they had seen in London, and which is better known to us than it was to most of the company.

It was a lover and his lasse
With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the greene corn field did passe,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds doe sing hey ding a ding ding.
Sweet lovers love the spring.

After the songs there were games—the Indians performed a sham fight, shooting arrows from behind trees and mauling the injured with wooden swords, and the English firing off a musket, whereupon all the Indians on the shallop leapt overboard.

At parting the demonstrations of mutual affection were immense, and Captain Newport gave Arahatec a red waistcoat. Then, as the sun was almost setting, they pushed off again and rowed down to 'Kind Woman's Care.'

They arrived after dark and found kind women and newly-made bread and boiled beans and raw fish more than they could eat. Next morning they pushed on and went ashore at the Queen of Appomattox's bower and saw Her Majesty appear with an usher before her and take her seat on a mat under a mulberry tree. *Opussyquinuske was a fat, lustie, manly woman: she had much copper about her neck, and a crownnet of copper upon her head; she had long black haire, which hanged loose downe her back to her myddle, which only part was covered with a Deare's skyn, and ells all naked. She had her woemen attending on her adorned much like herself (save they wanted ye copper—).*

She asked for a musket to be fired off, showing less fear than Arahatec had done.

Their next stopping-place was at the King of Pamunkey's house, some five miles further on, where they were richly entertained, the men falling to dance, the women to preparing victuals, and boys being sent to dive for mussels. The king, Opechancanough, the brother of the great Powhatan, was immensely tall and so stately that the English took him for a fool. They noted his necklace of six strands of pearls as big as peas, and the copper which his people had.

Leaving Opechancanough, they went down the river to the Weyonokes country, and Smith went ashore with their guide. They met savages who seemed hostile. Smith's suspicions were at once raised by this surliness, and next

morning at Weyonoke the guide surprised them by declining to accompany them further. He promised, however, to visit them in three days' time at the fort. Smith was certain that there was something the matter, and Newport also became alarmed and decided to abandon the projected visits to Quiacohannock and Paspaha. He gave orders to sail back to the fort at once.

When Newport had set out, Powhatan had sent runners to all the villages up the river with orders for his entertainment. But his preparations were not confined to strewing flowers in Newport's path. And while he sent orders to entertain and to delay him with feasts, he sent out other messengers with other suggestions. While Arahatec and Parahunt feasted and got drunk and Queen Opussyquinuske showed them the light of her countenance, the Paspahas, reinforced by the Appomattox warriors and the Weyonokes, were gathering together to fall upon the camp at Jamestown and destroy it. On the afternoon that Queen Opussyquinuske sat under the mulberry tree, her Appomattox warriors had delivered their assault, and she was still ignorant whether they had succeeded or had failed. Her interest in the musket was a most practical one.

It is easy to see the attack from the point of view of the colonists. Indians coming to the camp had been few—a single visitor every other day who passed almost unnoticed by the busy men. The weather was hot, the mosquitoes worse at night. With their minds filled with gardeners' plans for the future, the colonists toiled in the sun, grubbing up the stumps of trees, digging and sowing corn. Suddenly, in the midst of their work there was a wild howl and the air was full of flying arrows. . . .

That picture is familiar in our minds since childhood.

We have all lived, in imagination at least, through such a moment. It is difficult, with that clear image in our minds, to replace it with another. Let us, if we can, step out of the sunlit clearing into the shadow of the Virginian forest and walk with Powhatan and his oiled and painted warriors.

His plan was that the contingents from Appomattox, Pasiha, Quiacohannock and Weyonoke were to meet overnight and attack Jamestown on the morning of the twenty-sixth of May. The rallying place was Mattapament, since the other parties were coming across or down the river in canoes. They were to march from there, to attack and massacre the entire colony and capture the ships, which they were to set on fire or sink. Newport's party could then be surprised and massacred in their turn if they landed at Pasiha on their way down the river. But in any case Newport would be doomed. Without supplies, without reserves of ammunition, without ships, he could neither maintain himself in Virginia nor return across the sea. Probably he would go downstream, and could be safely left to the Chesapeakes. On the other hand, should the attack on Jamestown fail, Powhatan was in an admirable position to make peace. The English were either unaware of his existence or believed that they had met him already at the falls. They would not know that he had engineered the attack, and he could, without difficulty, come forward. Most of the braves taking part in the attack had never seen a firearm discharged. Some of them had heard the woods re-echo to a distant banging, and one or two may have seen the flame flash at the muzzle, the black smoke curling away among the trees and the stricken deer lying in its death agonies, sixty yards away. But it was a mystery

behind which what other mysteries might not lie concealed?

They were going with their arrows, their wooden swords and their stone tomahawks to face a strange foe who fought with thunder and lightning which hurled thunderbolts from a tube. The leadership was in the hands of Wowinchopunk, the chief of Paspaha, and Pipisco, the handsome werowance of Quiacohannock, who had welcomed the English playing upon a flute of reed.

Four hundred Indians took part in the attack. They gazed out of the twilight of the forest at the brilliant sunshine of the clearing. They saw some of the colonists moving to and fro, and could hear the blows of the pick and the axe and the odd noise of sawing. They took their stations. At a signal they all howled and the air was filled with their arrows. They saw men dropping their hoes and mattocks and running for dear life to the shelter of the heaped-up half-moon of boughs. They charged after them, fitting arrows to their bowstrings as they ran. There was not a shot in answer. The colonists had been taken absolutely unprepared. Under Wingfield's government the arms had not even been unpacked and distributed. There had been no military exercises. No man knew his proper quarters in an emergency, and they could only run helter-skelter away from the Indians behind the half-circle of boughs and tree tops.

Wingfield and the members of the council and a few leading men who wore swords or who had their muskets out for hunting, snatched up their weapons and ran to meet the enemy. Three or four shots rang out as the Indians reached the heaped-up wall of boughs. An Indian fell, but the arrows flew thick again, and many of the

English were hit. And then, just as the Indians were in the act of leaping forward to annihilate their feeble enemy, the dreaded, disastrous miracle occurred.

There was a deafening roar of thunder, a shattering explosion, a cloud of black smoke. Then another uproar and another. The sailors were firing their cannon from the ships, and the attacking Indians turned and ran for the woods. Their assault was hopeless: a new appalling magic had spoken; the ships were impregnable. Two wounded men they hauled off on their backs into the shelter of the woods.

But the firing went on; the noise was terrific; bullets whipped away leaves and splashed white knots of splinters on the trunks of trees; cannon-balls brought down whole branches. They cowered, terrified, were rallied by their chiefs and shot off more arrows from long range.

If only the Indians had not been so nervous they would have succeeded: they were almost in the fort, hot with victory, leaping on an unarmed crowd of panic-stricken men whom they outnumbered by three to one. If they had only hurled themselves into the fort, they would have been safe from the ships' guns, at all events until their deadly work was done. The sailors would hardly have fired into a crowd engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle. As it was, the gunners on the *Sarah Constant* and the *Godspeed* had routed four hundred men and the colony was saved, owing to the accident that the culverins were loaded and only had to be reprimed and touched off with a lighted tobacco pipe.

After the first discharge the watch on duty had snatched up their muskets and had fired a few volleys while the guns were being reloaded with charges of musket-balls

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and buckshot. But the Indians had fled by then, and though they made one or two valiant sallies and loosed off a few more arrows, the fight was over.

'Most of the Counsel was hurt, a boy slaine in the Pinnas, and thirteene or fourtcene more hurt.' Wingfield had behaved most gallantly and had escaped with an arrow shot through his beard.

CHAPTER V

THAT evening Pocahontas was lying in the long house. The men were all away—the women silent, thoughtful and alert. Werowocomoco was like a dead village. The children had been told to lie down and to go to sleep, but many of them were wide awake, but silent, listening.

Her little sister was asleep, and Pocahontas could feel the soft body beside her, rising and falling with deep regular breaths. She felt far older and wiser than her sister, who was only nine, and this sense of her superiority helped to keep her awake. She was eleven years old.

Except for the children the long house was empty: Powhatan's wives were sitting about outside. They did not speak to each other; no one sang; no one moved about noisily. The fire, banked up with peat, smouldered without a sound, and the girl lying awake felt that this universal silence was very important, and she listened intently herself for distant sounds. The men had gone away the night before.

Pocahontas had watched them painting and oiling themselves before they went, and then, carrying the bows in their hands and their full quivers on their shoulders, pass down to the canoes and push off. That afternoon the women had heard heavy thuds which sounded like, but were not, thunder. It was the white men's medicine, and she wondered what these white men were. There had been

strange stories of a big man with hair on his face who had come up the river in a big canoe and had carried off Indians a few years before, but of course she had never seen him. The talk was usually of the Monacans; now they had begun to talk of white men again. White men, pale men, what did that mean? How pale were they?

A dog whined outside the house, growled and whined again. Pocahontas could hear the cracking of a woman's joints as she rose from where she was sitting on the other side of the wall. There was a sound from the river. The women moved and stood up. Footsteps went down to the landing-stage. The little girl slipped out of bed and glided noiselessly to the doorway of the big house. There was the splash of paddles; men were moving; there was the sound of voices, and in the darkness she could hear her uncle Opechancanough speaking. The fire was blown up by a kneeling woman; a handful of pine needles and shavings were thrown on it, and in their flame she could see her uncle squatting beside the fire while a woman moved about him, fetching him food.

He had come post-haste to see Powhatan. Before Newport was out of sight, he had set off running to Youghtan, the first of his settlements on the Pamunkey river, where he had got into a dug-out canoe and paddled (and been paddled) thirty miles in less than five hours. In the firelight Pocahontas could see his face shining and his soaked scalp lock streaming sweat. He lifted his arm and brushed it off his forehead with the back of his wrist, shook his head and the sweat fell in drops from his scalp lock and hissed in the fire.

'We will wait,' he said, speaking over his shoulder to an unseen figure. He was annoyed with Powhatan for not

being there to meet him as arranged, but he did not speak of his annoyance.

'If he were going over there himself, why didn't he arrange to meet me at Paspaha? It would have taken me a much shorter time,' he thought. 'But I will wait: he must be here directly or he would have sent a message.'

He dipped a cup of water from a bucket and drank deeply, but after picking up a wing of turkey and taking one bite, he dropped it again on the dish. His inward agitation was so great that he could not eat. Yet when Pocahontas stole forward to the fire he smiled at the naked little girl, feeling as men sometimes do in times of desperate anxiety, that it was a relief to speak to a child of everyday things. He could not have mastered his anxiety sufficiently to talk to any of the women.

'You ought to be asleep, Poppet,' he said, and stretching out his hand he laid it on her shoulder and drew her close to him and then pulled her on to his knee and ran his fingers through her black hair. 'What a delicate skin you've got, child. No wonder you are a vain Puss.'

He drew his fingers down the nape of her neck and then down her spine, while she wriggled, half-revolting and half-loving to be tickled.

Her uncle thrilled her with admiration: he was so dignified and so stately when he moved among the men; his face was so grim, and his immensely tall body so lean and hard. There seemed no flesh on the barrel of his ribs; the muscle was hard as bone, the skin like the smooth polished walnut handle of his tomahawk, the cords of his tendons under his knees and in his elbows seemed sharp as oyster-shells. Whenever he saw his niece he called her to him by pet names and ran his strong, calloused hand

over her naked body, tickled her and often brought her some little present: a curiously shaped water-smoothed stone, a prettily striped shell, a snake's slough, a cardinal's feathers. Such gifts he would draw out from under the band which held his great eagle-plumes and would bestow them without a smile, holding out his clenched fist for her to pry his fingers open one by one.

Suddenly an unseen woman in the darkness spoke a single word; a man behind her uncle grunted. Powhatan was coming back: a watcher had sighted his canoe.

The old king strode into the circle of the firelight where his brother still squatted. He waved his arm in a gesture of dismissal, and all the women who had pressed forward, his brother's men and his own bodyguard drew back and effaced themselves and vanished out of earshot. Only the child remained, lying on her stomach, looking up but unable to move because her uncle still held her by one ankle. He had forgotten her, and she felt that she could not speak and interrupt her father.

'Did you see them?' asked Powhatan.

'Yes, I was feasting with them and walking aside under the trees with their Captain this afternoon. My men entertained them with dances. It must have been more difficult at Appomattox, where all the men had gone for the attack. Now tell me about it.'

'The attack failed. Rawhunt watched it secretly without letting Pipisco or any one know he was there. He got a good view from the top of a tree on the high ground. There was a terrible noise from the ships. They have huge guns on them, and our men bolted when they heard them. They were in no danger: the storm flew over their heads. Rawhunt, in his tree, might easily have been killed.

Several branches were torn off near him. He says it is lightning.'

'What is happening now?'

'Wowinchopunk is taking his men home to be ready for the boat if they come ashore. The other men are keeping a close guard round their camp.'

Opechancanough looked grimly at his brother. It was the first time that he felt that he could criticise his management of such an affair. By trying to keep out of it, Powhatan had made a mess of it, and it was clear that he knew it.

'They can take their ships upstream and destroy all the villages beside the river if they want to be revenged,' he said.

'Why should they? They think all those people are their friends. They may attack Paspaha from the river, but if they do move their ships we shall attack their camp again and capture it.'

At that moment there were the sounds of another party arriving: a canoe had landed and the brothers broke off their conversation as a figure stumbled towards them in the dark. Pocahontas had lain without moving a muscle. Her uncle had long ago released her ankle, but she was forgotten. Looking up, she noticed how the two brothers stiffened as the figure approached, and how her father's voice was changed to a stoical expressionlessness when he spoke.

It was Pipisco, the werowance of Quiacohannock. He had taken a large part in the fight that morning, had been the last to take shelter behind the trees after his men had fled, had received three pellets of buckshot in his shoulder and had spent the whole afternoon running through the

woods, rounding up his men and forcing them back nearer to the camp. His war paint had run with sweat; he was caked with blood and mud and scratched all over with thorns and briars and had just run sixteen miles. He was so tired that his muscles trembled and quivered out of control, like a horse's after a hard race.

'I have come to ask for more men, Powhatan. If you brought your men it would put fresh heart into mine, and we could rush their camp at night when they could not see to shoot.'

Powhatan stared at the young chief with astonishment. Then he dropped his heavy eyelids contemptuously.

'I have heard something about your quarrel from Woinchopunk. I won't pretend that I know nothing about it. I know what he told me, but I know nothing else. Remember, Pipisco, that I have never seen these white men, and that I have no quarrel with them. Opechancanough, my brother, has seen them. He has been telling me that he is their friend.'

'I did not say friend,' Opechancanough put in quietly. 'But I will not say enemy as yet, until I know more.'

Pipisco started back, blinked his eyes and swallowed. He looked surprised as though he had been slapped, and then his face slowly darkened with blood under the war-paint.

'You must give me time to reflect,' said Powhatan more gently. 'Your people are my people, and I will never desert them while I live. But my son, Parahunt, has made a league with these white men. They have promised to fight against the Monacans. Naviraus is their friend and is with them now. Queen Opussyquinuske has received gifts from them. . . .'

'All the Appomattox warriors are with Wowinchopunk and me,' exclaimed Pipisco in a loud voice.

'That shows how difficult a matter it is and how much need there is for reflection. Remember that I will never desert you. If they cross the river to attack your village, I shall come to your help at once. Go back now and do the best you can. If you defeat them, yours shall be the spoil, yours the glory. If you should be unsuccessful, my brother here, who is a friend of these people, will do his best to make peace between you. I have never seen these white men; if they should visit me here, I shall receive them as they may deserve.'

Pocahontas understood everything. Every move of her father's was clear to her, and her blood boiled with indignation. Had she dared or wished to speak she would have been too angry to find words. Her father was a coward; he was worse than a coward. He used men and repudiated them. He had no honour. She hated him. Poor Pipisco!

Anger rescued the young chief from his humiliation. He swayed unsteadily, drew himself up to his full height and said quietly:

'You and Opechancanough have each a great many wives, and you have learned much from them and forgotten how men should behave to each other. You cannot rule your warriors, Powhatan, and Opechancanough cannot even rule his wives. You are both too old; younger men are taking your places. . . .'

Opechancanough sprang to his feet and raised his tomahawk hissing: 'Leave my women out of it or I'll crack your skull.' It was a strange scene, which was rendered more peculiar because Powhatan appeared to take not the

slightest notice of it. For a moment the two men faced each other, looking as though they would fly at each other's throats, then Pocahontas, who was lying almost under Opechancanough's feet, moved back, and Pipisco, glancing down, caught sight of her scared face and laughed aloud.

'And I find you taking council with children when you talk to chiefs.' Powhatan, who had not moved a muscle as he sat squatting on his mat, turned his head at these words and appeared to see his daughter for the first time. 'Oh, you can see she is on your side, Pipisco. She thinks that I should lead all my men to your help to-night. Don't you, my child?' Pocahontas nodded her head silently.

'Pipisco, that is taking council of children. That is what a child would do and what you would do. But remember that I am not a child, I am a king.' Powhatan stopped, and giving a queer grin added: 'But your men were so brave this afternoon that they cannot need more help. If you and Wowinchopunk want to carry on the war, you must do it alone.'

Pipisco, however, had turned on his heel already and was walking unsteadily back to his canoe.

CHAPTER VI

THE colonists were not a body of determined men who had set out knowing clearly what they must accomplish. They were not disciplined. They were not prepared for hardships and for death, but had been recruited from the most gullible sort of men—those so ignorant of reality that they do not hesitate to follow dreams, who confuse words with gold, hopes with probabilities and remote chances with performance.

Newport had stayed with them a month after the attack, and Jamestown had been fortified with a triangular palisade defended by four or five pieces of artillery mounted on platforms of beaten earth at the corners. But they had let rag-weed and golden rod grow up rank and tall in the clearing where they had felled the trees, and under this cover the Indians crept up and shot their arrows into the fort at close range. Many were wounded and some died of their wounds, but the enemy did not maintain a regular siege, neither did they attack again in force.

On the fifteenth of June the fort was finished and they were able to continue sawing timber and loading the two ships. A few days before Newport and Nelson set sail, their guide up the river and another Indian came across the isthmus and showed themselves, unarmed, and Wingfield and Newport went out to receive a message from Opechancanough offering to mediate between the English and their enemies. The Indians also suggested that they should mow down the weeds which afforded Pipisco and

Wowinchopunk such tempting cover, and that then they would be able to get on with their sawing in peace. Two or three days later Powhatan sent an embassy saying that he desired their friendship, and that he would join them in making war on Wowinchopunk and Pipisco if those chiefs remained hostile.

It was the first time that the colony had learned that the great Powhatan was a near neighbour and not the chief they had met by the falls.

Peace followed these overtures, and yet their situation could scarcely have been more desperate. As soon as the two ships were gone, the colonists found they were short of food. The land abounded in fish, game and berries, but the Englishmen starved. A pint of weevilly wheat or barley porridge per head was the daily ration. Often it was eked out with boiled fish, for they caught a fair number of sturgeon and crabs. But they had no bread, no biscuits, nothing to bite on, and their fishy fingers and sweaty skins disgusted them as they sat about in the glaring sunshine round the common pot.

Opechancanough sent them a deer one day, and Powhatan sent them one a few days later, but it is difficult to carve for one hundred and forty men. One hundred and forty! They were not so many, and the number grew fewer.

The Virginian summer was boiling hot. Jamestown afforded them no shelter in the fort, and the colonists shook, shivered and sweated in the grip of malaria and black-water fever. They were all struck down, all ill; they were all feverish, weak and starving men. By the tenth of September forty-six of them had died; there were not six men able to man the bulwarks upon any occasion. They

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were 'departing out of the world many times three or four in a night; in the morning their bodies trailed out of their Cabines like Dogges to be buried.'

They were crazy with malaria, and they would believe anything of each other. Before Newport left he had secured that Smith should be admitted to the Council, and he had asked Wingfield privately whether he had fears of any particular men in the colony. 'Gosnold and Archer,' was the answer. Gosnold, because he could harm Wingfield if he would, since he had such a large following: Archer, because he would if he could.

Gosnold sickened and died, but Archer's voice was loud on every occasion against the President. He was not a member of the Council, and this galled him into continual murmurs. He talked and talked, questioning every decision.

'Had we but settled higher up the river at Archer's Hope,' was the burden of his own complaint, and though nobody could have known it, he was right. If they had settled at Archer's Hope, it is pretty certain that there would have been no malaria. All day they were exposed to the burning sun, and night found them lying on the low-lying ground where each night the roll-call of the living was sounded by the shrill trumpets of mosquitoes that bred in the back-river marsh in their thousands.

When things had reached their worst the Council met together to depose Wingfield: a group of men with glittering hollow eyes, with tufty beards growing in their hollow cheeks, with sharp chins and cheek-bones which gave them all that heart-rending expression of desperate optimism, of invincible hope, which is seen only on the faces of men consumed away to death, fatally condemned

and deaf to their own sentence. Already Kendall had been convicted of being a traitor. He had talked strangely in his delirium, and all believed that he was in the pay of the Spaniards and had come out to ruin the colony. So Kendall was a prisoner on board the pinnace, and now they had met to pass sentence on Wingfield for his enormities. The other members of the Council had made a secret agreement to depose Wingfield and to install Ratcliffe in his place, and not to admit Archer to the Council except unanimously. Archer did not know of these articles, and was present in his new office of 'recorder' to which the Council had promoted him. Wingfield was accused of having kept the best food for himself, of giving them rotten corn, of being an Atheist since he had no Bible, of being a Papist who wished to combine with the Spaniards for the destruction of the colony. Ratcliffe accused Wingfield to his face, saying he had refused to give him a chicken, he had refused to give him a penny whistle, he had refused to give him a spoonful of beer; and Smith burst out: 'I should be ashamed to let my servant keep company with such a fellow, were we in England.'

To all of this Wingfield answered patiently. He had only eaten one chicken himself when he was very ill. Ratcliffe had had five or six. And he prided himself that he had reared up a flock of thirty-seven fowls of his own.

And as for Smith, it had been proved that he begged in Ireland like a rogue, without a licence.

Wingfield was deposed and committed to the master of the pinnace with the words: 'Look to him well; he is now the King's prisoner.' Kendall was released at the same time, but told that he might not carry arms. The first

night of his captivity Wingfield could hear the squawking of hens. His fowl roost was being robbed.

The full tide of their misfortunes slowly turned and ebbed as the woods flamed in gold and scarlet and the nights grew suddenly cold. The Indians, bringing fruits and game, flocked in to Jamestown. They brought corn, and the creeks suddenly became alive with canvas-back ducks.

Four or five more of the colonists died, but the worst was over and Smith was well again. The tents were rotten, the cabins of branches were worse than useless, but Smith, by his own example, set men working to mow, to bind thatch, to build houses, and to thatch them.

A supply of food had to be collected for the winter, and early in November Smith went down to the mouth of the river to fish and trade for corn at Kecoughtan, a town of eighteen houses. The weather was too stormy to fish, and the great winds showered them with scarlet leaves that whirled high and higher in a wild riot, in thousands, before they fell on to the tossing waters. The trees on the banks were bound with Virginia creeper and the pale gold of the wild grape vines. At night it was very cold, and they shivered in their anchored, tossing boat but felt the cold weather was a good medicine for their late fevers. They slept and woke to hear the honking of wild geese passing overhead, and searched the sky, straining their eyes to catch sight of the stretched-out necks and the great arrow-head flight against the clouds.

Smith got sixteen bushels of corn at Kecoughtan, and picked up another thirteen on the south side of the river before he returned home. After this he began trading at the villages on the James, and made two extraordinarily

successful expeditions up the Chickahominy. They were now in need of a suitable currency for barter with the Indians, for they had no unlimited supply of hatchets and red waistcoats, so Read, the blacksmith, was set to work to beat out little iron chisels.

The forge was hot, the blacksmith was weak with starvation and fever, and the new President coming in one day found him neglecting his work and struck him. The blacksmith struck back and struck hard, and Ratcliffe called out that it was treason. He, the President, was sacred, and the blacksmith must be hanged. There was plenty of rope, and a crew of listless men trailed out to the nearest tree, their feet dragging and rustling in the drifts of fallen leaves. The panic-stricken blacksmith, with his white face sweating and shivering under his forge grime, and his arms pinioned behind his back, was made to climb a ladder. The rope was round his neck, and he was just about to be turned off, when he thought of a last resource; he had something to confess, something for the President's ear alone. Then, walking apart under the trees, with Ratcliffe, he accused Kendall of an intended mutiny. So the blacksmith-escaped, and a day or two later Kendall was tried, sentenced and shot to death.

After the execution Ratcliffe proposed to go back to England in the pinnacle to fetch fresh supplies. Newport was due to return long before Ratcliffe could be back again, they were now well provided with corn, and Smith and Martin overruled this plan. Then Smith set off once more up the Chickahominy which he was anxious to explore. He found it an oozy river that ran through low-lying marshes covered with immense flocks of cranes, geese and ducks. There were higher lands also, bluffs of

red and of white sand, people in abundance and well-cultivated fields.

As the river grew narrower it was split up by many low or sunken islets. Ten miles higher their progress was stopped by a fallen tree. Smith turned back to a village called Apokant, hired a canoe and two Indians to paddle him, and set out with two of his men, Robinson and Emry, to explore further. He left the barge anchored in mid-stream and ordered her crew of seven men to wait there till his return and under no circumstances to go ashore. Then he pushed on again.

The river was narrow and wild, much cumbered everywhere with fallen trees and snags and hanging vines; forests grew everywhere along the banks; there were no villages and no Indians to be seen and no clearings or cultivated lands. As they shot round corners a family of beavers would vanish suddenly with a smack of their tails, or a black bear would lift his muzzle and slip away from his drinking pool behind the trees. The weather was very cold; there were hard frosts at night.

They landed to cook their food, and leaving Robinson and Emry with the matches of their muskets lighted, and telling them to fire a warning shot if they should see any strange Indians, Smith went off into the woods with one of the Indian paddlers as a guide.

A quarter of an hour later he heard a loud cry and Indian yells, but no musket shot. He instantly seized hold of his guide and pointed a pistol at his head, but the wretched man knew nothing of what was happening and implored Smith to fly for his life. Smith tied the Indian's arm to his own with a garter. An arrow struck him on the thigh, but harmlessly. He caught sight of two Indians

drawing their bows, shot one of them with his pistol and charged down on them. More arrows came whizzing, and after Smith had fired his pistol four or five times, he found himself encircled by a large band of men with Opechancanough at their head. His guide entreated him to surrender, and Opechancanough ordered him to lay down his arms. Walking backwards and dragging his guide with him, Smith stepped into a quagmire in which he sank up to his middle and pulled his guide in after him. There was no help for it: after further parleying Smith threw away his pistol and surrendered.

CHAPTER VII

SOON after Smith had left the barge anchored in mid-stream some young women swam out to it and invited the crew ashore. Only George Cassen disobeyed Smith's orders, and he had scarcely got on land when he was taken prisoner and led before Opechancanough who had just reached Apokant with two hundred men. He had heard of Smith's previous expeditions and was angry with the people for trading all their supplies of corn for the winter. He did not want Smith up the Chickahominy, and had come down to see about it.

Cassen was hideously afraid, and hastened to tell the Pamunkey king what he knew perfectly well already: that Smith had gone up the river with two other men and two Indians. The six terrified men in the shallop, who were rowing desperately downstream, listened to their comrade's blood-curdling screams, howls, yells and screechings for mercy while he was being dismembered with cane knives, and the Indians were almost deafened. They had never before known that anyone could be so noisy under torture.

Directly it was over, Opechancanough had set out after Smith, his men had surprised the canoe and killed Robinson and Emry with the first volley of arrows. Emry screamed and ran into the river and was washed away; Robinson simply fell dead beside the canoe. Smith was a prisoner, and Opechancanough was in a good humour as he watched his men pulling him out of the bog, washing the mire off him and then chafing his benumbed legs.

do his utmost to scare him off with accounts of the dangers of such an attempt. The weather was icy cold, and Smith shivered miserably, but before the messengers came back with his cloak an Indian to whom he remembered having given a few beads at Kecoughtan, marched up and presented him with a buffalo robe.

On its arrival at the village the procession of warriors had met with a welcome, which was, with every repetition, to seem stranger still to Smith, familiar with Turkish captivities and prisons. For as soon as the messengers returned from Jamestown, with the astonishing news that everything Smith had described to them had come to pass, Opechancanough and his men set out again.

These Virginian savages had no malice in their hearts. In Turkey the little boys threw filth and the women spat, but here all were noble in their manners; not one showed baseness. Smith was the central figure, and at each village he was welcomed joyfully by coveys of maidens who waved their hands or stared, laughed, giggled and interrupted their welcome to chase each other light-footed, and then returned to come forward with cakes of hominy and maple sugar. It seemed to him that the people of this new continent were so innocent at heart that they knew no half-measures in feeling and behaviour. They could be cruel, treacherous, savage and inhumanly bloodthirsty; but within a few hours of having barbarously slaughtered and mutilated his companions, they greeted him with song and laughter, with proffered fruits and gay glances.

Smith was watchful, wakeful at night, suspicious and apprehensive that every hour would see his death. He had lived too long, fought in too many bloody actions, and risen the last survivor from among the hecatombs of

slain, only to have an iron collar riveted about his neck, and he could not forget the sufferings and the perils of his life. He was aware before all else that he was a prisoner, waiting on his captors for the hour of his bloody death, and he could not smile back in answer to their candid smiles. If only this captivity had taken place twelve years since; before he had set out on his adventures, when he lived in a bower in Leicestershire, with his horse tethered to a neighbouring bush of may and his lance set up, pennon fluttering, on the green sward on which he lay reading the great folio of Plutarch's lives! In those days he would have responded so differently, and would have won all these savage hearts as easily as young Caesar had charmed the pirates.

Yes, courage would win them, but as he lay awake it seemed to Smith that he had very little courage left. He had not been the same man since the battle of Rottenthurm, and knew that he no longer courted danger or liked fighting. He would never go into battle again as though he were trotting into the tiltyard to exhibit his gallantry at a tourney, but would only risk his skin if he must do so, to succeed in his designs of planting a colony or exploring a new country.

But these introspective musings did not hide from him the charm of the Indians' manners. He was feasted every night, so that a suspicion grew in his mind that he was being fattened to be eaten later on. Huge collops of roast venison, dishes of dried peas, roast birds, baskets of hot new bread—more than ten men could eat were brought for him, to dine on alone. None of the Indians would sit at meat and share the plenty with him. When he had finished the remains were swept back into the baskets,

which were hung up in the room where he slept, and only when fresh food was brought for him next morning would his guards, with graceful reluctance, agree to share among themselves the viands of the day before. Smith had fasted for months; he could not resist the food put so bountifully before him; he ate freely; he gorged, and perhaps because of his state of mind, could not digest his food, and lay awake, the real pains simulating his anticipations of torture and death. Sleep, when it came, brought hideous nightmares from which he would wake to find himself writhing with awful pains.

Yet although his sufferings were great, he still saw, almost with regret, the wild beauty of his progress through Virginia. In the morning a classic train of warriors with naked limbs, carrying bows and full quivers of otter or opossum skin, would set out to lead him a stage further on his strange journey, destined to end, after so much beauty, at the stake.

How swiftly and silently went this tribe of hunters! The deer themselves were not more part of the forest where they lived than these men, who were as silent as the deer, as shy and as full of woodland grace and dappled beauty. During the march Smith fancied indeed that he had fallen into the hands of beings of another order than man: of fauns or satyrs. But in the evening humanity returned as the procession approached the villages and showed itself in the rounded limbs, the plump pouting breasts and laughing eyes of girls, with all the symbolic promise of their piled baskets of cakes and corn and chinkapins.

Regret shot through Smith's fear: the regret of middle-age, the regret of the man who sees the beauty of the world as a show slipping away and already beyond his

CHAPTER VII

reach. He would detain it with words, but words fail him, a net through which the sparkling drops of water pour.

But such embroideries of feeling were dashed aside when a lean wrinkled man elbowed his way between the guards and ran at him with an uplifted tomahawk. Smith had the swiftness of a small man, and although taken by surprise, he threw the rib of venison he was eating hard in the man's face and somersaulted backwards off the log on which he was sitting, and then sprang up, grasping a brand from the fire. He would sell his life dear. . . . But his aggressor was already in the hands of the guards, and the poor wretch gurgled under their rough handling, while a drop of blood trickled from his under lip, bruised where the flung bone had struck.

The fanatical hatred in the tormented wrinkled face remained to oppress Smith after the fellow was bundled out. 'He's the father of the boy you killed while we were taking you'; and Smith trembled, unstrung by his escape and unnerved because he could not make light of it or see it in a true perspective. Things were going badly with him. That night he could not sleep, but lay haunted by the hideous lined face; in the morning he breathed more freely as they left the village, but he moved unsteadily and looked about him with a haggard eye, in fear of ambush.

His guards told him strange stories: they were taking him to a northerly river, to see whether any of the people there could recognise him as the white man who had come among them and decoyed away the people to his ship, from which they had not returned. The story was puzzling, but many repeated it, and the inhabitants of the northern villages flocked to look at him and went away

shaking their heads, declaring: 'Nay, this is not the man.'

Smith did not ask his final destination, and his guards told him nothing on that subject. Thus Werowocomoco came to him as a surprise when they reached it just before sunset on a winter's afternoon. A light fall of snow had whitened the country; a few stray crumbs still fell from an apparently cloudless blue sky, and the prisoner's cheeks tingled in the frost. He could feel the cold growing in proportion as the sun slanted down and the shadows lengthened.

As they left the hill-side Smith saw a flat expanse of meadow and marsh and a distant village lying before him, which reminded him of his first service in Holland and Flanders. The ground was white, maculated with the black trunks of trees, walls of houses and ends of logs. Beyond the whiteness of the land lay the vast blackness of the river, a mile wide. The black waters spread everywhere, dividing the land up with deep creeks, which at low tide were courses of black mud, bridged everywhere by light flimsy bridges rattled together, of a few poles covered with osier faggots or reed bundles, and so narrow and insecure that only one man could venture on them at a time. Smith's guards led him through the forsaken gardens, where the coarse stubble of the cut stems of Indian corn stood up like rows of pegs through the snow. Farther on the ground rose a little by the shore, and the spreading branches of trees on the village green received the light canopy, so that the space between the houses was ringed with black circles of earth around each tree-trunk and criss-crossed in every direction with trodden paths. The sun had set as they got there; already it was dusk.

CHAPTER VII

Dogs barked, and one or two women's heads were thrust out of the houses, but they did not come forward to welcome them. Instead of the usual press, half a dozen children raced to meet them, naked in the snow, and headed by a boy and a girl who gazed at Smith with unsmiling serious faces. Ignoring the guards, the boy called out to Opechancanough: 'He looks weary enough, but then you have been a month upon the road.'

Opechancanough glanced at him crossly; he guessed that the boy was repeating his father's words, and that Powhatan was jealous of his not having surrendered his prisoner to him before. But his face softened as he went up to the girl, ran his hand over her bare shoulders and knocked a few white chits of snow out of her black hair.

'I have brought you a white man to look at, child, and white men's swords and lightning tubes and seeds of thunder. My women will grow a field of it next year.'

Smith looked at the children while Opechancanough was speaking, and smiled at them from policy; he was struck by their imperious manners and their gravity. Then he was startled by a sudden shout from his guards, who had halted. The children ran off again and vanished.

The nearest of the houses was larger than any of those that Smith had seen in the Indian villages he had visited; in the darkness under a huge tree, it stretched an immense length of unwindowed blackness. The branches above it were lit up by two long shafts of flickering light. The patches of thin snow were luminous and made the surroundings darker, the river's expanse limitless, a field of darkness. The cold was terrible, and Smith standing, halted between his guards, was cold with fear. He knew that he was come to his end.

A room that was like the gallery of an Elizabethan mansion blazed with light. The flames of a great fire leapt in the middle of the room, and down the sides thirty torches flared, lighting up the packed ranks of armed men who lined the walls. At the far end of the room, amidst a posy of painted faces and naked limbs, Powhatan reclined upon the dais of his bed. There was a deafening shout of triumph, then not a muscle of all these faces moved, and Smith, blinded by the light, stepped forward unsteadily, frowning and screwing up his eyes. The air was hot and smoky; there was the smell of burning resin, of Indians and of hides. Smith's courage came back to him with the touch of the hot air from the fire, and with perfect self-possession he let his eye travel slowly round the walls, gazing at the armed men, at the torch-bearers, and at the splendid group round the enthroned Powhatan: twenty wives, youths and children, among whom he recognised the two young creatures who had greeted them. Then, only when he had looked his fill, did he step forward and salute the monarch. He had wondered what shift he could adopt to impress and astonish his host, but after one look at Powhatan he knew that no trick could save him. There was too cold a humour in that implacable American face, too destructive an intelligence in that eye.

Smith was come, he knew, to his death, but he carried himself well and could even feel glad that he should have lived to see the court of this savage king and not have fallen to an arrow in the woods. But before death there was ceremony to be observed.

Opusquykinuske, the Queen of Appomattox, was there, and he smiled with recognition as she stepped out with a basin of water and held it up for him to rinse his hands.

CHAPTER VII

She was doing him great honour, but she met his eyes sternly, with no smile to answer his, as she handed him the bunch of turkey feathers to dry himself. Food was set before him. He must feast before his death, and, while he ate, the Indians spoke, determining the manner of his execution: Powhatan briefly and pithily, Opechancanough only nodding his head in assent and supplementing his brother with a single word, but one or two of the other chiefs took longer and seemed to raise objections. Smith did not listen to their words, or heed their gestures, but ate steadily, letting his eye rove almost cheerfully around the garish scene. The impassivity of the silent, motionless guards, the unwinking country stare of Powhatan's fat wives, all combined to give him the impression that he was dreaming, or that this period of eating and waiting was an illusion.

Only the children seemed unconscious of this timelessness. They moved their heads and whispered to each other, and in their dark childish faces there was something Egyptian, something Persian. Smith caught the boy's eye and smiled, caught the girl's and smiled again. She smiled back at him a little shyly, blushed and turned to her brother. This was the first smile Smith had received in Powhatan's palace. A people so naturally merry had been changed suddenly, distorted and grimly stiffened by their ritual. There were only three smiling faces in the great crowded room: Smith's, the little girl's and Powhatan's. But the king's smile was full of cruel humour and was for himself alone.

Smith finished eating and rinsed his hands again and sat patiently while an old man talked wearisomely. Then there was a sudden stir, men were moving and Smith had

only time to glance with admiration again at the naked child, when he was suddenly seized and thrown down at full length, and his head thrust back on to a great stone which two men had rolled into the centre of the floor.

The fire was so close to him that he felt it almost scorching his wrist; looking up, he saw the raised stone heads of tomahawks above him, poised to strike, and the wildly excited faces of his two executioners. Two men kneeling behind him held him with a long buckskin thong slipped behind his back and over his two shoulders, the ends of which they slipped under the stone.

The unwinking blue eyes watched the stone tomahawks swing high for the blow; something was said in a shrill voice, there was a gruff answer, and something which he could not see shot across the floor and fell on top of him. For a fraction of a second, before it reached him, Smith thought that this object was a dog, and shivered convulsively, but the next moment a child's body was lying sprawling over his, then Pocahontas was astride his chest, laying her face on his.

The stone tomahawks wavered for a moment, the thong slackened, but no one spoke or interrupted the child as she cried out with pathetic, tiger-cat defiance: 'He is mine: my man. I take him.' Then, a little less certainly, she added: 'I am old enough. I want him. He can make me beads and copper bells.'

Powhatan considered for a moment silently. Pocahontas was very young; it was absurd for her to claim to adopt this prisoner as a right, but he was very fond of her, and it would be difficult to have the man killed without making her furiously angry. The white man would be useful, no doubt, if he were one of the tribe, if he could really be

trusted. On the other hand, if in a year or two he married Pocahontas, he might become a dangerous rival. But that was not an immediate danger, whereas his usefulness would begin at once.

'Very well,' he said. The guards stepped back, Pocahontas jumped up and gave Smith a pull as he scrambled to his feet. Her eyes shone, her face was radiant; she showed all her teeth in a delighted smile as she seized hold of him and embraced him. And immediately all the Indians in the whole room began talking at once at the tops of their voices. The guards broke their ranks, the posy of women ranged behind Powhatan rushed forward, the torches were brandished to and fro, flickering and wavering. A hanging mat caught fire and had to be thrust hurriedly out of the door, and the crowd of men, women and children surged wildly round Smith. Jabber! jabber! jabber! He was deafened; he was overwhelmed. He was squeezed and hugged and pummelled, pushed and pulled, poked in the ribs, patted on the cheeks and slapped on the back, made to eat, to drink, to sit down, to stand up, and was carried in triumph and enthroned beside Powhatan on the bed, with Pocahontas sitting on his knee, with her arm round his waist and her head on his shoulder.

In that attitude she remained while, after the room was cleared and order was restored, Powhatan conversed with him most amiably, asking him a thousand slow and thoughtful questions and ruminating over the answers. And in that attitude the little girl fell asleep at last, when all but one of the torches had been extinguished and the pipe was being slowly passed to and fro between her father and Captain John Smith.

CHAPTER VIII

SMITH had already seen something of the Indian religion: he had captured one of their idols or okees, stuffed with moss, at Kecoughtan at the mouth of the James river, and had forced the Indians to ransom it for corn, and he was familiar with 'a great grim fellow all painted over with coale, mingled with oyle; and many Snakes and Wesels skins stuffed with moss and all their tayles tied together so they met on the crowne of his head in a tassell. . . . with a hellish voyce and a rattle in his hand.' Since his capture he had been a central figure in their ceremonial dances and had seen their propitiatory sacrifices of grains of corn, and the tobacco leaves sprinkled over the storm-tossed waters, but the ceremony of his adoption into the tribe was more alarming.

A crowd of men, painted black, armed to the teeth and dressed in their greatest finery of feathers, led him away into the woods, to where a very big long house stood all by itself in the middle of a group of ancient trees. He was led into an empty room where there was a fire burning, and told to sit down upon a mat. Then his companions left him for several hours. The house was absolutely silent, yet he had the conviction that he was not alone, and he dared not move even to look about him round the room, because he knew that hostile eyes were fixed upon him, and death was near.

Suddenly the most awful howlings broke out behind a mat which divided the room in two. Smith recognised

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Powhatan's voice and sat shivering with fear until at last Powhatan burst into the room. He was painted black all over with charcoal and oil, and dressed in his finest regalia of feathers, and was followed by two hundred warriors, all blackened. Powhatan told him that he was now one of themselves, and that he would send him to Jamestown to fetch him two great guns and a grindstone, and that he would give him land two miles down the river at Capahosic and regard him as though he were his own son.

Yet all the while that Powhatan was speaking Smith was afraid: afraid because he knew his own heart and because he believed that Powhatan had fathomed his treachery. Smith knew that he had been spared in order to be adopted into the tribe: the ceremony was being performed; but he did not feel bound by it and had no intention of keeping his side of the bargain. Powhatan almost knew as much: he knew that Smith was untrustworthy, and he feared that by adopting him they had merely enabled him to gain a dangerous knowledge of their arms and of their strong places. All the advantages which he had possessed at the time of the first attack on Jamestown would have been lost by the adoption of Smith, should he turn against them. Yet to kill him on suspicion was impossible; to detain him would merely be to incur his ill-will. It was better to send him back at once, particularly since it had turned out that he was a wretched craftsman and could not make any of the white men's trinkets.

Pocahontas naturally did not understand any of this: her man might be useless, but it did not occur to her that he might not owe her allegiance. She was already in love with him herself. For the two days before the ceremony of adoption she had played with him and kept him always

beside her, taking him with her to the icy river when she bathed, giving him his breakfast out of her own bowl, and leading him to her favourite trees in the woods, where she and the other children had built a little hut, and where she sat enthroned after their mimic wars.

She loved him, and with her he laid aside his fears and played. Together they kindled a little fire in the childish bower, and crouching together over the flame he told her of the wars in which he had fought, of how he had killed the three Turks, been captured after a battle, and sent as a present to a lady, who had given him to her brother, who beat him and put a chain about his neck.

Often he paused and looked at her, delighted to see her eyes glowing with excitement, fixed on his; and in such silences she would put out her thin, cool paw and touch his skin and whisper: 'Go on, tell me. What happened next?'

Thus, when Powhatan and his warriors came back out of the woods, and Powhatan announced that he was sending Smith back to Jamestown at once, she was broken-hearted and could hardly keep from an indecorous display of emotion.

'You will come back?'

'Of course I shall.'

The black eyes searched the blue ones long and deeply, but found no comfort in their twinkling laughter.

'If you don't, I shall come and fetch you. It's not far away. You're mine. You know that, don't you? You belong to me.' Smith laughed, caught her up in his arms and kissed her, and she forgot her troubles at the touch of his soft beard and warm lips. He was so short, so broad-shouldered, so burly and furry! He was her Bear. Smith

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was sent off with an escort of twelve men, and Pocahontas accompanied them across the river and through the woods until it was nearly dark. Then Rawhunt, the leader of the Indians, insisted that she should return home.

'I've lost my darling bear,' she thought. 'I may never see him again,' and something of this fear showed in the last look she gave him as she bade him farewell.

'They will kill me now. They will surely kill me now. They have been waiting until the child was out of the way,' Smith said to himself. When would the moment come? Would he be struck down by a blow from the tomahawk of the man who followed so closely on his heels? But the man spared him, and soon they had reached an open space in the forest where there was the rude skeleton of a hut standing, with one or two sheets of rotten bark still hanging to the sides and flapping in the wind. The roof was gone. Here Rawhunt called a halt, and his men busied themselves in gathering huge armfuls of dead boughs. The glowing tinder which one of them carried in a hollow smouldering log was blown up, the papery corn-cob sheaths kindled, and the little flame drew up through the twigs and branches. Already a piece of matting had been unrolled and spread over one wall of the hut, and in the lee of this wind-break they had built their fire on the old hearthstone. Smith watched their preparations listlessly: he was going to be killed, and he tried in vain to pray, but no comfort came to him as he repeated: 'Oh God! So near. It's so near.'

But the Indians were sharing out food and speaking gravely one to another; he ate with them without tasting the flavour of what was in his mouth. Then Rawhunt was filling a pipe with tobacco and sending it round the circle,

and he forced himself to take it, to puff and to pass it on with a smile. Perhaps they would kill him in the night as he slept. Perhaps they were taking him to Jamestown to kill him in sight of the fort, so that his companions should find his body. He wondered if he could steal away after his companions were asleep, in the hopes of finding his way to Jamestown. But he knew by experience that the Indians slept lightly, and that they usually set sentries. If they captured him he would certainly be killed: Pocahontas could not save him twice. Yet to wait submissively for Powhatan's orders to be carried out was almost beyond his strength.

All night he lay awake, determined that he would not be killed in his sleep. He would have got up and crept away in the darkness, but it had come to this: he was too frightened to move. At last a greyness came in the darkness, and slowly the light grew, and propping himself up on his elbow he looked at the sleeping Indians. It was bitterly cold: his limbs were numb in spite of the fur robe woven of grey squirrel skins which Pocahontas had taken from her own bed and given him for the journey. The sky was still grey, a last owl hooted, every twig and leaf was stiff with frost, and, finding the cold unbearable, he rose up and stepped over the sleeping body of the nearest man to get to the fire, over which he crouched, blowing up the embers and feeding it with twigs.

His fear had gone, and he felt almost happy, but his thoughts seemed deadened in his chilled brain and woke no echoes. Over there was Powhatan, who had promised him land, and yonder was Jamestown, held by a weakened force of sickly men. There was Pocahontas, a child with whom he could play, who brought him power. 'My life

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hangs on hers; all our lives depend upon a child's,' he thought; but by the time he had reached this conclusion the Indians were awake, and he found himself smiling into a handsome face which flattered him with a warm smile in answer.

A piece of corn bread and a drink of warm water—ice melted over the fire—was their breakfast, and they gathered up their mats and blankets and set out gaily, exchanging cheerful looks, for they were pleased that their white companion was now their comrade and had lost his fear. The sun rose as they were marching, and the patches of snow and frozen rime upon the trees were painted pink and blue with shadows, and the trees, hung with enormous icicles, blazed with winter's bright jewelry: points of ruby, emerald and diamond sparkled and blinded them. The Indians grunted with pleasure, and ran to the larger patches of unmelted snow to point to the slots of deer: every little drama traced by turkey toes and fox pads was legible to them, and a script which they took pleasure to unravel.

Suddenly Smith saw that he was among familiar trees: he saw a hacked stump, the clearing beyond, and yonder the chicken-coops and palisades of Jamestown. The few men moving about the fires gazed astonished, and Smith himself wondered at their haggard faces and their tufted beards.

A shout brought other heads out from the huts, and the colonists forgot their sickness and came running to welcome Smith, all to speak at once, with oft-repeated questions. After this first welcome, followed by his newly won brothers and a crowd of ancient comrades, he moved to the open central place where Hunt preached his sermons,

and there delivered a short speech, telling his listeners of the Great Powhatan. As he spoke of the long houses, the fur robes, the abundant food served by Indian wenches, the faces of his starved listeners brightened; yet when he had finished speaking most of his audience slipped away, for the common pot was being lifted off the fire, and no man could afford to lose his breakfast of maize porridge.

Gosnold, Martin and Percy returned immediately with some others to ask further questions, but the Indians had to be satisfied, and, reminded of his promises to Powhatan, Smith led them to where a millstone lay by the water's edge, and then to where the two largest culverins were mounted on a bastion of the fort.

'These are for my father, Powhatan,' he said. 'If you will take them to him.' The Indian looked at Smith, but could read no mockery in those blue eyes; but a fierce light blazed up in them out of a stern, set face.

'They are too heavy,' said Rawhunt sulkily. 'We cannot carry them.'

'We carried them here. We set them up,' said Smith. 'They were not too heavy for us; and now you shall see what they can do, to tell my father since he will not be able to see them for himself. Are they loaded, Tyndall?'

'Aye, sir.'

'Then fill them up to the muzzles with pebbles from the beach.' The morning sun shone over their shoulders full upon a great walnut tree which had been left standing in the clearing, for the sake of its nuts, when the neighbouring trees were felled. Winter had loaded its boughs with Christmas fruit and the snow had run down, melting and freezing alternately into a thousand icicles, so that the huge tree seemed less than half wood, more than half glass, and

in the brilliant sunlight it shone, flamed and glittered like a huge candelabrum.

Smith's bearing had changed to them, and the Indians were angry and puzzled as they watched a little of the magic black powder being sprinkled on the touch-holes.

'Look at that tree,' Smith ordered.

A huge explosion deafened them: they rocked on their feet and saw some branches fall blasted before them, and then, with a continual tinkling, the icicles falling, falling, falling for a half-minute of glassy rain, while they stood paralysed. They breathed in a whiff of the black smoke which enveloped them; then they ran like the forest deer.

Tyndall laughed as he sponged out the gun, and Smith stood for a moment with staring eyes and dilated nostrils. 'Ha! ha!' he shouted at the gunner. 'I would like to have had those two beauties with me while I was away.' He was safe at last; but a second afterwards he had run out into the woods, calling to the Indians. It would do untold harm if they fled back to Powhatan thus. At last they answered him from among the trees, and he pacified their fears and led them back towards the fort. They would not enter it a second time but waited till he returned and loaded them with presents: needles, cotton reels, coloured handkerchiefs for Pocahontas, beads, bells, a hatchet, fish-hooks and a roll of cloth for her father. But while they waited, the Indians looked closely at the tree with its torn, broken branches, and their friendship for Smith, their happy morning comradeship, was shattered and destroyed; their hopes lay broken like the tumbled icicles.

CHAPTER IX

IF Smith believed that he had escaped from the deadly peril of his captivity to safety in Jamestown, the day of his return might have disillusioned him. To him came Martin, a dark figure of skin and bone, whose swarthy complexion was so bloodless that it was horrible: he seemed a living corpse; but though malaria had brought this very sick man near his death, his eyes were mild and honest. Even in the worst shaking fit of fever he had never been one of those whose eyes glittered strangely and whose lips moved continually, repeating in unheard whispers: 'Hang, hang. They must hang for this.'

Martin drew Smith aside and said to him: 'You know Archer sits in the council now. I had no hand in it, you may be sure, but I was overruled by Ratcliffe. To-day Ratcliffe and Archer are going to run away with the pin-nace and abandon us. They take with them not the chiefest men, but all that sailed in her on the voyage out when Ratcliffe commanded her. Ratcliffe is no better than a pirate: they will look for prizes in the West Indies. They leave me here, and Master Hunt, Anthony Gosnold and Wotton.

'Of the old council, named by the King, Kendall is dead and Wingfield is deposed. Ratcliffe claims two votes, but you and I have a vote each. He could not do this thing if we vote against him, but he pretends he has authority because of Archer's vote.'

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Smith smiled at these arguments and glanced in silence at the fire to note the direction of the wind. 'What time is high tide?' he asked.

'Soon after midday.'

'They will not weigh anchor until the turn of the tide,' said Smith. 'The wind is south-east and with the tide would carry them upstream. We have two hours or more to hinder them.' What a contrast between Smith and any of the colonists! For Smith was in rude health; he was fat and chubby with bear and venison; there were wrinkles of fat creasing about his good-humoured eyes and blood in his ruddy face and neck.

Leaving Martin, so as to attract less attention, he went from one cabin door to another, pushed his way in and said a few words to each man. At twelve o'clock a dozen men came down to the water-front with muskets, Smith and Tyndall took their places by the culverins, and Ratcliffe looked up from the deck of the pinnace to find himself covered.

The little boat had lifted on the tide and was floating clear of the mud, the shore cables had been cast off and four men were standing by to man the windlass.

'You come ashore,' shouted Smith. 'If a man touches that windlass or the cable, I'll sink you.'

'A mutiny. Will you all stand by and watch a mutiny?' Ratcliffe shouted to the watching crowd.

'No. I am one of the council and my voice must be heard.' The men on the water-front took up this cry and clamoured for a council meeting. Smith brandished a lighted match over the touch-hole, held it up and blew on it, and Ratcliffe and Archer looked at each other and submitted. They came ashore.

Throughout the afternoon the council wrangled. Smith and Martin challenged Ratcliffe's authority, and declared that Archer was not a member of the council. Ratcliffe was silent; Archer declared that Smith had forfeited all right to be heard. He was a traitor who had caused the deaths of Cassen, Robinson and Emry to save himself. By Levitical law he should be hanged.

Smith countered this by offering to abide by the casting vote of Wingfield, who had at all events been appointed by King James. At Smith's orders Wingfield, so thin and wasted by fever, by starvation and by want of exercise that he could scarcely walk, was brought ashore and gave his opinion that Archer had been illegally appointed to the council, and that Ratcliffe must not run away with the pinnacle. Archer declared that they must summon a free parliament, and repeated his charges against Smith, who must be tried and hanged. Then the council broke up, not because everything had been said nor anything decided, but because the four men were too angry to argue further, yet not so blinded by their fury as to set upon each other there and then. Wingfield was not sent back to the pinnacle, but led away by Smith and Martin, who saw in his enmity for Archer a tactical advantage for themselves.

What was to happen that night, or at the latest, on the morrow? How would the fight begin, and who would get the best of it? The listless sick men sat apathetically in their smoky cabins: it was too cold, and they were too hungry to care what their leaders did.

Suddenly, as darkness was falling, a shout brought them all to their feet. Down the river a sail shimmered in the last rays of the setting sun. It was the *John and Francis*, with Newport on board, bringing a supply of men and

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food for the colony. There was salt pork and white flour, and beer and sack, and in the morning the smell of frying bacon would make delicious the desert woodland air. For most of them it meant reprieve from death, and for Wingfield a journey back to England.

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The woods were sunny, clear and cold, and the younger children raced ahead while the older girls, who were heavily burdened, called after them to wait for them to catch up.

'If you won't wait for us, Pocahontas, we won't carry the things a yard farther.' The child who led the way turned on them resentfully.

'Hurry, then, or I'll walk behind you with a stick and beat you.' She stood proudly before them, a slight tawny figure in the snow. Her feet were cased in a pair of moccasins, there was a leather thong round her waist and a feather mantle, woven of alternate strands of the skins of cardinals, orioles and bluebirds, clasped round her throat, was thrown back over her shoulders.

'Why are they so slow, the selfish wretches: we are wasting the morning. I am going to fetch my man back, my man, my bear. What a strange story Rawhunt told about the tree. All the men were frightened by that bad bear. I will punish him for it,' she said to herself.

'Wait, Pocahontas. It's no joke for us with the buck.'

'You must carry what you're told,' she exclaimed angrily. 'I shall run on ahead and leave you to follow with the buck and the raccoons and the bread as fast as you can,'

and Pocahontas ran swiftly on through the woods with her feather cloak fluttering and her black hair blowing out in the breeze, followed by her half-brother and four or five other boys and girls of their own age.

They did not stop running until they saw the trees open out and the stockade of Jamestown. For a moment they stood still listening to the sounds of voices, of axes, of saws, beneath which working murmur ran the sweet accompaniment of the blacksmith's hammer ringing and tinkling with many little taps upon the anvil.

Then Pocahontas pushed forward, bold and shy, calm and full of wonder, timid and confident. There were knots of men gathered about a tree, and a thin skeleton of a white dog, such as she had never seen before, left them and came bounding with an arched back towards her, shooting itself like a bent bow over the frosted leaves, and greeted her with fawnings, a lick at a bare knee and an alarming dance about her. The gate of the palisade was open; rough-looking men were carrying in piles of straight sawn planks, and through the gateway she could see right down the little street of cabins to the water, where strange trees rose up laced about with ropes and spars of wood with white stuff hanging in loops beneath them.

'Wait, Pocahontas. Keep back. Wait with us,' her companions called to her frantically from behind the trees where they were hiding, but she walked on with the white skeleton hound bounding beside her and went in through the open wicket gate.

'Look, mates!' a sailor shouted to his fellows. 'Look at yon natural.' The men stopped excavating a hole in the ground to stare. But already she had seen Smith standing

with a tall, red-faced fat man, and she walked swiftly to him and called out: 'I've come for you.'

Smith caught the shrill voice and the Indian words; he looked up quickly and went to meet her, pushing his way past the new colonists who had surrounded her.

'So you've come?' He was smiling, delighted.

'Yes, I've come to fetch you. I said that I would.'

He laughed, and, taking her hand, he lifted it and kissed it, then, putting his arm round her neck, led her back to Newport.

'This is my father. The great chief I told your father about.'

The girl looked coolly at Newport; she was not impressed by his red face and black, broken teeth.

'Oh, that is the man who went up the river,' she said.

'Did you come alone?' asked Smith.

'No,' she answered. 'The children are waiting behind trees and there are women bringing presents, but Powhatan has forbidden them to come into the fort. But are you coming back with me?' She knew that once the children came into the fort she would be a child again herself, but that alone talking to these men she was a woman.

Smith put his hand on her shoulder and stroked the feathers of her cloak; she looked at him and saw his face was full of tenderness, but he did not speak. The white greyhound had exhausted its boisterous welcome: he gazed at her with liquid, sensitive eyes, sniffed at her knee and licked it with his tapering tongue.

'What a dog,' she said, feeling unhappy.

'Newport brought it back as a present for Powhatan. He and I will come together to see him soon in a boat and will bring him gifts.'

'You won't come back till then?'

Smith smiled again at her and her uneasiness vanished in his smile, but, feeling that she was defeated, she said seriously, looking him in the face: 'Remember that you belong to me, and that you know my secrets.'

Smith did not laugh then, but met her eyes in a long look and nodded his head slowly. Her words had reminded him of the sickly moments when he was lying looking up at the stone tomahawks.

'Now, let's call the children in,' he said, and taking her hand in his, set off at a run, while the greyhound bounded before them, and the staring group of new arrivals who had collected round gazed in astonishment to see Captain Smith run off so fast into the woods with such a strange little companion.

The gifts had arrived but the older girls had gone back, refusing to venture into the fort, and Smith and the Indian children reappeared lugging the buck, the raccoons, and the baskets of bread. The children stared fearfully, wondering at everything they saw. Where men were working they stopped to gaze, and the sailors would lift their heads and call to them, chaffing or coaxing, but could get no exchange of confidence from the beady-eyed little images. That day Pocahontas did not leave Smith's side and only looked away from him sometimes at the greyhound. 'Well, one day I shall have the white dog to play with, when it is Powhatan's,' she thought, trying to find consolation.

It was too late that night for the children to return to Werowocomoco and they set off to spend the night at Mattapamant, where Percy had once rambled picking strawberries. Early on the morrow they were back again, their shyness gone, and all that day their laughter echoed.

Some were soon aboard the *John and Francis*, climbing in the rigging and on the yards, others attached themselves to the sailors who, under Newport's orders, were building a big storehouse and setting out the site for a church.

Pocahontas herself made friends with some English boys of little more than her own age who stood nudging each other. Their red ears and cheeks and their guffaws involved her for a moment in their embarrassment, from which she escaped by unfastening her cloak so that she stood naked, and then, bending over, planting her palms on the soil, lifting her legs and walking away on her hands. Thus challenged, the English boys forgot that she was naked, forgot that she was a girl, and imitated her. When she had watched their efforts she ran and, throwing herself onto her hands, turned one slow cartwheel after another. Her long black hair swept the dust of Jamestown as she went over and over; an Indian boy followed her and the ship's boys, him. But the English had not the balance of the Indians. Their bodies fell aside and they picked themselves up defeated, whilst Pocahontas and her young half-brother went sailing steadily, with the slow recurring flurry of legs and arms, like two brown windmills, down the main street. There were shouts of delighted laughter from the men looking on and cries of admiration; the English boys ran after them and joined in and fell again defeated, while the brown windmills spun on straight down to the waterside. On the very edge of the water Pocahontas stopped and stood up whilst the world about her swam giddily for a moment. She was breathing hard, her cheeks were flushed and her skin moist with sweat.

'Coo, you're champion, lass,' exclaimed a sailor. He


reached for her shoulder with a tarry paw, but she eluded him and plunged into the icy stream. Her brother followed her and for a minute they swam happily like otters, grinning at the men on the bank, before they came out breathless with the cold and began racing about the fort to keep warm.

All that day Jamestown rang with children's voices and the laughter of the sailors and the colonists: many of them had not laughed for months.

After that first visit, Pocahontas and her train of children were continually in and out of the fort. She had won a new and more devoted admirer than Captain Smith in Tom Savage, a cabin boy of thirteen. He had enlisted himself as her follower, and often would ask might he not go back with her among the Indians?

Besides these childish visitors, every few days some of the men or women would come with presents for Smith or Newport from Powhatan and with food to sell to the colonists on their own account. This angered Smith, who grumbled at the liberality of the sailors, who would give an Indian a knife or marlinspike for a handful of tobacco, and think a haunch of venison for their roasting cheap at a hatchet. Yet he could not complain too loud since the political difficulties had been settled by Newport's arrival. Wingfield and Archer were to be shipped home and one of the new colonists, Scrivener, was admitted to the council and was now Smith's boon companion. In spite of the new gaiety and jollity the old jealousies went on.

CHAPTER X

T the end of February 1608 the long frost had broken with mild winds from the south-east, then the weather changed again, and in the teeth of a westerly gale the white men fought their way up York river. The sentinels stood watching the progress of the two boats, the white sails growing larger and crossing to and fro over the river, so that they seemed sometimes nearer, sometimes farther away. Tacking and handling of sails were mysteries to Indians: they held their breath, puzzled as the boats came about; they felt alarmed seeing the jib fluttering slack, rejoiced as it drew taut and filled with wind, were dumbfounded as the mainsail swung over. Sometimes they fancied that a distant boat was a great bird, the father of all the cranes. Meanwhile the women were busy pulling the bread out of the ovens and heaping up food on the wooden platters. The strangers would feast with Powhatan, and for three days the women had worked incessantly, grinding corn, sifting flour, disembowelling and skinning deer, cracking nuts and washing and boiling arrow-head roots.

At the rare meetings of two Indian tribes there was ever an atmosphere of hysterical excitement: to mingle with strangers was fascinating and wicked. It led to such marvellous speeches, such blind rejoicings, outpourings of the heart, upliftings of the spirit, when fraternisation was complete and was cemented by a magical surrender of tribal law and by abandonment and forgetfulness.

Yet in such meetings there was always the danger that the intimate mixture would not be achieved: an axe would flash for a second, blood would stream, and a wounded man or woman run with an appalling shriek into the open place—and then, while dog-fight death descended, women and children ran screaming into the bushes and men hacked blindly at the corpses they had hoped to love and had killed, beside themselves until every limb was severed, and every outrage and mutilation had been hastily performed, and the last memory of that imperfect intimacy had been obscured, had been clotted over in a bath of blood.

On the approach of the whites there was a greater tension; as the dangers were greater so would the delights be more marvellous. The sin of fraternising, of mingling, of marrying with such an alien people was immense. The white sails of the boats drew slowly nearer, and at last the smaller boat stood in towards the land; the sails came fluttering down the mast, but the waiting Indians saw to their astonishment that the crew was rowing it up the farther creek. Smith had mistaken his way, and a crowd of braves, led by Powhatan's son, set off running to meet him where he was landing.

The short figure of Smith bustled to and fro marshalling his men; his round beard gave him a clumsy look, bearish indeed, for the beard disguised his neck. He smiled affably, flashing blue eyes and white even teeth, but he was distracted by something and bothering too much to respond to the welcome of the Indians. What was the matter?

Was it the presents for Powhatan? Rawhunt caught sight of the white greyhound which Pocahontas had spoken of, and his doubts vanished: it was a dog of dogs

—but led securely on a leash—there was nothing there to worry Smith.

When they reached the bridge Rawhunt saw that it was the order in which his men mingled with the Indians that was worrying Smith. He was running to and fro quite distractedly, calling to his men, shouting and shoving and insisting that they should all cross the bridge as a party. The Indian's mind had been trained in warfare, he thought always in terms of ambushes, cover, methods of attack and ways of retreat, but at that moment war was so far from his thoughts that it took him a little while to understand the cause of Smith's perturbation. Yet it was obvious, and once guessed at could no longer be doubted. Smith, whom they had adopted into the tribe, was afraid of an ambush.

The Indians whispered to each other as this became plain. It was astonishing, but it was true, and as they stood surprised and offended, it occurred to them that it would indeed be wonderful to attack a crowd of men huddling to cross a flimsy bridge which would collapse if more than four of them were to cross it at once. The white men were so rich: with weapons, copper and other metals about them. They were laden with the riches of kings.

Pocahontas came running as they approached the great house. With a smile of pleasure she looked at Smith. 'Here is Powhatan's welcome,' she said, pointing to forty platters heaped with food set on the ground under the shelter of the shed beside the house. 'And you have brought the white dog.'

Powhatan was waiting in state in the long house to welcome Smith and the greyhound; a suit of scarlet velvet and a hat were presented to him.

'But where is Newport? Where is your father?'

'He is coming. He is in the other boat, anchored in the stream,' and Smith began to fidget uneasily, remembering that the tide was going down, and that he and his men might not be able to get aboard before nightfall left them in the power of the savages. Powhatan smiled, and deep in his heart the snake shifted its cold coils. He knew that Smith was uneasy and afraid, but on the surface the talk flowed on, while outside the house the waiting men stood to arms, laughing and joking and drawing the dark smiles of their hosts by snapping flint on steel and such easy tricks. At last the talk was over, and the white men went stumbling back in a sudden storm of rain to the shallop, which was now lying quite out of reach far down the creek with an immense stretch of black mud reaching to it.

'Sleep here,' said Rawhunt, and the soaking-wet Englishmen were led to a long house, while the Indians busied themselves in making fires for them where they could dry their clothes. Leaving his men surrounded by a friendly throng who laughed to see their white skins as they peeled off their wet shirts, Smith hurried back to Powhatan. His mood had changed. Gay and careless of possible danger, he went back to the king's house and spent a few happy hours feasting, sitting with Pocahontas on his knee. To her it seemed at last that she had got her bear back, and when the time came for parting for the night she took the torch and led him through the storm of rain to the house where they could hear his men singing. The points of flame wavered and fell, the torch spluttered and flared up, and before they reached the threshold the child stopped and laid a wet hand on his wrist. Smith stood still and looked down at her. The wet face gleamed with scattered

raindrops as with tears. Her lips were set in a thin line, and her dark eyes seemed hidden, brooding shadows in the feeble torchlight.

'I am afraid,' she said. 'I wish you had come alone. I do not know what Powhatan is thinking of. Be very careful of your men.'

Smith paused and listened to her with changed feelings, and when he spoke his words were not those of a man speaking to a child, but of a lover pleading with a woman. But it was not love for which he begged.

Pocahontas shook her head vigorously; his questions bothered her.

'I can't explain now. We'll talk another time. Good night.'

Smith bent and kissed the wet face and went in among his men.

Next morning Powhatan was extremely friendly and showed Smith his canoes. Whilst they were talking, Newport and Scrivener were seen coming ashore, and Powhatan hurried back indoors to put on his regalia. Then, preceded by a trumpeter, Newport, Smith and Scrivener marched to Powhatan's house at the head of a guard of men and, with great ceremony, presented him with Tom Savage. The cabin boy stood grinning with bumpkin pleasure while the captains spoke in turn and laid their hands on his shoulders. He was going to live with the naturals, and would have plenty of turkey and deer meat. He would play with Pocahontas and the Indian boys and girls, and nobody would ever thrash him again for being lazy.

Powhatan was genuinely moved on this occasion. Whatever he might plan to do with the white men, this boy would always be safe.

'I shall care for him as my own son.'

The day passed easily with ceremony and fine phrases, and early in the afternoon the white men went aboard their pinnace.

Next morning Newport, Smith and Scrivener came ashore with a guard to breakfast with Powhatan.

'Why do you always carry your arms?' he asked as Smith came up from the beach where the guard of men was standing by the boat.

'Why do you always carry your arms?' The innocent question was asked with the mildest simplicity.

'It's the custom of our country,' answered Smith negligently, and, speaking in his ordinary tone of voice, turned to Scrivener and asked him to go down and take his turn with the men at the boat. 'Either you or I must be always by the boat.'

Sitting beside her father, Pocahontas looked like a statue cast in gold. She had fallen into a reverie, and did not look at Smith once or notice the signals which Tom Savage was making desperately to her to join him from behind the shelter of the great tulip poplar. He was too scared of the great men to come nearer.

All was well for the moment: Powhatan would not try again that morning. But though foiled of his massacre, he got a good deal of satisfaction in overreaching Newport in bargaining, and Smith became enraged. Damn this fat lazy sailor whom he had cracked up as a god! damn him for squandering the goods of the colony! What did it matter to him how few bushels of corn he got for the things? It was vital for the men who had to live on it through the spring. But he would show him! And snatching up some blue beads he walked up to where Newport

and Powhatan were talking and abruptly interrupted their slow-footed genialities. Small, broad and stocky he stood, looking up into the old Indian's face, and pulled the beads out of his pocket.

'But you haven't got these,' he said insolently, his voice almost breaking with rage.

These schoolboy tactics succeeded: Powhatan was nettled and on his dignity, and the beads were purchased at a fabulous rate of exchange, bringing in more than all Newport's hatchets and rolls of cloth. Directly the sale of these beads was effected, Smith hurriedly had the baskets of corn carried down to the boat.

'Now we go aboard,' he cried, and persisted furiously that they should not stay an instant longer ashore although there was a deer at that moment coming off the spits for their dinner. Smith would not give the Indian a chance to regret and begin to quarrel over his bad bargain.

Newport lingered for a moment longer, smiling apologies to his host, and before they had unloaded all the corn into the pinnace two canoes had come out loaded with roast venison. Cutting himself off a rib and holding it in his fist by the bone, Smith gnawed and stopped to defend his conduct vigorously. He talked with his mouth full, and waved the chewed cutlet to emphasise his point. Percy smiled superciliously; but Newport waved his own piece of meat and said, 'You might be a bit more grateful for the food you're eating, Smith. He wouldn't have sent it after us if I hadn't stopped and spoken civilly.'

'Yes, he would. It was cooked. He couldn't bear to waste it.'

Next morning Powhatan's son came aboard with the message that they were please not to bring their arms

ashore. The bright face of the young Indian as he made this request was charming, and Newport nodded in agreement. But Smith had suddenly lost his temper and was scarlet in the face. He screamed at Newport, who turned his back upon him and said aloud: 'Oh, let him have his own way.'

Thus they came ashore with a guard of twenty-five men, who were ordered to stay at the water's edge. They traded all day for the rest of the blue beads, but before they had finished the wind blew up and a downpour of rain descended. Newport and the escort hastily went aboard, leaving Smith and Scrivener to follow in two canoes.

The tide was on the ebb, and the wind blew so violently that, directly he had embarked, Smith was unable to keep the canoe from being blown across the stream, and in three minutes it was fast aground on a mudbank. Scrivener, seeing that it was hopeless to attempt a launch at that point, had his canoe carried across the bridge and launched in the other creek, but, after being nearly swamped by the storm, thought it wiser to put back. He was soaked to the skin, and decided to spend the night in a makeshift hut which the Indians roofed over for him with mats. Meanwhile Smith sat dismally on his mudbank, wet through by the bitter cold rain and surrounded by swimming and wading Indians, who shouted advice to him to come ashore. He refused. His nerve had collapsed. He was blue with cold and badly frightened. His situation called up too horribly the quagmire in which he had been stuck when he had thrown away his pistol and had surrendered to Opechancanough. When a burst of distant shouting broke out, coming from the other creek, and occasioned by Scrivener nearly swamping his canoe as he turned it

about, Smith made certain that he had been murdered. But although he was too frightened to accept the offers of carrying him ashore to the warmth and hospitality of Powhatan's house, he was able to hide his terror. Seeing him so stubborn, the Indians waded out to him, up to their waists in black mud, to bring him food to eat, mats to hang over his shoulders, and a little brazier or warming-pan with charcoal over which he could crouch and spread his numbed fingers. At last, with infinite help from the Indians, pulling at the canoe, splashing through filthy mud up to their shoulders and swimming in ice-cold water, he was able to get afloat with the high tide and aboard the pinnace soon after midnight.

Next morning he was shivering with a touch of malaria and lay disconsolately in his bunk, while Newport and the sailors, free from his troublesome advice, went ashore and spent the day in swapping, feasting and dancing with the Indians. Late in the afternoon Smith pulled himself up on deck, climbed down into his canoe and paddled himself ashore.

An enormous crowd of sailors, Virginian braves and squaws was gathered round a central space where dancers were jumping and whirling. Some of the Englishmen carried their arms, but the majority had flung them down by the boat, which was guarded by two somnolent sailors who had such a surfeit of Indian cookery, of roast turkey and salted nuts, that they could not stand and lay snoring with their eyes open. Only Scrivener had kept half a dozen armed men about him. Newport had completely disappeared. The slightest dispute was likely to be the signal for massacre: to Smith, who had a high temperature, the danger seemed appalling. It was all he could do to refrain

from shrieking at the first man he met, who was standing with his arms round the waists of two nearly naked girls, repeating: 'Now, one at a time, one at a time and we can all be happy, so long as t'other one don't give me the slip.'

Yet the entire crowd was unaware of any danger: as unaware as children playing with chisels are of a cut artery spurting blood. Perhaps the only danger was Powhatan's malice. He rose as he saw Smith approach, and waved an arm; but, feeling that he had not an instant to lose, Smith gathered four or five men together and sent them back to the boat drawn up on the beach with Scrivener and his men. Then pushing himself about in the throng, Smith retrieved one man after another until he had fourteen who would stand to arms and obey orders. Three-quarters of an hour after Smith had landed, the dancing and merry-making came to an end, for Powhatan had been watching Smith and did not trust him, and as the knot of white men grew in numbers the Indian braves slipped away from the spectators at the dance.

But fortunately at this dangerous moment a large dug-out canoe was seen approaching, and curiosity overcoming mutual suspicions, both the Indian braves and the crowd of dancers rushed down to join with Smith's posse in welcoming the new arrivals. Directly they were near enough for their faces to be visible, the paddlers were recognised as familiar Pamunkey Indians bringing a charming young messenger, Opechancanough's daughter: a girl of fourteen, who had persuaded her father that she was as well able to be an ambassador as her cousin Pocahontas.

She was accredited to Newport, and there was some

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little delay before the captain could be unearthed from one of the smaller houses.

'My father begs you to come to visit him,' was her message. 'He has sent me to show you the way.' But Powhatan interposed before they could reply, begging them to remain. So much remained to be done, there was much he had not touched on in his oration that morning.

Opechancanough's daughter was sent home with a message of polite regret. After paddling out of sight up the river she landed, determined to renew the invitation, and when she had come back for the third time with the same message, it was clear, even to Newport, that it was time to accept it. To the accompaniment of cheers, hurrahs, howls, and waving of innumerable branches, blankets, flags, the two boats hoisted their sails, weighed their anchors and, with a following breeze, were swiftly carried up the river.

CHAPTER XI

JAMESTOWN lay fast asleep when a shivering grog-sick sailor went up on to the frost-bound deck to spew, and caught sight of a pale hand of flame beckoning from on shore with rising, falling fingers. For a few minutes he stared, while his brain fumbled with the vision, then he reeled along the bulwarks and shook the sleeping watchman by the sleeve.

'Fire, fire!' But before the sailors had time to do more than shout the alarm, the flames had scrambled up the sides of three houses, and from their straw roofs flung back the darkness, a pack of white wolves leaping at the steadfast cats' eyes of the stars that glowed through the laced branches of an overhanging tree hung with icicles, sparkling with hoar-frost.

Sleep-sodden men groped their ways from beneath their burning thatches, their slow dreams quickening into nightmares which grew more terrible as they shook themselves awake. 'Indians!' screamed some, and leaving all to burn, the hag-ridden figures ran, with shirt-tails flapping round their forks, through the bitter air, to swarm aboard the ship, gibbering for help to the swearing, anxious sailors.

Next day the frost broke again, and, when it was no longer wanted to quench the flames, the rain fell in big drops from a threatening sky, pockmarking the soft grey ashes of the town, while disconsolate men wandered feebly, raking over the ruins, turning over a few unburnt ends of

CHAPTER XI

straw thatch, of charred timbers, and disentangling metal buttons, the barrel and lock of a gun, the head of a hammer, the hilts and blade of a sword. Even the palisades had been burned down in places and the soaking-wet colonists, chilled to the marrow of their bones, took stock of all that had to be done again, rubbed their charcoal-smudged faces with numb fingers, and pattered in silence without the heart to speak.

Worst of all was the plight of the sick men, that residue that was not yet dead, but lay week after week struck with the bloody fluxes of malaria and the dysentery from polluted water. They had dragged themselves on hands and knees out of the burning huts to fall exhausted or unconscious on the frozen ground. Unprotected from the weather, frost-bitten, burning with fever, soaking with rain, they lay helpless, waiting for the hastened end. Among these unfortunates, the President, the wretched Ratcliffe, lay stretched in agony. A few days before, while he was out wildfowling, the barrel of his gun had burst and blown off half his hand, and still men came incessantly to pester him for orders. He groaned, cursed, told them to leave him and to send Hunt the minister to him; and Hunt came, in a sailor's shirt and breeches, saying that he had lost all his books, all his possessions in the fire. He had not even a Bible left, but he spoke only of his own loss to say that it was nothing, that others were in a worse plight, and that they must remember Job. And the cruel, blood-thirsty, treacherous pirate, as he lay in torment, listened to the story of Job and was comforted.

To this confusion the expedition up the York river returned on ninth of March, bringing a supply of two hundred and fifty bushels of corn. The colonists slopped about in

soaking-wet clothes, walked squelching in slimy wet leather which cankered their stone-cold feet; they crouched red-eyed, over obstinate fires, trying to cook and to warm themselves amid the torrents of wood smoke. Yet in spite of all these miseries they had suddenly found comfort in a drug, the only one which, for men of their kind, could make all pains bearable. That drug was gold.

Ever since the arrival of the new supply they had been talking of gold. One or two had raked a flashy sand from the bed of a stream near by, and now in their extremity all clutched at it; they all believed.

For the majority of the colonists, especially for those who had lost everything in the fire, to find gold had become a necessity. They could not endure longer, and when Newport and Smith returned they were met by insanely happy faces. Jamestown had been destroyed, the colonists were wet, starving, crowded into a few wretched cabins which had stood apart from the others, but they were happy, giving not a thought to their safety, their necessity, their dying comrades, but toiling with their last strength to scoop up the glittering sand.

Already, without orders, each man was loading the *John and Francis* with his own sack of it, and until the golden freight had been collected there was no time for felling trees, or rebuilding the cabins, or making good the palisades, or clearing more ground for the spring sowing. All was madness, and the few sceptics were overruled and watched in despair, chafing at the delay and indignant with Newport for waiting to carry such a cargo. What good, they asked Smith, and Smith asked them, was a supply ship to the colony when the sailors stayed fourteen weeks and ate up all the provision they had brought?

Just before the ship sailed, six Indians appeared carrying fourteen turkeys sent to Newport from Powhatan, who demanded as many cutlasses in exchange. Newport agreed to the bargain—the turkeys were a providential feast for dispirited men; but the incident was important in its effect, as it set a precedent.

But at last, stuffed with turkey and mica dust, the ship sailed in weather that was colder than ever, bearing with it both Wingfield and Archer, who were happy enough to depart. Smith and Scrivener seized the opportunity to accompany it as far as the mouth of the river, where they had their revenge on the Nansemond Indians, and the last that Wingfield saw of the colony which he had intended should be an Arcadia in which the white man brought peace and religion and lived in harmony with his red-skinned neighbour, was a few wretched savages writhing in the snow and being knocked on the head by Smith's men to save a second charge of powder.

When the ship was gone it was time for the gold-fever to abate, but it was only death thinning their ranks that turned their minds at last from the dream. Without shelter, decent food or sufficient clothes, men died like flies in that terrible winter faster than they had the previous summer, and those who lived grew weary of grave-digging and threw the corpses into the river. Yet these terrible weeks were happy ones for Smith. Ratcliffe's wound kept him to his bed, Martin, sick with fever, was still wrapped in his golden dream (for his freight of gold the King would send him the patent for his knighthood), and Smith was free to divide with Scrivener the work of rebuilding Jamestown, repairing the palisade, cutting down trees, clearing fields, digging, ploughing, sowing, building a

church, roofing over the ruined storehouse, building a blockhouse on the neck of land connecting Jamestown with the mainland. The happy eagerness of work transformed Smith, and he went to and fro, working with his own hands like a farmer among his labourers, until he was called away to direct the next piece of work, encouraging all by his example, and infecting them with his own faith that all his works were good. The taste of spring was already in the air. Men rolled tree-trunks to the sawpits and carried away the planks, the sound of sawing went on tirelessly, the hammer blows rang out, the sun shone, and the surviving sickly men forgot both the dreams of wealth and their miseries and their despair as they tugged and sweated. The snow had melted: the earth smelled good and the colour began to come back into their cheeks as the life began to come back into the woods and streams around them. Often Smith was called hastily from one employment to advise upon the next, and he would climb out from taking a short turn in the sawpit, shaking the sawdust out of his beard, to welcome a group of Indians, headed by the English boy, Thomas Savage, who had come bearing more turkeys for more swords.

Smith laughed heartily at his dark friends, grew serious, then linked his arm in that of Powhatan's messenger and led him aside, while the suspicious Indian gazed at him craftily and sniffed in the smell of sweat and cedar wood. But what was the good of being crafty? Smith was too genial, too friendly and too difficult to bargain with, and the Indians left their turkeys and went back with only a few trifling gifts: a knife or two, a few yards of cloth, the buckle from a dead man's belt. Smith had no swords to sell.

Next day a sudden trumpet-call from the look-out man

by the water-side made all men drop their tools and run to arms—a sail had been sighted, but this strange vessel soon proved to be Captain Nelson in the *Phoenix*, long since given up for lost.

Nelson had been driven by the storm to part company with Newport and had been carried down to the West Indies where he had landed his men and had passed the winter safely, feeding his men by hunting and fishing upon the fruits of the island, and carefully avoiding broaching the stores which had been entrusted to him for the colony. Then, without the loss of a single man, he had reached Virginia. Directly this cargo had been landed, the Council met to decide what freight should be sent back. Ratcliffe, from the sickbed, ordered Smith to take sixty men, chiefly of Nelson's, to explore the country of the Monacans above the falls. To Martin it seemed madness to send anything but gold dust, while Smith had ready prepared a cargo of sawn logs of cedar.

At first it seemed as though Ratcliffe would have to be obeyed, but Smith delayed a week drilling his men for a military expedition, and then Nelson refused to let his sailors take part in it. Yet it was Powhatan who solved the question, for, cheated of his turkeys and balked of his swords, he besieged Jamestown with thieves, sent not to declare open war, but to steal and harass the white men into delivering the swords to which he was entitled.

One day one of them stole two of the swords, and next day, when he came back looking for more, Smith, with the Council's consent, seized him and set him in the stocks all day, letting him go in the evening. On the third day the man came back with four companions; when turned away from the fort and ordered to be gone, he struck at

Smith with his wooden sword. But Smith had a whip in his hand and lashed out first. The blood spurted from the Indian's nose, and as the other red men crowded up with raised weapons and shouted threats, Smith turned upon them, calling to his men, 'Come on and give the bastards a tanning.' Then the English knocked their weapons out of their hands, beat them and then hunted them with lashings of whips and tally-hos, yoicks and English hunting cries through the trees until they were clear of the island.

Then, as they returned, puffed with the run and breathless, they laughed over the sport. The watching chief, shaking with rage in his ambush, drew his bow badly, and his long shot went wide, unperceived.

But meanwhile Ratcliffe had agreed to defer the expedition. Martin had been overruled and only asked for a passage back to England, and Smith and Nelson quickly got the *Phoenix* loaded with cedar logs, and shortly afterwards she set sail with Martin waving farewell from between his sacks of mica, which he believed were to make him one of the richest gentlemen in the city of London.

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All the morning, all the afternoon, all the evening and all night, the Indian council sat at Werowocomoco. The sunlight flickered through the April clouds, the rain fell, the sun came out again, the wind dropped at sundown and the stars appeared, but the circle of bare-shouldered men sat on, round the council fire under the branches of the tulip poplar.

Powhatan had summoned his council, he had invoked the medicine men, he had sought omens in his sleep and

in lonely vigils fasting in the woods, but like many monarchs he had found little help in human advice or in Divine commandments. He could not make up his mind what to do.

The white men showed no signs of going away. His secret plan of setting on them and massacring them during their visit in the winter had been thwarted by the traitor and renegade whose life he had spared. After their departure he had planned to keep the peace and purchase arms until his men could engage the white men on more equal terms—but Newport had gone and the renegade had refused to sell arms.

A surprise attack on Jamestown was no more likely to be successful than the last one, and if it failed there was nothing to prevent Smith from sailing round up the York river in the pinnace and setting fire to Werowocomoco. Indeed it seemed likely that he might do so without provocation, as he had made an unprovoked attack at Nansemond, and since the arrival of the last ship had been exercising his men in the forest and training them in taking cover and in firing from behind trees.

Smith was unscrupulous: and he would be sure to come again to buy corn in overwhelming force, and neither he nor any of his people would dare to refuse him, although they were short themselves. The white men had been no help with regard to the Monacans: indeed his great concern now was to keep these two enemies apart lest they should combine against him. But although they were so dangerous, the white men were weak: their fort had been accidentally burned down, and they had been dying fast. He knew just how many died every week, and how many were sick, from Amocis, the Paspilha spy, who was living

in the fort. But it was when Powhatan remembered the fourteen turkeys which he had sent to Smith that he was most furious, and at such moments only the memory of Namontack, who had gone with Newport to England, and the thought of the danger to which Werowocomoco was exposed, held him back from attacking Jamestown. No, he could not make up his mind, and sat for hours with his council, chewing silently, without listening to those who spoke.

Occasionally he would rise to his feet and walk aside with one of his brothers and listen to what he had to say, then he would go back to the silent council ring. By his orders there were always a few of his men haunting Jamestown to steal what weapons or tools they could lay their hands on—for the colonists were careless, and left many an axe in the wood when they went back to their luncheons; or, if an opportunity arose, to murder Smith. Once that traitor was out of the way, Powhatan knew that he would find some means to destroy the colony.

But while the council still sat dumbly, a messenger arrived with the news that the plot to murder Smith had failed. The plot had been prepared secretly: if he had succeeded Powhatan would have announced it and taken the credit for it, and ordered an early attack upon the fort, but now he led the exhausted man forward and told him to tell his story. And while he spoke there was a faint rustling on the roof of the house near by. Pocahontas had climbed up to have a better view, and was listening.

Smith and Scrivener had been walking together outside the palisades when two Indians in their war-paint had begun to circle about them in the trees. But no sooner had Smith seen them than he called out to Scrivener and ran.

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The Indian braves had followed him, saying that they had come to beat Amocis. Two other Indians had come in through the other gate of the fort at the same time and joined them, but as they stood in a cluster Smith had walked up and ordered them to be seized.

Altogether a dozen Indians had been taken prisoners in the fort, most of whom knew nothing of the intended murder, while the Indians waiting outside had taken two white men straying in the woods. That night the colonists had landed at Mattapament in the darkness, had fired shots and after a little while the glare of burning houses had been seen by the messenger as he hurried on his way.

Powhatan stood up and made a speech. 'There, what can you expect—foolish, intemperate, headstrong friends of mine. The white men will do the same here if you provoke them. You must be ruled by me, and make your young men keep the peace.' Then he dissolved his council. The two white prisoners were to be taken back the next day, the stolen hatchets restored, they would sue for peace and save the lives of the prisoners, while disowning them. Pocahontas, lying on the roof, understood it all.

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Through the aisles of the woods ugly old Rawhunt trudged while the girl skipped at his side. The sun shone in the first summer heat, the leafy woods re-echoed with the cries of birds; in the open spaces the travellers picked their way over trailing, tangled trumpet vines. The swift spring-time was come and was almost gone. While the English colonists were being drilled by Smith in the woods, the wild geese had passed overhead in arrow-heads

which pointed to the true north. The sap had risen in the vines, the buds had burst in flowers, and the naked child who had gambolled wantonly among her playmates when she last trod that path in the late winter, now in the first days of summer was almost a woman, whose feather petticoat fluttered before her companion's sober stride. She knew that life would not be easy for her. She was treading again the road she loved: she was going with a message to Smith. Alas! He no longer belonged to her, and she knew that if she could have recaptured what she had believed so simply a few months before, she would have been happy. She had lost Smith, but she bore him no malice for deserting his allegiance—just as she bore no malice against him for beating her people, robbing them of corn and setting fire to their houses in the dead of night. It was not merely that such things meant nothing where she loved, but that she had learned so much of the white men that such incidents seemed inevitable. She had loved Smith first as an ignorant child, and believed that she had only to say the word to bind him to her for all his life. Since then she had learned how the white man lived: Savage had told her of the London streets, of the great ships coming up the river, the foreign sailors talking Dutch, the royal palace at Greenwich, horses, cows, green pastures, hop gardens in Kent, chimes of bells ringing the people to church on Sunday, actors strutting across the boards in front of crowded audiences, circuses with dancers and tight-rope walkers. Yes, she knew now, she knew that however dirty, feeble and diseased these companions of Smith might seem, that they were irresistible, and that behind them lay a world which glittered like tinsel, which shone with inconceivable attraction,

with knowledge which none of her people could grasp. And she knew also that there were a thousand kings, dukes, emperors and petty princes whose state eclipsed her father's, that she herself was a wild barbarous creature belonging to a bygone age. Yet in spite of this knowledge she ran happily through the woods ahead of Rawhunt, happily because she was going to see the man she loved, and was confident that he was still fond of her. She knew that he could never belong to her—but she had a plan: for, after all, might not she be just as happy if she belonged to him?

'Promise me that you will take me with you if you ever go back,' she said, standing in front of Smith with her legs rather apart, holding him by both wrists.

'Promise me that. You know that Powhatan gave you to me when he spared your life. I see now that was wrong. A great captain cannot belong to a child, and you have your own people. But every woman belongs to a man some day, and I shall be yours. Promise me that you will take me when you go back. Then we shall live together in England among the streets and the ships, and hear the bells ringing in the churches, and we shall belong to one another. Promise me, or I won't let go of your hands.'

Smith looked down into her face feeling the most tender and pure emotion of his life. He nodded his head slightly and then, when she had let go of his wrists, he threw his arms round her and held her very tightly, pressing his lips to hers in a long kiss, while tears gathered in his eyes. There was a lump in his throat, he could not speak; it seemed to him that he had never known so sweet a pain, such sad regret. Why was he so old, so battered, so ambitious? If he were only a boy like Tom Savagel!

'Yes, I promise I will take you when I go back, I do promise. I do. I do,' he almost sobbed. 'And of course you can take all the prisoners.'

She had gone to him happily, and ten times more happily she returned, surrounded by the released prisoners, scourged men whose backs were striped with lashes from the cat and whose eyes were still wild with terror. But whilst they talked of revenge and of Smith's threats, of how, in the ship's dark hold, the red matches had wavered over the priming of powder, of how Smith had plucked hold of the slowly burning cord and had thrust it against a prisoner's cheek to mark him so that he should always know the man again—her memory went back to his embrace, and to the touch of his soft beard.

She loved Smith—and for a little while now there would be peace. Powhatan would wait until he got Namontack back again and until the peaceful summer season was past. If war came, it would come in the fall.

Lovel Strangely enough she learnt that May, by a chance meeting, that love meant more than a feverish quickening of the heart, a weak happiness which made her limbs tremble. Love might mean much more than she had guessed, and it was the beautiful Pipisco who had shown her its nature.

One day while she was running through the woods to Jamestown, she suddenly saw two figures in the path before her with their arms enlaced about each other's shoulders; the man was naked; his smoky copper body only girdled with a thong which held his clout. He was unpainted and she saw that he carried no weapon in his hand, or club at his belt. Yet it was Pipisco, and the woman with nothing but a chain of pearls about her

neck and a white doeskin kilt, was Opechancanough's favourite wife.

For a moment she saw them walking slowly, interlaced, the woman with her black head in the hollow of the man's great shoulder, and her golden arm flung round the grooved splendour of his back. Then they had heard a stick crack under her foot and had turned swiftly on her with exalted faces, thinking it was Opechancanough come to kill. When they saw Pocahontas there, and looked at her surprised face, they burst out laughing.

'Where are you bound, child?' asked Pipisco.

She was silent, and the woman spoke, saying: 'She is in love too, aren't you, poor child, with the white prisoner who was given you last autumn?'

Pocahontas blushed, and looked at them gravely, impressed and embarrassed by their openness, and the woman, looking at her, divined her thought.

'I am in love with Pipisco and am never going back to Pamunkey.'

Pocahontas looked at them harder, astonished by their mood of happiness and of indifference and their speaking of their guilty love in front of her, then she stepped past them, said good-bye, and went on running down the path. They had given her a great deal to think about: death and dishonour faced them, yet locked in each other's arms they slowly wandered along the forest path. . . . When she returned to Werowocomoco, Opechancanough's canoe was drawn up on the shore, and he was talking with Powhatan.

For the first time in her life her uncle did not stop to speak to her or pet her, but with a strange face ran down past her to his canoe and set off up the river to Pamunkey.

POCAHONTAS

There was no paint on his face, no fresh scalp hanging at his belt, he had not pursued the lovers, and now he was going home.

Suddenly the meaning of what she had seen burst on her, she understood everything: love careless of death, of honour and of all worldly possessions, and the torturing jealousy which she had seen on her uncle's face, jealousy which no revenge, no material triumph could allay.

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SHE did not see Smith alone after that last visit, or visit Jamestown where the white men were dying again like flies; but the Indian villages rang with the stories of Smith's voyages, and she was able to listen to her heart's content. Every boat that came up the river, every party of hunters or traders coming overland from the Rappahannock, brought fresh news of Smith. Rumours flew wildly; what was reported one week was contradicted the next, and it was difficult to be sure of the truth. But it was known as a fact that he had made two voyages across the open waters of Chesapeake Bay and had come back each time with his vessel loaded with furs and weapons. But besides that, it was said that he had defeated the Massawomecks and the Potomacs. He had defeated everyone; he had allied himself to everyone. He had met the giant Susquehannas, and they had become his bosom friends. Whether that was true or not, it was common knowledge to all that he had defeated the Rappahannocks only a few miles off on the next river, and had rescued his hostage from the middle of an armed host, and that then he had defeated the Mannahocks after a running fight kept up all night along the river for twelve miles. It was said too that he had been poisoned by a stingray, and that when he was in extreme agony had given himself up for dead and ordered his men to land and dig him a grave, but that he had suddenly recovered and had cooked and eaten the fish sitting on the edge of the grave.

It was among the Indians that his fame was so increased: to the colonists at Jamestown such expeditions meant nothing, or next to nothing. But when he and all his followers returned in riotous health, there was no withstanding him; the wretched Ratcliffe had already been deposed and Smith was inevitably elected President. But to the Indians these raids were the titles of immense glory: the things for which they lived themselves. Smith was a great chief indeed: the whole of the north rang with his glory, and men whom he had beaten boasted of having come out of his hands alive.

It was true that other rumours came following the first miraculous stories of his exploits. It was said that he had purchased the arms of the Massawomecks after making an alliance with them, and that he had then boasted of a great victory over them to the Tockwoghs and shown the arms as proof. But what did that matter? Any ruse was justifiable, and there was not the slightest doubt that he killed several of the Rappahannocks. Powhatan had heard the story direct from Mosco, who was present at the time and took part in the battle. Mosco had whole quivers full of Rappahannock and Mannahock arrows as proof.

And then the Indian summer had come on, with sudden blaze of colour, and the news was that Newport was back with another ship with two white women; that Namontack was following with an account of England. There were presents for Powhatan, and Smith, with five men, was on his way to visit him.

The news came while Powhatan was away at the head of the Pamunkey river, and Pocahontas was one of the first to hear the Paspaha messenger's story.

Smith was coming! Smith was coming the very next

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day, and while the Paspaha ate and drank before continuing his journey, she made ready to welcome her hero. For days the girls and women had been working at rubbing the corn off the cob after the harvest, and they were eager for a holiday. The older women could say or do what they liked. Pocahontas and the girls defied them.

All the evening was spent in running from house to house, in whispering secrets, and the next morning, early, the girls vanished out of the town into the woods. There, hidden in a remote glade, what laughter, what shrieks of mirth, what merry notes rang out startling the squirrels and scaring the birds!

Fifty girls were making their dresses and were trying them on, were combing their hair and painting their bodies, and there was only one looking-glass among them. Each of them had to look and look again, and then to have one last look to be sure that all was well.

Smith sat benignly upon a mat waiting for Powhatan's messenger to return, gossiping alternately with Captain Waldo, who had only just come out from England, and who had been very eager to accompany him on this visit to Powhatan, and the most important of the old men who had been left in charge of the women at Werowocomoco during the king's absence.

Suddenly an appalling uproar broke out: a yell that shot Smith into the air like a jack-in-the-box. Before Waldo or any of the other men had had time to do more than turn their heads, Smith had seized the old Indian by the hair and, with a hand which shook noticeably, was holding a pistol to his ear. His companions ran to arms, but more slowly; the yells were repeated, but next moment they were transformed into laughter and thirty girls,

attired in nothing but the slenderest kilts of green and scarlet leaves, and wearing deer's horns on their heads, broke into the open. Smith stared, Waldo laughed, and still trembling, the great Smith, the bravest of the brave, sat down. The supple painted bodies twirled and twisted in the dance; the actors howled and leaped and challenged one another in the masquerade; the firm young breasts rose and fell as the panting girls defied each other and brandished a bow, a tomahawk, a wooden sword in mimic warfare.

As they danced and scurried, they formed a circle which closed in upon the white men seated about the fire, offering them a close view of their cinnamon beauty. But the girls' faces, as they stamped and danced and sprang twirling into the air, were serious and set: teeth were gnashed in make-believe anger, not shown in flashy smiles, and though thirty naked girls, dressed in a few leaves of Virginia creeper, may seem like the chorus of a musical comedy, they were more like the supple trapeze artists and acrobats of the circus, who have not time to spare from their work to waste smiles upon the audience.

At their head capered and spun a small lithe figure with buck's horns on her head, an otter's skin at her girdle, and a quiver on her shoulder.

The masque lasted an hour, and then the girls trooped off and vanished again into the woods, or to the river, while Smith and his companions were invited to return to Werowocomoco and enter Powhatan's house. The interior was dark after the brilliance of the declining sun; there was the curious smell of rawhide, of salt-fish, of smoke and of Indians; and the rooms brought their own memories to Smith. Waldo and the others, who had never

been in an Indian house before, looked about them in astonishment, staring at the pots and pans, the weapons, the dried scalps, the rows of beds and rolls of buckskin. A woman stirred the fire, and with a crackle of twigs the flames shot up in a new brilliance, revealing Powhatan's empty bed with the smooth spread of fur and the hanging raccoon tails.

Then, in a whirl of naked arms and legs and bellies, of floating raven tresses, young breasts and feather petticoats, with an explosion of laughter and of chatter, the girls were upon them . . . upon him. In a moment they had surrounded Smith, were hanging in a cluster about him, were fingering his ruff, stroking his beard, kissing his cheeks.

'How love you me? How love you me?' was the burden of their complaint as they mobbed him as humming-birds will mob the hawk. In vain Smith laughed and spluttered, blushing and struggling to get free: he was overborne, and for five minutes or more had to submit to the embraces of thirty naked girls, while Waldo and his companions stood roaring with laughter at the sight. But would Powhatan laugh if he came in suddenly upon them? Would he laugh when it was reported to him, as it was sure to be? Fear mingled with Smith's embarrassment: Powhatan's various punishments for adultery flashed across his mind while the kisses smothered him. The men had been clubbed to death—and then that young wife of his, whom he had caught with her lover during the bitter frost of the previous winter, he had set her, naked, astride a frozen rock all day, and in the evening had called her in, forgiven, to warm herself in the old man's bed. Yes, Smith could imagine with what grim humour Powhatan would survey

the scene and how he would indulge it in inventing comic punishments. Meanwhile, the girls had lifted him off his feet and were carrying him towards the raccoon-skin covered couch. It was unbearable, and he struggled ridiculously, his face crimson under the rain of kisses, his body crimson under the touch of shameless hands. And then, for the second time, Pocahontas intervened to save him: on the same spot as she had stood up to save his life, she now stood and saved him again. And as the girls let go of him they all exploded with merriment. Scarlet from top to toe, the ruffled turkey cock looked round: the five Englishmen were lying half dead with laughter about the fire. In an instant the girls had swooped on them, and they were smothered in their turn. But though that helped Smith, it was some little while before the patient, amused girl could soothe his feelings. He had been badly scared twice by these girls that day; he did not feel safe with them, and the robust fortitude with which Captain Waldo stood the attack and, hugging three damsels in his arms, called to the others to come on, made him realise that he had played a coward's part. But the robustiousness soon ended: meat was being carried in, and soon the white men were seated peacefully in a ring about the fire, eating oysters and dipping spoons or fingers in a stew of duck and of wood mushrooms.

The rest of the evening was spent happily enough by Smith's companions, watching the girls dancing and lying each with his arms about a couple of girls' waists. Smith felt more composed as he sat with his back turned on these scenes, talking innocently to Pocahontas. He was still uneasy; he would always feel uneasy in that room; but when she put her hand on his, he did not move it away. She was

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still young enough to be perfectly happy. By the end of the evening, when he had told her all about the marvels he had accomplished that summer, about his victories over the Potomacs and the Massowomecks, he felt once more that he was an acknowledged hero, and then, when the dancers could dance no longer, the men rose up and the girls, taking brands from the fire to serve as torches, lighted them to their lodgings for the night.

Next day Powhatan returned in a bad temper, for he had been called away while he was organising a raid on the Monacans, which he was trying to keep as small as possible. He was afraid that in his absence the young men would carry things all their own way. He had not been able to postpone the raid lest the Monacans should get their blow in first.

He greeted Smith with his usual sour smile, but his face lit up when he saw Namontack safely back from England. Namontack's story would keep however: it would be told and listened to sceptically all through the winter months. Meanwhile Powhatan heard Smith's words with increasing distrust. King James had sent him wonderful presents: a robe, a gown, a bed, a crown, and Smith invited Powhatan to return with him to receive them at the fort. The old wrinkled face became more wrinkled still. What a fool to think that Powhatan was to be caught as easily as that! Smith would do better to go out trying to put salt on birds' tails.

And with a few words he dismissed the plan. 'I also am a king. It is not fitting that I should travel to receive presents in my own country. . . . The presents must be brought here. I will wait to receive them.'

And then, without referring directly to any of Smith's

triumphs that summer, he looked him in the eye and brought up Smith's old lying story about his brother who had been killed by the Monacans.

'You make so many mistakes, my friend: it could not have been these Monacans, so I shall not want your help against them which you and your father, Newport, were so anxious to give. You are so simple, so truthful, my friend, like all white men, and you believe all that the wicked Indians tell you. They tell you such terrible lies. You are always asking about salt water: there is no salt water beyond the mountains. The rivers dwindle into streams; the mountains rise up in forests. There are bears there, and from the crests of the mountains one can see other mountain peaks and a great plain of forest and savannah beyond. There is no sea to the west—only land stretching away forever in great plains where the wandering Indians follow the buffalo herds.

'I have heard of great seas to the north, but Chesapeake Bay is land-locked. You must have found that out for yourself, when you defeated the Massawomecks and carried off their arms. Your brother must have been killed by some people living a long way off. You have no quarrel with the Monacans, and you will not find any salt water in their mountains.

'You must remember, Smith, to be always on your guard: people tell such a lot of lies. It does not do to believe everything one hears. Only little girls like Pocahontas do that.'

Powhatan became more and more friendly as he spoke: his own irony and Smith's inability to see the point of it delighted him. What a fool the little hero was after all! How small he would feel when he went back to James-

town and told them that his plan to snare the great Powhatan had failed, and that they must bring the presents to him. And then, in a mood of amiability, he took Smith's arm and led him down to where a smooth patch of sparkling sand had been left by the falling tide.

'Here, you want to know how the country lies, don't you? It's like this.' And with the point of an arrow he drew the outline of Chesapeake Bay, the courses of the rivers that flowed into it, the mountains, and marked the Indian villages, giving each its name as he jabbed his arrow into the sand. Smith ran off and borrowed a sheet of paper and inkhorn and a quill from Captain Waldo, who had come prepared to write his diary, and began feverishly copying and asking Powhatan to repeat the Indian names, and from this rough sketch he afterwards drew out and elaborated the accurate map on which rests his chief fame as an explorer.

'Then that is where you think I went?' he asked Powhatan. 'That is where the Susquehannas came down to see me?' 'Not a doubt of it,' answered Powhatan. 'At least that is where their chief told Kitchedan, who told Mosco, who told me, that he met you.' And Smith confidently marked his cross, though later on, in making his fair copy, he pushed it up a little farther inland, to add to his fame.

He had gained something by his visit to Powhatan, although the coronation took place at Werowocomoco after all. Smith chafed and raged over the preposterous details. Though Powhatan's irony had not been understood at the time, its meaning had slowly soaked in.

'It's throwing all this stuff away to give it to him. He's stingy and mean, and he'll be so set up that we'll never get anything out of him again. He's got all he wants now

and more. Why, with that scarlet robe I could freight a ship with corn. And we have nothing in the granary for the winter. We must buy corn now before the winter sets in. They won't want to be selling any in a month. They will remember how short they went last year after trading with me. Powhatan told them that they should remember that they couldn't eat the beads I had sold them.'

But Smith's grumblings only gave the other captains a bad opinion of him: the coronation of Powhatan was a Royal Command, and everyone expected great things from it.

The presents were sent off by water while the English captains went overland, those of them who were new to the country marvelling at the heat of the noonday sun and the colours of the painted woods: such gold, such scarlet, such hundreds of tints of red and purple as they had never seen or imagined, and the land seemed a fitting setting for the painted and feathered beings who strode so lightly by their sides.

When they came out on the shore of the York river the sun was at their backs, and the forest wall of scarlet and green opposite stood up like a painted scene. They had been exact to their rendezvous, and the white sail fluttered as the barge tacked and came inshore to meet them. What a wonderful country they had come to! How could it only be a grave for Englishmen as the poor fellows at Jamestown had said?

'Jones would give anything to have seen this for the making of his next masque,' said Waldo, who had been at court, to Percy.

The proceedings that afternoon were more subject for a farce than for a masque, but it is doubtful whether it

would have been relished at court. The Englishmen landed with a peal of trumpets, the presents were brought ashore and the ship's carpenter busied himself with setting up the Jacobean four post bed and arranging the mattress, the tester and the bedhangings. Then while members of the crew spread the sheets and the quilts the carpenter set up the wash-hand stand with its basin and its jug, while the Indians stood about puzzled and delighted or suspicious according to their temperaments. Was the bed a trap to catch Powhatan in while he slept?

A scarlet cloak was clasped about Powhatan's shoulders. He disliked being surrounded by white men: he was certain this was another trap for him, but Namontack assured him that all was well, and begged him to submit: the white men were doing him a great honour. But could he trust Namontack? Was he telling the truth, or had they bought his loyalty or bewitched him, or promised him a kingdom with a crown? If it was a plot the Englishmen were playing their parts well. . . . He would submit, but as they crowded closer his fears came back. They asked him to kneel. No, that he would not do. His kneeling would be the signal for knocking him on the head. Kneel in front of his people to receive something from strangers! Never!

And there the ancient savage stood, dumbly refusing to bend his knees, whilst Newport whispered to Smith and to Namontack. Powhatan's head was out of reach. Newport could never stretch up to set the crown on it.

'Hey, lend a hand here,' he whispered, and three Englishmen put their hands on Powhatan's shoulders. 'All together now.'

The monarch tottered, his legs bent, he braced himself to resist and Newport set the crown crookedly on the

half-shaven head. Percy drew his pistol and fired it, and a volley rang out in salute from the barge, but the tall figure had torn himself away from the knot of white men and stood trembling in his scarlet robes, his gilt crown awry over one ear, hesitating for an instant before waving to his ambushed warriors to come on. Namontack caught his arm just in time. Powhatan recovered himself, and, with the beads of sweat still standing out on his temples, smiled his sour smile, mocking himself for being so afraid of death in his old age when he had faced it valiantly enough when he was young.

There followed a few compliments. Powhatan gave Newport his deerskin mantle and his moccasins, and, his eye chancing to light on the great heap of corn cobs which the girls had neglected to strip in order to prepare themselves for entertaining Smith, he presented the white men with it. On the cob the corn made a truly noble heap; shelled it would be seven or eight bushels. Then, as the sun was sinking low, the white Captains embarked and after bivouacking for the night on the opposite bank, went back overland to Jamestown early the next day, leaving the barge to return lightly-laden with the corn cobs.

When he was left alone, the newly-crowned Emperor of Virginia rejoiced extremely in his cloak of scarlet and in his bedroom furniture, but from the point of view of the colonists the coronation had been a failure.

'I told you so,' said Smith.

CHAPTER XIII

THE Virginia Company of London had hired and sent out eight 'Dutchmen' and Poles with a practical knowledge of making pitch and tar, glass and potash, all of which it was conceived might be as readily produced in the Virginian as in the Russian and Polish forest, and which would be far more profitable to carry across the Atlantic than freights of cedar and clapboard. While Newport lingered on, leading a useless expedition above the falls thirty miles into the Monacans' country, Smith saw the precious weeks of the autumn, when he might have traded with the Indians, consumed in these profitless experiments.

The Germans and Poles grumbled over their wretched food; they prospected the woods and picked out a few trees here and there as suitable for their purposes, felled them and burned them—the sample bags of ashes were to be sent back to England. Meanwhile Smith set the new recruits at work felling cedar and sawing clapboard for Newport's cargo. Their fingers blistered and they swore, and Smith ordered that for every oath a can of cold water should be poured up their sleeves; then he set down his own feelings in the famous 'rude answer' to the Virginia Company, and told them what he thought of Newport and of the plan of founding a glass manufactory in Virginia. 'Captain Ratcliffe is now called Sicklemore, a poor counterfeited imposture. I have sent you him home lest the company should cut his throat; if he and Archer return again,

they are sufficient to keep us always in factions.' He certainly had a good deal to complain about: Newport left the colony about two hundred strong, half of whom were on the sick-list, and there was practically no provision for the winter. There were two women in the colony.

Directly he had got Newport's vessel loaded, Smith began a series of raids on the Indian villages. The unwelcome boats of the white men would draw nearer, the regular splash of the big oars and the grunt of the rowlocks sounding from far off on the windless winter day. The scarlet and gold of autumn had fallen and lay in wet drifts through the forest, and the smoke from the Indian houses rose straight up into the air where it became confused quickly in the grey mist hanging overhead. A drunk man in the bows of the barge started a song which quavered out over the water and stopped abruptly. On shore the women were warned and were already fading away into the forest while the braves stood and twanged their bowstrings gently with their thumbs, uneasy lest the damp should have got into them. Smith and five or six men leapt ashore as the bows of the barge grated on the beach.

'We have no corn. It was a bad harvest, the grain never seemed to ripen properly. A lot of it heated, and we have scarcely enough for ourselves.'

But Smith was not listening to the old chief's mild explanation. Everything else might fall in with Nature's mood, everything might be soft and muffled by the dark melancholy of December, but Smith was a law to himself. The air was suddenly blasted by his threats and curses; he howled with rage at the startled Indian.

'I'm glad, glad you won't sell. I have come not to trade

but to punish you for your treachery. It was you who told Opechancanough which way I had gone. Without you, he would never have taken me prisoner. Now I shall destroy you.'

And glancing over the shoulder of the little man, purple in the face and shaking with fury as he poured out his tirade, the saddened Indians saw the lighted matches smouldering, the armed men lining up along the beach, and suddenly, throwing dignity to the winds, they fled.

Smith yelled: a volley rang out, a flying figure stumbled and fell, the naked back heaved, twisted and writhed as though the young brave were wrestling with an invisible antagonist, and the blood soaked bright and sticky on to the scarlet autumn leaves.

'Let him lie. Come fire this house. They've hidden away the corn.' A piece of blown match caught at the refuse of maize sheaths sprinkled with gunpowder; the flame spluttered and fizzed with little explosions and took hold of twigs and reeds, and soon the chief's house burnt steadily, the heat and smoke of the fire drawing up into the soft damp air. On shore the white men stood silent, but from the boat came the drunk man's loud, inane laughter.

The old Indian spokesman came into sight waving a branch of evergreen and then marched down to where Smith was standing.

'Don't shoot any more of my people; don't burn any more houses; you shall have the corn.'

'Half,' shouted Smith. 'Half of what you've got. I only want half. That's fair dealing, and I shall pay you with copper bars.' Indian braves carrying baskets loaded the boat so that the women should not have to come out of their hiding-places. The body of the young man who

had been shot was lifted up and carried into one of the houses.

Thus the Chickahominies, the Nansemond and the Appomattox Indians were raided, but it was clear that Jamestown could not be supported entirely by its immediate neighbours and that the same methods must be applied to Powhatan. It would be better still, said Smith, if he could be taken prisoner and all his provision for the winter carried off. But while this desperate proposal was being debated and violently opposed by several of the Council, Powhatan himself sent a message to the colony.

If Smith would send men to build a house for him with a chimney and a fireplace, would give him after so many delays the promised grindstone, fifty swords, some muskets and a cock and a hen, he would load their barge with a supply of corn for the winter. A party of men with four of the Dutchmen were dispatched overland to build the house after Smith had opened his heart to the leader of the Dutchmen and engaged him to act as a spy on Powhatan. Then on the twenty-ninth of December Smith set out with twelve men in the barge followed by Percy with fifteen in the pinnace.

A season of storms had set in; the weather was cold with torrents of rain, blinding snowstorms and bitter frosts, and the first night was spent at Warrowskoyack, where the old chief, hoping to escape the fate of his neighbours the Nansemonds, warned Smith not to trust Powhatan. 'He hath only sent for you to cut your throats.'

The weather turned worse, and next day they put in at Kecoughtan, where Powhatan's son welcomed them and kept them for a week feasting on oysters, fish, wild fowl and good bread, and they roasted their shins before good

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fires in the dry smoky houses. The barge could not have lived in the open waters of Chesapeake Bay, and the Indians never grudged their hospitality in emergencies.

On the twelfth of January the two boats at last reached Werowocomoco, where the river was frozen half a mile out from the shore. Leaving the pinnace anchored, Smith and his men began smashing the ice and rowing the barge ashore. When she grounded in the mud, leaving three men to row her back to the pinnace, Smith with nine men climbed overboard and waded ashore, waist deep through the frozen mud and the salt water.

The four 'Dutchmen' were tall colourless Germans from the Baltic provinces. Their thin straw-coloured moustaches and beards revealed rabbit-teeth; in speaking to one another they gobbled and hissed gently like slightly-disturbed geese. They were stunned by their appalling situation. They were four respectable workmen, foremen in their trades, who had been tempted by the high wages offered by the English. •

The perfidy with which they had been treated seemed to them monstrous. They had been told they were going out to start a glass manufactory, a potash industry, a tar distillery—and then they had been landed in the wilds to starve.

They were to starve! There was no food! No sausages, no pork, no rye bread, no beer! At Jamestown half the colony was dying: few would live through the winter. Then Smith wanted them to entrap the Indian Emperor, the Kaiser to whom the English king had sent out a crown and coronation robes only a few weeks before. That was surely very wrong. In any case it was not for men who had been engaged to make potash to capture Emperors. And

hissing gutterally they whispered their suspicions to each other that Smith only wanted to employ them because he could put the blame on them more easily since they were foreigners. He could hang them, and nobody in the colony would object. He was a cunning fellow, that Smith.

On their arrival at Werowocomoco, Powhatan gave them a magnificent meal of sturgeon, venison and new bread. They almost cried over the food: it was so homely; they sat and stuffed and went back to the salt fish again and again, and even laughed a little, very quietly.

'But we must do something, Franz. It is terrible not to do anything to save oneself.'

'Well, we might live here with this Kaiser in his court until the Spaniards come. Everyone says the Spaniards are coming to wipe out the English. Then, the Spaniards would take us home.'

'The chief thing is to escape from Jamestown where they will all be dead before the spring.'

'We must do something, Franz. We must do something.'

It is intolerable for men to sit quietly and await their fate: they are only happy if they feel that they are moulding events. And so, since it was the only thing that they could do, Franz had a long talk with Powhatan, telling him of Smith's plot to capture him and all his stores for the winter, of the divisions of opinion in the camp, of the jealousy between Smith and Newport, and Smith and Scrivener, and finally of the sickness in Jamestown itself.

Powhatan smiled, and that very day went with them down the river to the other side of Timberneck creek.

There, half a mile from the shore and screened by mulberries and black walnuts, was a knoll of open ground where he planned that his English house should stand,

and he watched while one of the Dutchmen marked out the site with pegs, and the others ordered the Indians, helping them, some to collect stones, others sharp sand, and oyster and other shells. Then he watched them pound and grind the shell and burn them to make quicklime, and later the mixing of the mortar and the laying of the masonry round the gigantic hearth and huge open chimney. And while they worked, and the yellow sandstone was cemented with a mortar which set like iron, the old King talked, keeping Tom Savage near him to translate their broken English.

Thus when they met, Smith and Powhatan had each been warned of the other's plans, yet they were not on equal terms. Smith was equipped with that courage which comes of believing in one's weapons. But there is another sort of courage—that of the man who has no weapons—who walks out without a stick in his hand to take a homicidal lunatic by the arm. It was that rare courage that Powhatan needed. He had to face a man of whom he was very much afraid, and talk freely with him, without showing a sign of fear, and Powhatan was sadly aware that he was not so brave at seventy as he had been forty or fifty years before.

His fear of Smith translated itself into something very like disgust which showed itself in his first words.

'So you have come here again? How long are you staying? When are you going away?'

'But you invited me to come yourself. Why, there's the man you sent to me with the message.'

Powhatan laughed. Yes, he felt better after laughing. It was all right—he was not going to feel so afraid, after all.

'Well, have you brought me the grindstone which you

have promised me for the last year now, and the swords and muskets I asked for?' As he spoke he watched Smith growing angry, he seemed to be lashing himself on purpose into a make-believe rage. When he had worked himself up Smith would dare attempt anything—but could he feel sure of him at any moment? Did he always blink his eyes and set his jaws before he pulled out his pistol? Might he not do it softly and quietly as though he was pulling out his handkerchief?

'I could have bought the corn we want anywhere. I could have traded up the Rappahanock or the Potomac for it. But for your sake, Powhatan, believing your promises, I have come here because you wished it. I sent you men to build a house for you, neglecting our own building. I told you long ago that I have no swords or guns to spare. We have only our weapons that we carry on our shoulders, and they will always keep us from starving in this country. But I shall never steal from you, or wrong you, unless you force me to it.'

'I will see what we can spare you, and I shall let you have it in two days' time,' said Powhatan. Then, looking at Smith earnestly, he added:

'Many people tell me that you come not to trade but to invade my people and possess my country. You always come armed; you are always ready to shoot, and my people are afraid to bring out their corn to sell you. To free us from these silly fears, leave your arms on board your ship, for we are old friends, we know each other well, you are one of us—we always remember that you belong to Pocahontas—and that we are all Powhatans.'

Then, to keep their hands in, they began to wrangle over the price of a big copper kettle on which Powhatan

had set his heart. In the end Smith extorted ten quarters of corn for it. 'I let you have it so cheap because of the scarcity this year, and on condition that you let me have as much more corn for it next year, or else the country of the Monacans—whichever you like.'

Powhatan said nothing: he believed in next year taking care of itself. Then, while they sat smoking together in front of the fire, after the corn had been measured out and bought and sold, Powhatan began speaking gently and mildly and without his usual irony, saying what was really in his heart. 'Who knows,' he thought, 'perhaps it will have some effect. Peace may be possible still.'

He began by speaking of his great age, of the deaths that he had seen and of his own approaching end . . . of his brothers that would succeed him, and of his hope that there would be peace between them and the white men.

'But what you did at Nansemond has so scared my people that they dare not approach you. What good is there in taking by force what you may have for love, or destroying them that provide you with food? What can you get by war when we can hide our provisions and fly to the woods whereby you must famish for wronging us, your friends?

'Do you think I am so foolish not to know that it is better to eat good meat, lie well, and sleep with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, have copper and hatchets or what I want, being your friend, than to be forced to fly, to lie cold in the woods, feed upon acorns, roots and such trash and be so hunted by you that I can neither rest, eat nor sleep . . .' Powhatan had begun indeed by speaking simply, but already the irony had crept back into his voice though Smith did not hear it as

he said: ' . . . but my tired men must watch, and if a twig but break every one will cry out "Here comes Captain Smith." Then I must fly again I know not whither, and thus in miserable fear pass the rest of my miserable life—leaving my pleasures to such rash young men as you—who will come to a bad end as soon as I perhaps, because of your heedlessness. No, let me assure you of my love, and every year our friendly trade shall furnish you with corn as we will now if you come as a friend and not thus always armed with guns and swords ready to attack us.'

'For your sake only, because I am a true friend to you,' answered Smith, 'I have held in check my thirst for revenge: otherwise your people would long ago have learned how cruel I can be to my enemies. With our advantage in arms I could have destroyed you long ago if I had wished, and I can at any time do so. We always wear our arms as part of our dress, and your people bring their bows and arrows into Jamestown. You speak of your dangers and sufferings in war: that would delight us. We love our enemies to suffer. You needn't worry about our starving if you should fly into the woods or hide your provisions, for I have a secret by which I can discover anything, a secret beyond your knowledge.'

'Captain Smith,' answered Powhatan, 'I have never used any chief as well as I do you, and from you I receive the least kindness of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, a bed, whatever I desired, and he took whatever I could spare him in exchange. He laid aside his guns when I asked him; no one refuses my requests except you, who insist on having everything you demand from me, and give me nothing that you value. You called Newport your father, and you call me father

too, but we both have to give way to you. But if you are as friendly as you say, send away your arms now: you see, I trust myself unarmed with you.'

Smith answered, and a tone of voice, a trifling alteration, informed Powhatan that the decisive moment had come and that he was in desperate danger. Smith paused to whisper orders that more of his men were to come on shore directly the ice was broken, and then to keep Powhatan in talk told him that he would lay aside his arms next morning. 'I call you father indeed, and as my father I shall love you . . .'

The Indian laid his hand on Smith's shoulder at these words and laughed gently: 'It is absurd to quarrel, you must forgive an old man used to getting his own way.' Then he turned aside for a moment, leaving the room, where two of his wives stayed talking to Smith.

Everything was already packed up, and while the body-guard surrounded the house, Powhatan and his household fled across the bridges and the flat plain and did not rest until they had climbed the first hill into the forest. Smith and he were never to meet again. When Smith realised suddenly that Powhatan was gone, that he had missed the chance of taking him prisoner, and that he was himself in the house with one man surrounded by Indians, he burst out of the doorway firing his pistol and brandishing his sword, and while the savages tumbled out of his way he rushed down to the beach with Russell at his heels.

While the white men lined up with lighted matches waiting for the barge full of men from the pinnacle which was slowly being rowed to the shore, an old Indian came up to Smith and presented him with a chain of pearls from Powhatan—'who has fled because he is afraid of

your guns and your men now coming ashore. Though some have been hurt by you owing to a mistake, Powhatan will ever be your friend.'

With levelled muskets the white men threatened the Indian braves, ordering them to carry the baskets of corn down to the boat.

But it was low tide: the barges were aground and the English went back to the house where they had lodged the previous night. Outside, the Indians began dancing merrily as though nothing had happened.

Darkness fell early: the sounds of Indian laughter went on outside, then suddenly a girl's voice hailed the sentry at the door. It was Pocahontas, out of breath and in a sweat with running. Her breast heaved; she waited for a moment to speak while the Englishmen stirred the fire and lifted torches to see her better.

'I have run a long way back alone through the woods to get here: listen, Smith. My father is sending you a fine supper; the men who will bring it are to kill you with your own weapons while you eat and they wait on you. If that fails Powhatan is coming with all his men to surround the house and set it on fire during the night. Then they will be able to kill you as you run out. If you value your lives get back to your boats at once.'

While she spoke Smith had changed, the hectoring, swashbuckling captain had vanished; someone else it almost seemed was standing there, someone else was speaking, giving the Indian words an unknown tenderness. With one hand he stroked her head gently.

'What can I give you, darling. You can have any of our things you like. I have never given you any present nearly good enough for you.'

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‘Do you want to give me a present? Why, Powhatan would kill me if he knew that I had betrayed him. A present would prove my death,’ she said, giving a funny laugh. Then suddenly she threw her hand up to her breast and ran out into the darkness. She could not bear that Smith should have spoken of a present. Was that how love should show itself? How Pipisco would have shown his love? Smith thought of her only as a little girl. She sobbed and laughed hysterically as she ran through the darkness. For such love as that she had betrayed her father to his enemy.

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WHEN Smith and Percy were seen sailing up the river, Powhatan returned and ordered Werowocomoco to be abandoned. He had decided to move with his whole household and his people to Orapaks in the middle of the woods, where he would be out of reach of the white man.

Smith and Percy, with the barge and pinnacle, were upstream, blocking the way, and the fleet of canoes would have to be unloaded below them. It was about forty miles by water, and the heavily-laden canoes would take all night getting up the river and unloading. All the canoes on the York river, from Cheskiak to Mattaponi had been mobilised, and the men and women from the Chickahominies and the Powhatan settlement on the falls were brought over to clear ground at Orapaks and to carry the goods overland from where the canoes were being unloaded on the Pamunkey river.

While the women were dismantling Werowocomoco, a party went across the river with two of the Dutchmen who were to present themselves at Jamestown, saying that they had been sent by Smith to be given new arms and to ask for more tools for building the house, and more clothes. They were to get into touch with the Poles and any other discontented men in the fort who might be willing to come over to the savages—naturally not empty-handed. They could promise good food and decent treatment from Powhatan. This was carried out with very little difficulty

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as they were coming direct from Captain Smith on a probable errand, and because also there was no one in command at Jamestown but Captain Winn, who was new to the country. Scrivener and Waldo and six of the experienced colonists had gone over to Hog Island two days before in the skiff and had not returned.

When Brynton, who had been left by Smith to shoot duck for Powhatan, and Tom Savage the boy, saw the Dutchmen return with a canoe full of arms from Jamestown, they smelt treachery and tried to run away and warn Smith, but they were missed, pursued and overtaken before they had got very far.

Two days later the scene in Werowocomoco was still one of the greatest confusion. Powhatan, with most of his household, had gone on with the first canoe-loads, but Pocahontas had remained behind, and when she had finished folding and cording up the deerskin robes of her bed, her feather cloaks and few possessions, she was able to look about her freely.

A light shower of snow had fallen, and the clouds above were dark; the half-light of winter seemed to shine more brightly from the ground than from the sky. Parties of young men from Cheskiak were still working in their canoes at breaking the thin ice, to keep the channel clear for the canoes which were expected back that night. The tide was still running up fast; it would be high an hour after sunset, and as she gazed rather gloomily across the water with her mind full of what must be happening up the river, Pocahontas saw a bright point of fire flicker up on the opposite bank. It was a signal: someone was signalling for a canoe to be sent over to fetch him across, and it struck her at once that it could only come from one of

the white men at Jamestown. It was not where an Indian would have lit it but further south. Picking up her grey squirrel skin rug, she walked quickly down to the beach and, getting into a canoe, pushed off alone.

'Where are you off to? A nice night for fishing,' called the half-frozen Cheskiaks, as they battered away at the ice on each side of the channel. She disliked Cheskiaks, and disdained to answer. Already snow was falling; the first chips and crumbs being followed by a curtain of heavy flakes, which floated down endlessly, drifted, spun across her track and vanished as they touched the water. The far shore was blotted out and the fire invisible: there was a chance that she alone had noticed it. She paddled quickly, pausing only to wrap the fur rug tightly round her knees and waist.

The flakes fell on her bending back, on her naked breasts, and melted instantly; only in her hair it clung. But she was hardy. It was cold, but she did not hesitate, did not even regret that she had not brought her feather cloak. 'Wet feathers are such a nuisance to dry, and they go out of curl.'

When she looked round the shore behind her had vanished and she was alone. She paddled in short bursts, and then let the canoe run until she could check her direction by the drift of the falling snow and the cold of the breeze on her cheek. The waves in the middle of the channel were choppy; occasionally a dollop of salt water struck off by her paddle came inboard and wetted her, and she murmured crossly to herself.

'It is a good thing that father is moving,' she thought to herself. 'It is the only way to avoid fighting now. But I wonder what is happening up the river. We should have

heard news before now if they had started fighting.' Then she thought of how half an hour after his escape from Smith, Powhatan had fallen suddenly as though he were dead and had lain with his heart scarcely beating. Some of the women had said that it must have been poison, some that it was magic. But Powhatan himself had said directly he was able to move his green lips and to sit up: 'I am getting an old man: too old for fighting. I shall go to Orapaks.' His medicine and his treasury were all at Orapaks, and apart from the guards nobody had lived there. Smith would not be able to find Orapaks. . . . Was she lost? She paused to make certain of her direction, bent low to another burst of paddling and then, as she strained her eyes, she saw the shore loom up through the snow and the wavering light of the fire lower down. A few strokes of the paddle brought her to the landing-place and she jumped out, shaking her hair and her petticoat free of the drifted snow. A snow-covered figure sat crouching dismally by the fire and stood up as she approached. He was small, he had sandy eyelashes, his teeth chattered. She remembered having seen him before, lying under a tree at Jamestown, too ill to move, the previous summer. His name was Richard Wyffin, and though he was still sick, he had been the only man to volunteer to carry the disastrous news that Scrivener, Waldo and six others had been drowned, to Captain Smith.

He rose up, surprised to see that so slight a figure had come alone across the river in the snowstorm. 'Take me across to Captain Smith,' he said.

Pocahontas stooped down, and gathering up handfuls of snow, rapidly put out the fire.

'Smith has gone up the river,' she said pointing. Her

English words were few and broken, learned in playing and talking with Tom Savage, but they were better than Wyffin's knowledge of Indian.

'Powhatan must send me after him in a canoe; I must find Captain Smith to-morrow.'

'They have quarrelled. No one must find you. Go back to Jamestown.' Wyffin shook his head. 'I am going on.'

'Well, I must hide you somehow. Get in the canoe.'

They scooped out the drifted snow, she wrapped the fur rug round the Englishman, gave him the second paddle and they pushed off. She was preoccupied, wondering what message he had brought and whether it would do harm to Powhatan to let it reach Smith. She did not want the boats coming down the river again; that would be fatal before the move was completed. Wyffin paddled badly; it was difficult for her to keep the canoe straight, and several times he sliced wave-tops awkwardly, so the water flew back onto her shoulder or breast. The snow was still falling, but she could not tell how it drifted; it was almost quite dark. Suddenly she heard something and leaned forward and touched his shoulder. 'Hush, listen, stop paddling.'

The canoe ran silently, and he could feel the girl's grip tighten on his arm. There was a faint splash, a few words grunted close to them followed by a loud shout. Another canoe had come out to answer the signal fire, and they were hailing the shore. Dipping her paddle swiftly, Pocahontas drove the canoe on with silent strokes.

Wyffin's head nodded; he no longer felt hot or cold; a strange elation had come to him, and his only fear was that he would fall asleep or faint or somehow lose his grip on this strange unexpected happiness. 'I was too ill to sail with

the others: I was too sick to eat, and now my body will carry me anywhere. I do not feel hunger or cold or fatigue: only this clearness . . .’

‘Steady’; he felt the girl shaking him by the arm. ‘If you fall overboard I shan’t be able to save you.’ He was awake again. The canoe had shipped water which soaked his trousers. It was awful: it was ice-cold.

‘All right, all right,’ he answered. ‘There’ve been enough people drowned without us two.’ And he told her that he was carrying the news that Waldo and Scrivener and six of the colonists had been drowned crossing the river from Hog Island.

So that was it; well, that wouldn’t matter. Smith would not turn back because men had been drowned. The canoe bumped suddenly into the ice. It was difficult keeping to the channel in the dark. Something white shone before them; it was the shore.

‘Sit still,’ said Pocahontas, as she jumped out and dragged the canoe as high as she could. ‘Now climb on my back.’

Wyffin was too tired to understand that she was afraid of his footprints being seen, but he threw his arms round her neck as she lifted him and took a few staggering steps. On the hard ground it was easier, but she had to stop several times before she reached the nearest tree, under the shelter of which she set him down and ran off. Ten minutes later she was back again with a pair of moccasins and a deerskin robe, which he was to wrap round his shoulders. Thus, roughly disguised, she led him through the deserted village to one of the empty houses. ‘You can stay here; I shall be back soon.’

It seemed to her impossible that she should succeed in

hiding a white man in the middle of her father's town, but the extraordinary circumstances of the moment helped her. All were busy, and when Rawhunt had asked her:

'I hear you crossed the river to answer that signal. Did you see the white men?' 'There was only one of them,' she answered. 'Yes, I spoke to him. He had come with a message for Captain Smith. I told him that Smith had gone up the river and he turned back towards Jamestown.'

'You were mad to let him go, child. He could never find his way at night in the snowstorm. He must have been frozen.'

'I thought perhaps he had a party with him, waiting for him in the woods.'

'That was possible. If there were, they would be sleeping out. I will send a party over; perhaps we could overtake them.'

At one o'clock in the morning, before it was light, the fleet of canoes came down the river. It was low tide, and they shouted for flares to light them into the channel. Richard Wyffin, waking suddenly in a sweat of terror, put his head out from under the fur rugs and looked out through a hole in the wall. In the darkness he could see torches moving, he could hear the splash of paddles, canoes being hauled up, and the voices of many men talking in the darkness. The hauling up of canoes went on for nearly an hour after the first excitement, and Wyffin found sleep impossible. If they found him, the savages would cut his throat, but it was not his own danger which kept him awake, but his racing thoughts. Powhatan was gathering a great fleet of canoes and that could only be because of some military preparation. Either he was taking all his men up the river to attack Smith—or was it possible that

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he was going to take them round into the James river to attack the fort? Wyffin had never been round to one river from the other and did not know that a dug-out canoe could hardly live in the open waters of Chesapeake Bay at that season, but he concluded that they must be going upstream. They would attack Jamestown by land and such a fleet of canoes could hardly be needed for ferrying the braves across. It would be better for him to go on and give Smith his message and warn him also of this new danger. At last the padding of moccasins ceased. At three in the morning he heard a step enter the empty house in which he lay: it was Pocahontas.

He followed her down to the shore and seated himself silently in her little canoe, and she paddled out without a word.

'I am going to throw your boots into the water; you will never see them again. Do you mind?' she said.

'No,' he answered. 'These Indian shoes will do all right.' The tide was running up fast and she had headed into the middle of the stream. Wyffin took up his paddle and helped her.

'I shall put you ashore the other side of the river between the fork. All the villages are this side of the river. You must go on till you get to a lake with steep sides, in the woods. You cross where the stream runs out of it, and you must hide there until the evening, when you will walk north-west. Then you will see the pinnacle at anchor, and you can shout or signal to them.'

It was a cloudy night, without a moon; few stars shone in odd positions in the sky where they had circled while he was lying in hiding. The wind had dropped: there was going to be no more snow.

They paddled steadily for mile after mile; it was dark, and the shores of the river were almost invisible until his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and he could make out land, water and sky.

In the distance a light shone out, a flare of torches wavering in the wind where the Indians were unloading the canoes and preparing for the portage. When this had been left behind he could see the river forking into two arms and the darker land approaching them.

She ran the canoe ashore. 'Wait here until the sun rises.'

She pushed off and the canoe vanished. He could not hear the strokes of her paddle or see a trace of the canoe. There was nothing but the slapping of the wavelets coming over the mud and gurgling against the stones where he had landed.

The few words that the girl had spoken, her reserve, her quietness and the dignity of her manner had all impressed him, and it seemed to him that her appearance, coming out of the snowstorm which had hidden him from enemy eyes, her carrying him up from the shore with strength and foresight not natural in a young girl, her concealment of him; all these acts proved that she was sent directly by God. God had used her as His Divine agent to save him that he, in his turn, might save the colony, the little band of Christians who would carry through Virginia the cross of Christ and convert the heathen and utterly destroy their idolatrous worship.

He brushed away a patch of snow and knelt in the darkness to pray and to give thanks—to pray that he might be worthy and have strength sufficient for the Lord's work.

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For a little while it seemed to Wyffin that the man he had come so far to seek was drunk. Smith's eyes, with the smoke of Indian fires and sleeplessness, were like pools of blood in which the blue iris swam, his hands shook painfully and he spoke thickly, sometimes mixing up his words. It was the fifth day at Pamunkey; the feasting and dancing was over, the trading had begun and had been going on for two days with continual threats from Smith, who accused Opechancanough of breaking his word, plotting to kill him, trying to starve his people. The tall Indian listened and made excuses, said he would send for more corn. On the fifth day the crisis had almost been reached. A great deal of corn had been brought in and hundreds of braves had collected. Powhatan had given orders that Smith was to be killed at all costs, but Opechancanough was in favour of keeping the peace. It seemed to him that while Smith and his bodyguard of fifteen men might be overwhelmed, the white men who remained in the boat would be left to shoot a great many of his people and would certainly revenge themselves by burning all the villages down the river on their way home to Jamestown. It was all very well for Powhatan to issue orders from the safety of Orapaks! He had taken all his things away from his own town and he would not lose much.

Of the hundreds of armed Indian braves who were now coming into the open and swarming round the house where Opechancanough and the white men sat talking, the greater number had come as spectators, ready to join in any fighting which broke out—either by sharing in the triumph or the massacre if it was successful, or by running away if things went wrong.

In one corner of the room Wyffin had led Smith aside

to tell him his dreadful message. Then he added that the Indians at Werowocomoco were up to no good. They were plotting mischief and he spoke of Pocahontas and told the story of his journey.

'Say nothing of all this,' commanded the Captain. 'Not a word. Keep in good heart. We must hold on. The corn is here; we shall get it, but we must . . .'

He broke off, he seemed to have forgotten what he was going to say, his teeth chattered together, he shivered and lifted a shaking hand to his sweating forehead.

Wyffin was used to living with fever-stricken men; he still had bouts of malaria himself, but he did not think that Smith's restless agitation was due to sickness. It might be true that he was suffering from not sleeping, but it was clear as daylight that he was in terror of his life.

'Why on earth, then, does he stay here day after day, while the savages pour in from all the country round?' Wyffin asked himself.

'Has he been like this all the time?' he asked one of the soldiers in a whisper. 'Why doesn't he go?'

But at this moment one of the guard came running, seeking Smith with the cry: 'Captain! Captain! We are betrayed. There are seven hundred savages in arms about the house.'

Since the earliest dawn the Indian braves had come flocking in, many of them coming straight on after unloading the canoe loads they had paddled up from Werowocomoco for Powhatan during the night. They were armed, for of course they always carried their arms when they were away from their villages.

Yet Russell had hit on exactly the right moment, when the suspense had become intolerable to both sides, and

Smith at all events was grateful. Wyffin was amazed to see this craven figure, who had hardly been able a moment before to keep his trembling fingers still, nor to control his voice, walk easily down the room to where his men were gathered and speak out in ringing tones:

'Men, we are surrounded by the savages who mean to destroy us. But I am not afraid of them: all I fear is that our damned malicious council will make me out such a peacebreaker to the company in England that I shall be hanged for it. I wish they were all here who make savages seem saints and me an oppressor. . . . But let us fight like men, not die like sheep. . . . We are sixteen men, and they but seven hundred who will run at the smoke of our guns. Let me deal with them so that we fight for something. . . . If you like this, promise me you will be valiant.'

He paused dramatically, and the Englishmen cried out 'Yes!' and held up their hands.

'Very well,' cried Smith, turning sharply to the Indians, who had listened with growing uneasiness.

'I see, Opechancanough, your plot to murder me . . . but I fear it not.' And Smith, intoxicated by the great happiness which had just come to him, the happiness of no longer being afraid, invited the astonished Indian to single combat on the island in the middle of the river. 'The conqueror of us two shall be lord and master of all.'

Fear had haunted him so long, had dogged his unguarded moments, betraying him contemptibly to his own men and to the Indians. Fear had grizzled his hair, had seamed his face and put crows' feet round his eyes; fear had lived with him for months as his familiar, and suddenly, with Russell's cry, had vanished. Its absence was so astonishing to himself that he scarcely noticed the faces

of his men round him or the effect of his words on them. There was singing in his soul, a shouting of joy; he stretched himself to his full height and walked gaily, lifting a dirty finger and thumb to curl his moustache, while his teeth gleamed in a ridiculously happy smile. He was young again; this was how he had felt when he had fought the three Turks.

'Don't talk like this. . . . There is a present waiting for you at the door,' said Opechancanough. One of his chiefs had whispered to him a moment before that there were two hundred men standing about the doorway with the arrows nocked on their bowstrings, waiting for the moment when Smith should step outside. If only he could be got out first. . . .

Opechancanough's secret thought flashed into Smith's mind. 'Go and see what trap they have laid for me,' he ordered, but the soldier to whom he spoke shrank back amid a chorus of: 'I'll go, Sir. I'll go.'

'Make fast the door, Percy,' shouted Smith. 'Make good the house,' and, keeping time to an inner music, Smith swaggered closer to Opechancanough, opened his mouth to speak, and suddenly seized him silently by the scalp lock with one hand while he pulled out his pistol and held it to the Indian's heart with the other. It was so simple. It was as simple as that. It was just as it had been so many times before, and as fear had told him that it could never be again.

Opechancanough gazed down into the bloodshot blue eyes and ferocious smiling face. He was afraid, yes, for the first time in many years he was afraid. In that bloodshot horrible eye, in that flashing smile, he could see something terrible. There flashed upon him the memory

CHAPTER XIV

of how Smith had taken him familiarly by the arm while he discoursed upon the ivory compass after his capture. Their positions were now reversed. No, they were exactly the same. Neither the pistol nor the tomahawk would decide. Such symbols of power hardly counted.

And without speaking a word, without making the slightest resistance, Opechancanough permitted himself to be led out of the long house by his scalp lock—to be led like a tame bear ignominiously through the crowd of his own people, and more humiliating still, through warriors from distant villages down the river, who would have to bear him allegiance when Powhatan died.

‘Look, he has got the cuckold by the hair; he is going to kill him,’ whispered a bedizened youth from Quiacohan-nock, and overhearing the remark, Opechancanough smiled with grave dignity on the young fool. They called him that on James river ever since Pipisco had run away with his wife. And strangely enough, hearing himself spoken of thus comforted him. He had shown forbearance then; he had not pursued the woman, and Powhatan had merely deprived Pipisco of his territory, but left him his own little village. He had loved the woman, for three months he had felt that his heart was broken, but he had acted like a king in forgiving an injury and avoiding war, for it would have meant war if he had taken her back. And now he must forgive Smith and yield up his corn to him, and save his people from destruction.

But Smith was making a speech, bragging, threatening, justifying himself.

‘I see you Pamunkeys, the great desire you have to cut my throat. . . . I am not now at Rassaneac half-drowned with mire when you took me prisoner. . . . You promised

to freight my ship ere I departed, and so you shall, or I mean to load her with your dead carcasses. Yet if, as friends, you will come and trade, I once more promise not to trouble you.'

The Indian warriors threw down their bows and arrows, the women crowded forward with the corn and the watching crowd burst into murmurs of wonder. It was a day of humiliation that they had come to lend a hand in, but the agony of waiting was over and their emotion could find expression. Instead of torture and lust and watching the women dancing and hacking at the prisoners, they would howl and beat themselves and sprinkle grains of maize and leaves of tobacco in the waters to propitiate the devils. Meanwhile they would press round the white man who led their king prisoner in their midst, stare and offer presents.

Smith released Opechancanough very soon, but the Indian remained close beside him, talking to him with perfect self-control in the most friendly manner, as though nothing had happened. For two hours Smith remained in the centre of a throng, waving his arms, giving orders, accepting presents and making speeches. Then suddenly his mood changed; he was too tired to speak, he pushed his way back to the house, told two of his men to receive and measure the corn, and dropping onto Opechancanough's bed, fell fast asleep.

When he awoke the ships were freighted, and the white men set sail for Jamestown.

CHAPTER XV

THIS, their second winter, was mild; the sun shone and the rain, when it came, was brought in on a warm wind from Florida and the gulf. By the end of February it was already springtime and the colonists worked happily felling trees, grubbing stumps and fencing and digging fields for the spring sowing. For a few months they were free from sickness; they had food; they were almost free from jealousies among their leaders.

The winter might indeed have passed without further incident had it not been for the presence of the unfortunate Germans at Orapaks. They had finished Powhatan's great house of clapboard and shingles, with its stone fireplace and chimney, at Wocomoco, by Timberneck Creek, and he had lived in it for a week or so, amusing himself by shutting and bolting the doors and unlocking them again; but he had soon gone back to Orapaks where he could sleep securely in his bed, and had taken the Germans with him. They were armed, and had taught several of the Indians to shoot with their muskets, and their leaders, Adam and Franz, inflamed Powhatan's desire for revenge with promises of how they would kill Smith and capture or drive out the English from Jamestown, and how they would live thereafter as his faithful subjects, building him more houses and fireplaces.

Between themselves the great subject of debate was when the Spaniards would come to wipe out this wretched nest of English pirates and carry them back to Europe.

They knew that Powhatan would spare their lives whilst they were useful to him and that they must appear to be conspiring to murder Smith, but they suspected also that if the English were once destroyed he would cut their throats so as not to have a white man left alive in all Virginia. Meanwhile they had to keep on good terms with him from day to day, and to keep on good terms with each other. Pocahontas and the English boy Tom Savage hated them and persecuted them in little ways, and when they dared to complain, Powhatan only went off into a long spasm of silent laughter.

Thus Orapaks was the seat of two factions—German and English—and while the Germans worked hard for Powhatan and Franz gave up his clothes and painted his body with pokone to look like an Indian brave when he went out drilling the picked warriors, and teaching them to fire and to reload their muskets, the English party mocked them with shrill childish laughter and laid booby traps for them to fall into. The children were all for the English and Pocahontas had her spies everywhere watching the Germans, and there were nimble messengers ready to carry any warning she might wish to send through the forty miles of forest to put Smith upon his guard.

The first object of the Germans was to keep in touch with the remaining Poles in Jamestown and to persuade them to come over in a body or to steal sufficient arms to keep Powhatan in a good temper. The Poles were employed in making glass and worked outside Jamestown at a hut they had built beyond the isthmus, called the Glass House, and this was the natural meeting-place for the conspirators within and without the fort. Several such meetings had taken place before an Indian child brought Smith

news that Franz and Adam with forty Indians were there at that moment.

Smith sent off a party post-haste to surprise the conspirators while he scrambled into his cuirass and rammed his steel morion on his head. Then buckling on his belt without waiting to prime and charge his pistols, he ran after his men. The Germans and Indians had been warned by their scouts and had vanished. Smith sent his men after them in hot pursuit and ran back alone to fetch reinforcements up from the fort. He was almost in sight of Jamestown and was just crossing the neck which connected the mainland with the island, when he caught sight of Wowinchopunk, the chief of Paspaha, who stepped from behind a tree to intercept him. The Indian was only five or six yards away and his arrow was ready nocked on his bow-string. The savage shouted a challenge and Smith ran at him tugging at the hilt of his sword as he did so. Each had to anticipate the other, and before the Indian had loosed the arrow, before Smith had got the sword out of his scabbard, the two men had cannoned into each other and clung together gripping each other's wrists and quickly dropping their encumbering weapons to wrestle better. Smith was as strong as a Kerry bull, but he had been running and was out of breath, while the Indian had the advantage of height and was not hampered by clothes or armour, and Smith had to give ground again and again. He was being pushed backwards, being tripped up. He braced his strength, swung the Indian round off his feet and, suddenly, over they went, locked together, off the top of the crumbling bank into the edge of the Back river and two feet of water. Smith was on top and changed his grip, seizing the Indian's throat and holding his head down

under water, while from moment to moment he lifted his own above the surface and took a breath of air. The splashing was terrific. Wowinchopunk got his hands free and tore a handful out of Smith's beard, then furrowed his cheek and nose with fearful nails, thrashed with his legs, squirmed and twisted and tore a mouthful of Smith's shirt-sleeve off with his teeth, but he could not free himself. He had cracked his head on a stone and he was drowning. At last his struggles grew fainter, but before they ceased entirely there were shouts from the bank and four of the Poles jumped down beside Smith to help hold his prisoner. They had just been interrupted in a conspiracy against Smith, but they ran instinctively to help him against the Indian because they were white men and wore clothes and the savage was brown and naked.

Stretched out on the bank, Wowinchopunk lay with the water trickling from his mouth and nostrils while the Poles lifted up his legs and opened his mouth to pull forward his tongue. Wowinchopunk stirred, vomited, sat up, had his arms pinioned and was led back in triumph prisoner to Jamestown. Smith followed after, sword in hand, with water running out of his breeches and his shoes, puffing and pleased with himself. His scratched face and torn beard were painful, but he went off into prolonged and jolly guffaws when Percy, returning from a fruitless chase after the Germans through the forest, winked at the company and said solemnly: 'Well, Captain, I think you must have got married when you were a prisoner, and that you must have met your wife again in the woods.'

Each day broke fair, the birds passing overhead with a whirr of wings, the fish jumping, and each day brought

with it its troubles, its fears, its disasters and its hopes. Woinchopunk escaped, and an expedition was sent after him, but achieved nothing; other Indians were caught pilfering and kept as prisoners, living in the colony until they became friends who refused to depart when given their liberty.

The Germans at Orapaks preyed on Smith's mind. Just as Powhatan in his woodland fastness was convinced that he would never be safe while Smith was left alive, Smith, on his part, became obsessed with the fear of Franz and Adam rousing the Indians, training them to use firearms, and conspiring with malcontents in the fort. He foresaw that one night his sentinels would slumber, a traitor would open the gate, and every loyal Englishman in the colony would be butchered in the darkness. Percy, called away from the bowling alley to discuss this danger, for the twentieth time proffered his immediate solution.

'Let me go to Orapaks with Codrington, and we will kill these two Dutchmen before Powhatan's face. I'll be bound he will not dare harm us, and even if he should we shall have delivered the colony from its chiefest danger.'

But Smith could not spare Percy, and only agreed to the plan when Wyffin and Abbott volunteered to take their places. The intentions of the two Englishmen must have been clearly recognisable from their solemn looks, for the Germans clustered round them, begging them to take messages of their fidelity to Captain Smith, and protesting their loyalty. They were, they said, in terror of Powhatan; they had been accused when they were innocent, and condemned unheard. The Englishmen withdrew, conferred in sepulchral tones, decided that the

worst thing would be to make a mistake, and returned unmolested to Jamestown having achieved nothing.

During April it was discovered that the casked corn had become heated, had rotted, had been devoured by rats, and that there was only enough left for sowing the fields. Once again the colony was faced with starvation. But Smith had been learning from the Indians, and while a small party was left at Jamestown to sow the corn under direction from Kemps the Indian, he dispersed the remainder of his men to live as they could upon the country. One party was sent fishing for sturgeon while another went with Percy to the oyster beds. Meanwhile their nearest neighbours, whose corn they had robbed in the autumn, only to let it spoil in the granary, hearing of their distress, came in with presents of food: venison, squirrels, rabbits. Pocahontas herself came down with a party on her way to Werowocomoco, to leave a basket of bread. She brought with her the news that all Powhatan wanted now was peace—that he would return anything the Indians stole, and that he did not detain the Germans, but could not have them carried back against their will.

‘Once again the summer has brought peace,’ she said. The impetuous child was gone, and in her place was a grave creature, almost a woman; she was more reserved with Smith than she had been. She did not kiss him or call him her Bear or give him orders, but looked at him with intelligent black eyes, observant, kind and slightly cynical, hiding her bitterness, but knowing she would melt if he looked at her.

‘Powhatan has heard that you can raise men from the dead,’ she said, and was glad that Smith laughed and did not try to convince her of his magic powers.

'That poor chap whose brother stole a pistol,' he answered. 'I was going to hang him unless the pistol was returned, but it was a cold night for him lying in his irons in the pinnace, and I sent him a charcoal brazier to keep him warm. He fell asleep over it and the fumes made him insensible. In the morning when we found him it was all we could do to bring him round with giving him spirits and rubbing his arms and legs. But you must not breathe a word of how it was. His brother thinks I am a god.'

'Perhaps he is right. I used to think you were,' said Pocahontas, and, with a rather teasing smile, she said good-bye and went on her way.

On July the tenth, a sail was seen coming up the river: it was a certain Captain Argall with news from England that there was a great preparation for a third supply to the colony, which was coming out with Lord De La Warr as President. He had letters to Smith also, complaining that he had sent back such a poor cargo with Newport and admonishing him for his cruelty to the savages.

'That's Archer's work, I'll be bound. Archer and Ratcliffe. What, are they still busying themselves about Virginia?'

Argall's coming enabled Smith to call his men together again, and wheaten bread and salt pork washed down with claret brought tears to the eyes of men who had been living for months on tockwogh roots, sorrel, oysters and caviare. Directly they were back Smith set them to work again, building a fort on the other side of the river and sawing lumber cargoes for the promised ships. Meanwhile he kept Captain Argall with his ship until the arrival of the next supply. The crops promised well: Kemps had

taught them how to store their corn so that it would not heat and spoil; they would be self-supporting through the coming winter.

When the promised third supply was seen in the river it was taken for an Armada of the Spaniards. Sail after sail was seen rounding the bend, and the gunners ran to charge their pieces at the angles of the forts and on Argall's ship, while the bugle sounded and the colonists hurried to arms. The Spaniards at last had come, and they were well prepared to give them a warm welcome! But, alas, what was that flag hung out? What the cut of those sails, the rake of those masts? Smith bit his lips and tugged at his beard, and the colonists broke their ranks to wave handkerchiefs tied to the muzzles of their muskets and to cheer. It was the third supply.

The first enquiry of the arrivals was for the Admiral's ship, with Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers and Newport, Lord De La Warr's deputies. They had parted company with it in a storm in mid-Atlantic.

A ketch with Mr. Mathew Fitch had been seen to sink at the same time that they were parted from the *Sea Venture*; the Admiral's ship must be lost.

Meanwhile here was the *Blessing* with the loathed face of Archer! Smith stared horror-stricken. Archer had come out again!

Before he had time to decide how he was to greet Archer the *Falcon* was alongside with the familiar, friendly face of Captain Nelson. That was better, but of course Nelson would only have come over in charge of his ship and would be taking a cargo back again. Beside Nelson was Martin, another old friend come out to seek for something better than his fool gold; how he had gone off hugging his

sack of it! After the *Falcon* came the *Lion* with new faces, and the *Unity*, also unknown.

Before the last ships had come in, Jamestown was swarming with strangers, men in unstained clothes with ruffles round their necks, with white hands, and long swords at their sides. Already they were strolling under the trees into the forest and plucking the cobs of Indian corn in the fields to laugh and taste a grain. Meanwhile they were hoisting out horses from the *Blessing*: six mares and two stallions. Where to put them?

That evening the *Swallow*, with Captain Moon, came in, and on the next tide the *Diamond*, which had lost her mainmast. Jamestown was thick with strange figures; a score of fires burned in unfamiliar places. Round each a group was sitting and shouts resounded as one party hailed another and passed on the joke. The twanging of lutes and gitterns sounded sweetly and the voices rose in song; a clear sweet tenor and then the roar of a chorus. Lights shone from the *Diamond*, the last ship drifting up the river to the landing-place, and Smith walked down to the water-side to welcome them ashore where the sailors were shouting, waving torches and grabbing thrown ropes.

The torches made a place full of yellow light, and from the deck a man leapt down out of the darkness. Ratcliffe! Smith turned aside, stepping back out of the light. Then for a little he withdrew, walking to one side under the overhanging trees which wept down over the river. He felt that he was alone, the little world he had built up and ruled was shattered; he must start all over again, surrounded by his enemies.

'Would to God that they had been Spaniards!' he said aloud.

Soon after Ratcliffe had come ashore and had walked slowly through the crowded, so well-remembered street, pausing to exchange a greeting at every burning fire, and saying to himself: 'Here I was President and now I must rule again,' there followed from the same ship an Irish sailor, Francis Maguire, a Spanish spy who viewed all things with eager delight. At last! At last he was in this far-famed colony, this nest of pirates! The summer night was all lit up with many twinkling fires and patches of dead and dying embers, there was the hum of voices going on, the snatch of a song breaking out again, a drunken scream of laughter, the surprising crowing of the first rooster and the snort and whinny of a tethered stallion.

Pride welled up in his heart and he struck a grotesque, grandiose attitude and snapped his fingers in contempt of all the poor fools about him. He was alone, one man among six hundred, and he would bring them all to perdition. 'I, I, I, I hold them in the hollow of my hand. At my word the Spanish ships will come here, sailing up the river, and lie off-shore, blowing all these huts to fragments in a long bombardment. Because of my words these men will hang in their dozens. Holy Mary! Mother of God! Desmond shall be revenged on Raleigh. The King's River in Virginia shall pay for the Blackwater in Ireland! How their toes will kick and swing, and the Indians will hunt them like rats through the woods back to their hanging.'

To the passions of the first night succeeded the confusions of an impossible day. Where sixty men had lived regular, well-ordered lives, it was impossible that six hundred could exist without reducing all to chaos. It was impossible to impose discipline, to foresee and prevent the enormities innocently committed upon all sides.

Meanwhile the question of Smith's authority was in question.

'We came here under the orders of Sir Thomas Gates, Lord De La Warr's deputy. Your commission is superseded,' argued Archer, while Ratcliffe grunted a dark assent and young Francis West, Lord De La Warr's brother, claimed to act as his deputy.

'I am President of the colony by law, and I shall rule here until I hand over my duties to my successor,' answered Smith. And below his breath he muttered: 'And I would hang you if I could be sure that my orders would be carried out.'

But before the old hatreds could flame out in violence, the needs of the colony demanded attention, the attention not merely of one man but of all the leaders. The first need was to disperse the colony, for on Jamestown island there was no work for such numbers, no room, no shelter, and the loafing, idling crowds effectually prevented any work being done.

Smith agreed that a hundred and twenty men under West, with Ratcliffe and Archer, should be sent up the river to make a plantation at the falls, and that Martin should take an equal number downstream to plant at Nansemond. In addition twenty-eight men in the *Swallow* were sent off to trade for corn up the Potomac. These men, disgusted by their commission and disappointed by the appearance of the uncouth, starved and tattered colonists, resolved, one and all for one and all, never to return, but to try their fortune on the Spanish main as pirates.

Pressed round by enemies, Smith offered for a moment to resign his commission to Martin, but Martin, after accepting, wavered and refused and decided to leave for

Nansemond. Then after a week or two longer at Jamestown, Smith went up the river with Wyffin, Russell, Abbott and two others, to see how things were going on with West and Ratcliffe at the falls. He took also a boy called Spelman, who had come out with the supply, as his page. On the way he met West coming down again to Jamestown.

The immigrants had pitched their tents on the edge of the river, on a marshy tongue of land under the hill. At that point the river sweeps round in a bend, and the shallows pour down, leaving a dozen sandy islets well exposed. One glance at the place where the colonists were encamped showed Smith that it would be flooded in the winter and their earthworks and palisades would be swept away. At their backs rose a stretch of forest clothing the steep sides of the hill from which it was perhaps just possible for the Indians to send an arrow into the fort; round the shoulder of the hill, on the gentler slopes, the forest had been cleared and the last fields of golden maize were being harvested post-haste by the Indian women, scared of losing all their crop.

Archer and Ratcliffe were supreme and only turned their heads to look when Smith landed, then, without a greeting, went on with their work, and Smith on his side did not thrust himself forward but busied himself in unloading his belongings. When evening fell he took his seat with Wyffin and Abbott beside the fire where the leading men, Ratcliffe, Archer, Webb, Moon, Powell, Partidge and Fitz James were seated, and silence fell upon the company as the pot of salt pork and beans was passed about.

‘What do you think of West’s Fort?’ Webb asked him.

'You are making the same mistake here that we made in settling at Jamestown, but you have not the same reason for it. Both were chosen to have deep water where a ship may ride in to the bank and both are on low ground. But at Jamestown we have never been flooded; this place will be under water in six months' time.'

Ratcliffe smiled and shook his head as Archer began to argue. Silence fell again, and with fingers which trembled with the effort of self-control, Smith filled and lit his pipe.

Next day he went with his bodyguard of five and the boy Henry Spelman up the hill to the town of Powhatan. As he passed with his men through the field paths in Indian file, the squaws lifted their heads from their reaping to look at him and call out a greeting. Parahunt welcomed them and led them into the shade, and a girl of twelve brought them a bowl of blueberries.

When they had quenched their thirst and rested, Smith and Parahunt entered one of the houses and in the darkness Smith made his proposal. He would buy the palisaded Indian village with all the houses it contained and the fields that ran down to the river. He would pay for it by the largest present of sheet copper ever seen; he would guarantee to attack any invading party of the Monacans which might come down below the falls; he would sell him the boy Spelman also.

In addition the Indian must bind himself to supply each house with a bushel of corn a year, and Smith would pay a rental of an inch of copper sheet for each. Any thieving Indians must be handed over for punishment, and stolen goods given back. Parahunt must build himself a new town on the next hill or wherever he liked.

Powhatan's son listened and agreed. What else could

he do? He had perhaps fifty men armed with bows and arrows! Smith had within call a hundred and twenty armed with muskets, swords and pistols. If he resisted he would lose his town anyhow, he would lose his harvest, and he would start a war against overwhelming odds. Smith was within striking distance of Orapaks, and it would mean that his father would be driven out as a fugitive on to the upper reaches of the Pamunkey river. At all costs they must keep the peace with Smith, who was the greatest power in the country.

Smith left Spelman behind him in the Indian village that evening as the first instalment of his payment, and was back next day with the rest of the purchase money, but he did not speak of his negotiations until the Indians had moved out and left the palisaded village ready for occupation. Then he called the colonists together, told them what he had done and gave the order to march.

They refused; Ratcliffe was silent, smiling contemptuously, while in the clamour of voices he and Archer were called upon to speak.

'Your authority no longer runs here. Sir Thomas Gates was to be the deputy until the arrival of Lord De La Warr. Meanwhile we here are under the orders of Lord De La Warr's own brother, Captain West, and we prefer his authority to yours. Leave us here to manage as we think best.'

Smith looked at the mob of excited men, all convinced by Archer's logic, and then at Ratcliffe, who was watching him closely. He turned his back on the crowd and walked away, while jeers and laughter broke out behind him. Then he walked up the hill again to confer with the Indians.

CHAPTER XV

Little Powhatan was burning with indignation: the white men had stolen a buffalo robe, they had robbed a garden of squashes and had carried off the owner as a prisoner because he had tried to drive them off with a stick. If he was to hand over thieves, Smith must do the same. When he understood that the colonists were insubordinate, he begged Smith to join him in attacking them; he would send a messenger to Orapaks, and they could raise three hundred men in two days. With Smith and his five stalwarts, the Germans and Indians, who had muskets, they would be invincible.

But the English leader shook his head and smiled a refusal. It would be ruin if he were known to have called in the Indians against his own people, however much he might protest that they were mutineers. His hand must not be seen in it. The dark and the fair heads bent nearer each other in the darkness of the Indian house and whispered, and the English boy listening outside strained his ears to catch the incomprehensible Indian words.

He hated Smith; he was furious that he should have dared to sell him to the Indians; he had heard fine things about Captain Smith, and now he felt that he knew enough to hang him—if only he could make out what it was all about. Then, though he liked Parahunt, he determined to escape and return to Jamestown, where he would accuse Smith of selling him. He would say: ‘I, a gentleman born, the son of Sir Henry Spelman, accuse you . . .’

Smith and his men waited until darkness was falling, then they descended unseen and embarked in a boat which had been left drawn up far along the beach. As they pushed cautiously out into the river, they could hear the immigrants singing, and see black figures passing to and fro in

front of the great fire. Looking over their shoulders the rowers could see the lights of the *Falcon*, the supply ship for this plantation, where she lay at anchor. The stores had not been unloaded lest they be spoiled by rain; they were waiting for the store-house to be completed.

Nelson was on board in command and agreed to accept Smith's orders. Directly the dawn broke, Smith roused him and ordered him to set sail for Jamestown, and soon after they were under way they heard a volley ring out behind them, and the howling of the attacking Indians. When they had gone half a mile, Smith turned to Nelson and said:

'I'll take the tiller, Nelson.'

The *Falcon* stranded gently on the shelf of sand just as he meant her to, and swung slowly round. The sails were brought down with a run, and the kedge anchor thrown out lest the ship should drift off into deep water.

Ten men had been killed by the Indians, and twenty or thirty had been wounded, when Smith returned and offered to make peace if the colonists would submit to his authority. If they refused, he would sail off with their supply ship to Jamestown and leave them to their fate.

They submitted, Ratcliffe and Archer were put in irons, and the whole body of immigrants was marched up to the Indian village, which was named Nonesuch by Smith. The situation was certainly most lovely, overlooking the river bends, with the steep hill falling away below them, but the day was overpoweringly hot and sticky, and the hill was so steep that they groaned at the prospect of carrying all the supplies up in the broiling sunlight. Moreover, they were out of reach of the ship's guns, and without artillery they felt at the mercy of the Indians.

Doubt, suspicion, discontent smouldered while the ship was unloaded and part of the stores carried up with difficulty.

Meanwhile Henry Spelman had persuaded Parahunt to allow him to fetch some of his things, had persuaded him that he would return; but while the Indian waited, the boy ran down to the shore and swam out to the *Falcon*, which had just finished unloading and was on the point of setting sail down the river to return to Jamestown.

Next day Francis West arrived and climbed up the hill, furious at finding the stores left unguarded on the river bank and the site he had chosen with Ratcliffe deserted. When he had heard the full story he insisted on Ratcliffe and Archer being set free, then he accused Smith point blank of conspiring with the Indians and announced that they would return to West's fort on the morrow.

Smith's trump card, the possession of the stores, was gone. The terrible accusation that he had conspired with the savages turned all against him.

At that moment an Indian boy appeared with a message from Parahunt to tell him that Spelman had escaped and had been seen to swim on board the supply ship. He realised that if Spelman spread his story at Jamestown he was ruined. At all costs he must be overtaken and silenced. It was impossible . . . yet he would make the attempt, for there was always a chance that the *Falcon* might have run aground in earnest. Calling his faithful five about him, he rushed down to the water's edge and jumped into a rowing boat without attempting to reply to West or justify himself.

His one hope was that by travelling night and day he might overtake the ship, which would anchor at night.

The six men resolved to row night and day, without stopping, dividing the day into watches of three hours.

Darkness fell, the splash, creak and smack of the oars went on without ceasing, the river roared as they passed by a rapid on the further shore; the rowers saw the sky change from crimson to lead in colour, the lights of torches shone out where the Indians were spearing fish, making the darkness seem darker and the forest-hung bank an invisible blackness. The stars came out; there was no moon; Venus hung low and seemed strangely close, like a lamp in the midst of the sky.

The sweat trickled off Smith, soaking him, dribbling down his forehead and falling in drops from his nose to catch on his beard. While he was rowing he could scarcely think. That was a blessing, for the turmoil of his thoughts was terrible. Yet at every swing, at every drive back with his legs he asked himself: 'Whom can I count on? Todkill . . . Phettiplace? Whom can I count on? Where was I? Yes, Todkill. I've counted him already . . . Phettiplace . . . Tankard . . . Pots.'

But when his spell was over he was so tired that the tumult of his mind had exhausted itself and he slid down into the bottom of the boat and fell asleep in the act of loosening his belt. The short summer night passed quickly; the oars thumped ceaselessly in the rowlocks; the steersman, watching the sky, saw it grow paler as he sucked at his pipe. Then, as he passed forward to relieve the oarsman in the bows, he knocked it out upon the seat, and the glowing dottle of tobacco trembled and rolled as the boat swayed—rolled and dropped by chance into the unstoppered mouth of Smith's powder horn.

The explosion came as the oarsmen bent forward. They

fell backwards, catching crabs which nearly capsized the boat. With a screech of pain Smith fought his way up from the bottom of the boat and flung himself overboard. The men rubbed their eyes and found their lashes singed; awkwardly they pulled the boat about and reached for Smith and hauled him aboard in the darkness. They could not see the extent of his injuries and pushed him down where he lay moaning, while they dipped their oars and the rhythmic thumping of the rowlocks began again. He shivered in the darkness, and found words through his agony to complain of the cold. A man stooped to spread a coat over him and he screamed as it touched his side. Directly it was lighter they paused and looked at his wound, a great circle, stretching between his hip and his armpit, of torn and bleeding flesh, blackened and blistered about the edges. Wyffin pulled off his shirt soaked in sweat, tore it into strips, and Smith, gritting his teeth, fainted away while they bandaged him. He had lost a lot of blood, it had run through the bottom boards, and the bilge-water lapped in a pink pool between the boat's ribs as it rocked and swayed. One of the men wiped Smith's face with a wet rag as the others settled down to row again.

At Jamestown he knew that he would die. He lay alone in a boiling hot hut in the breathless air with the sun blazing on the roof, and the flies plaguing him, swarming over his bandages, and in the night the stench of the marsh and the river bank at low tide suffocated him while the mosquitoes struck at his wrists and ankles when he threw aside the coverlet of his bed to breathe. One night, while he lay in agony, he heard Ratcliffe and Archer talking outside his hut, the first news he had received of their coming down the river, and the door was pushed open and a man entered.

It was Dyer: a man whom he had punished with a flogging for conveying arms to the Germans, a man whose brother had given false evidence at Raleigh's trial, and he held a pistol in his hand and a lighted rushlight in the other. Smith might have cried out for help, but he lay silent, gazing into the darkness of the man's face. Dyer looked at his helpless victim, and the expression in those glittering blue eyes made him recoil with terror as a man will recoil from a snake.

'Dyer. So you would hurry death. Dyer, pale Dyer, dying . . . death. You betrayed Raleigh and now you would murder me.' Smith muttered, and though his lips babbled deliriously, his eyes were so terrible that the man's heart failed him and he slunk out of the door.

Next morning Smith had himself carried on board the *Falcon*, which had finished loading a cargo of cedar logs and was ready to sail next day. Percy was to be a passenger in her as he was languishing from dysentery which he had had all the summer, but directly the news spread through the colony that Smith had been carried on board, Ratcliffe sent word to Nelson that the ship must on no account weigh anchor until the Government of the colony had been settled upon. Smith must not be allowed, if he lived, to tell his own version of their mutiny uncontradicted. Moreover, Martin and many of the colonists would not accept Ratcliffe or Archer or young West as the new President. The only man in whom all parties had confidence was Percy, who had been out in the colony from the beginning and had been Smith's trusted lieutenant.

'Let Smith resign the Presidency to Percy,' they said, but Smith obstinately refused. He was dying, but on board Nelson's ship he was safe from being murdered in his bed

or poisoned, and he was determined to leave them as a colony of mutineers without legal authority. The ships were kept waiting for three weeks, but Smith would not yield to any entreaty, and at last they let the fleet sail. Nelson, who cursed them all from the bottom of his heart, carried a tremendous indictment of Smith's treachery, with letters from West, Percy, Ratcliffe, Archer and the boy Spelman.

With Nelson sailed the *Blessing* and the *Diamond*, Ratcliffe's former ship, on board of which went the Irish spy, Francis Maguire, rejoicing that he was leaving the colony in safety.

High tide came at seven o'clock, and they were to sail at one o'clock in the morning on the flood, for there was a full moon, and Nelson knew the channel well. Dawn would be with them to light them through the narrows of Point Comfort into Chesapeake Bay.

'I would like a last look at the damned place,' Smith said as Nelson hurried past him where he was lying below.

The sailor looked at the sick man with a new compunction. 'Would you like to be carried on deck then?' he asked. Smith nodded, and a few minutes later the stretcher had been lifted carefully out of the house and propped on trestles and laid so that he was facing the shore. For a time he watched Jamestown listlessly.

He knew by now that he was going to recover from his wound, but he hid the knowledge from others, and could hardly admit it to himself. His excuse for defeat was that he was dying; if he were not dying, he was being sent home in disgrace, as he had sent Ratcliffe and Archer once before.

The sun blazed down the great water-way, and for

miles the forest walls stood like scarlet cliffs; the last of the green was dying out of the foliage and the giant trees which stood beside the river were draped in sheets of Virginian creeper. A shout and a hail of 'Sail ahoy!' made him turn his head, and brought men running to the water-side to look, and an hour later the newcomer passed slowly alongside them and cast anchor. It was the *Virginia* pin-nace, with Captain Davies and sixteen men, which had sailed with the rest of the third supply but had been separated in the storm. It was not the fact that it had survived, but the boat itself, which interested Smith and which brought an eager, excited crowd to gaze.

For the *Virginia* had been built the year before at Sagadahock in the northern colony, when they were starving in the cold winter, and the greater part of the colony had sailed safely back to England in her. She was the first ship to be built in North America.

CHAPTER XVI

THE news of Smith's death had spread almost instantaneously through the Indian tribes, but Powhatan waited, refusing to believe or to disbelieve until he had questioned Kemps the Indian, who had been in the fort and had seen Smith's body carried out of the hut where it lay on board the ship.

'There was a white sheet over him, and his hands folded on it, his head lying back flat with his beard sticking up in the air. He was dead. His face was dead; his flesh like a plucked turkey, green and bruised and stiff. But the white men told me he was still alive, and they all say it happened by chance.'

Powhatan, Parahunt and Pocahontas all knew better than that. Smith had been killed by treachery by his enemies, Archer and Ratcliffe, and the white men were pretending he was still alive because they were afraid of the Indians knowing. Kemps was dismissed, but Pocahontas remained, listening to her brother telling his oft-repeated story of his last conversations with Smith. Her features were expressionless; it surprised her that she felt nothing. She was thirteen years old. She had seen death often enough; she knew that it came to everyone, yet it was always a surprise, a shock.

When Parahunt had finished speaking there was a long silence, broken at last by Powhatan.

'So that is how it was. It is strange indeed that I, who would have killed him and could not, must now revenge

his death. It is because we took him into the tribe. Neither he nor I knew what it meant for us then, but the Great Hare knew. So I could not kill him, and I must revenge him. I can see the meaning now.'

The old man spoke slowly and simply, and there was grief in his voice, though it was clear that the irony of the situation appealed to him.

While the father and son began to discuss the strategy of the war, Pocahontas walked out of the dark room between the rows of women's beds, with their smell of pine boughs and their rolled deerskins, into the blinding sunlight. At the door Tom was waiting for her.

'Is it true? Is he really?' the boy asked. 'Yes,' she answered, and was surprised to see his lips twitch and his eyes fill with tears.

'How funny,' she thought, as she watched the blubbering boy turn away and lean against the doorpost with his shoulders shaking. 'How funny to cry!' She looked from the height of Orapaks across the valley of the Chickahominy at the hill-side opposite, at the riot of gold and scarlet and green of the primeval forest.

She would never again see her Bear; never feel the touch of his beard tickling her throat. She would never go to England, never stand on London Bridge and hear the bells. She screwed up her eyes against the sun, shut them, and in the gold-spangled darkness full of suns, tried to make herself see him again—but the features were blurred: his picture would not come.

'Is that all that I feel? Is that all that I can remember? Is that all that a man's life is to a woman? To be forgotten as soon as dead, as dreams are forgotten when we come awake, and then to be sought for regretfully?

‘Such lack of nobility, such swift forgetting. . . . Oh, how I wasted my chances. I was such a child; I knew nothing. I should have been his wife and borne him a child. Now it is too late! I have nothing to remember him by, and already I have forgotten his face.’

Self-pity stabbed her and made her tremble. She hurried away quickly to paint her face black with oil and charcoal, lest she should begin to cry like Tom.

In the corner of the cornfield she found a few of the latest formed cobs which had not yet hardened, then with a long pole she belaboured the pecan branches for the ripening nuts. While she was shelling them and beating the kernels with water into a milky paste her fingers seemed strangely stiff and awkward and her movements very slow.

‘What’s the use of all this? It is silly. I have lost him and that is all and I scarcely mind at all,’ she said to herself, yet she knew that the work must be done. The Goddess might not be expecting Smith to be coming to the Hare’s House and have no refreshment for him. So Pocahontas was preparing uskatahomen and poka hickory herself. When the bruised sweet corn porridge was cooked, she poured the walnut cream over it, and, carrying the bowl carefully in her hands, set off alone through the forest. It was late that afternoon before she had climbed the red bluff overlooking the Pamunkey river and came to the Okee’s House at Utamussack. To the west the sun was setting, and the river stretched in silver loops for miles, until the farthest reaches seemed to float high up, a dazzling pathway in the sky, meeting the scarlet clouds. She had never been to Utamussack before: she had never seen the bones of her ancestors, nor the Quiacosough nor the priests. Only

those who came of royal blood could visit it, and then only on the greatest of occasions, yet she went forward without hesitation, without consulting anyone, sure of her reception by the gods.

The great carved cedar monsters stared out at her with flashing rock crystal eyes, and she stopped to look up at them with awe before she pushed on into the darkness where the Okee was kept among the skeletons.

The great house was cool and its dim depths were pleasant with the smell of cedar wood and resin; and there was comfort for her in the knowledge that this great building was uninhabited. There were no priests to be seen, no sound at all broke the silence, and she stood motionless until her eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. First she could trace the swell of the roof, then the bent rods tied where they crossed the lengths of rafter, and then she became aware of the huge shadowy form of the god, the Sacred Hare, enthroned in state and wearing a regalia of feathers and necklaces of pearls.

She advanced slowly until she was at the feet of the Okee, then bent low and laid her bowl at his feet.

'This is for Smith,' she said aloud, but the sound of her own voice overpowered her with terror; the blood seemed to stop in her veins and she sank in a heap on the floor, almost insensible. What had she done? What had she done? There was no place for Smith in the Hare's House. She must fly; she must escape; she must join him elsewhere. But it seemed at first that escape was impossible; she lay too terrified and too weak to move, and shut her eyes, abandoning herself to her fate. But suddenly the mental picture which she had tried to call up that morning came to her and she could see Smith standing before her in front

of the Okee. She could see the big vein in his forehead standing out and every hair in his beard and on his head distinctly. His hearty chuckle rang out and she could smile in answer. She was no longer afraid, the Okee could not harm her; she must hurry away.

'He would laugh to think of my bringing food for him here, and then kiss me and I should feel his hands on my breasts and the touch of his beard.' The picture faded and she was alone again. As she stood up to go she saw the great shelf behind the Okee about the level of her waist, and on it stretched out the long shimmering white bones of her forefathers. A tiny shaft of sunlight shot through a crack in the bark covering of the wall and lit on the skull of one, the pelvis of another, the long shin bone of a third. 'That is all. That is what we come to. Why should I be afraid?'

She beat her breast mechanically, turned and walked out of the empty sweet-smelling darkness into the forest. The sun had just set; the night was falling. Through the trees a fire was blazing merrily by the priests' house and she could see figures holding hands and romping round it. Suddenly they broke into a song. Their voices sounded gay: the fall of the leaf was coming and already war was at hand and victory near.

She was anxious to avoid being seen, and slipped away to the far side of the Okee's House, out of sight of these jolly devotions, and then, making a circle through the woods, she set off for home. The tears came suddenly as she reached Orapaks and she could not enter Powhatan's house lest her sobs should be heard, so she stole across to where Tom slept under the walnut and crept beneath his deerskins. Only half-awake himself, he began kissing and

soothing her in the darkness. The salt tears on her cheeks tasted very sweet to him, and he also began crying as he hugged her close.

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While Parahunt, the 'Little Powhatan,' attacked West's party by the falls and Weyhohomo fell on Martin at Nansemond, Powhatan himself moved back from Orapaks in the middle of the woods near the head of the Chickahominy, to the Pamunkey river.

Both of the attacks, at the mouth and at the head waters of the James, were more successful than any fights with white men in the past, and both parties of settlers, finding themselves in an awkward position and short of supplies, returned to Jamestown. Martin's men had lost their long-boat to the Indians.

Already the colony was near starvation. The ships had not brought out much food and, as usual, flour was mouldy, biscuits weevilly, salt fish and salt pork rotten.

Under Smith's presidency sixty men had grown enough corn to last themselves seven or eight months of the year, but five hundred men will eat up the same supply in four weeks. Time had been wasted in the attempts to establish new settlements up and down the river, the leaders were quarrelling already, but at all costs food had to be got.

It was to such a scene of confusion that an embassy of five Indians, with Tom as interpreter, arrived from Powhatan to say that if they would send a ship to trade up the York river, he would load it with corn. The sight of an English boy of his own age carrying an Indian bow with a quiver at his back, his feet in moccasins, and his freckled

gypsy skin naked to the waist, without a shirt, standing up before the leading men and speaking as an ambassador from a great king, was too much altogether for young Spelman. He was going hungry in Jamestown and being knocked about by the colonists when he complained; he knew already that there was food in abundance in the Indian villages and the squaws were kind-hearted to a strange boy, and he begged permission to go back with Tom, or no man caring in that confusion what became of him, went without.

Before the ship set off up the York river, Ratcliffe took Captain Davies with the *Virginia* pinnace and his men, who were joined by a few volunteers, down to Point Comfort over against the Indian town of Kecoughtan. On the tip of the promontory a fort was built from which a watch could be kept over any vessels which might sail into the James river. The cannon of the new fort commanded the channel, and warning could be given by signals to the colony if the Spaniards should come.

Davies and his men were better provisioned than the colony at Jamestown, he himself was an experienced and cautious Welshman who had been out with the northern colony, and he was no sooner installed at Point Comfort than he visited Kecoughtan, made presents and bought all the corn and dried fish that the Indians could spare. After that his men divided their time between fishing and laying in a large supply of firewood for the winter.

Towards the middle of November, Ratcliffe sailed round into the York river. Then leaving his ship anchored off shore, just above the fork of the Mattaponi river, he pushed on to Pamunkey in the old shallop with twenty-five men.

It was a stormy autumnal day, and the scarlet leaves were flying from the stripped branches before the gale; wherever the wind-shadow of a building or bole of a tree fell, ran the long heaped drifts of leaves in which a man could plunge waist deep.

Coming in to the shore the visitors saw Opechancanough's eagle-feathers blown sideways in the wind, and the waiting Indians holding up their arms in welcome. Then, with shouts, the white men stumbled ashore, running the boat high up and fast aground. Opechancanough greeted them with the news that Powhatan had a roast buck waiting for them coming off the spits, and the party broke naturally into three groups: the leading men who went to eat the venison; the labouring men who had to unload the shallop and bring up the sacks of copper and knives and beads for trade; and the guard of three left with the shallop on the water's edge.

Powhatan was present in person to welcome the leading men and see them seated round his roast, and with him were Pocahontas, Tom, young Spelman and one of the Germans. But as soon as the greetings were over he rose up, and saying he would return, disappeared, telling the English boys to go before him. While Ratcliffe and Archer sat down without suspicion to their meat, Powhatan hurried away, bundled his English boys into the waiting canoe, and was paddled off to Youghtamond. He had no wish to be on the spot if his young men should bungle their work.

Meanwhile Indians with baskets of corn were pressing round the feasting Englishmen; the muskets had been laid aside, their matches extinguished or allowed to burn low. While the Indians pressed about the white men, the

charred cords were secretly quenched with a little spirtled water. As soon as the English rose from meat and came out of the house the crowd surged about them with baskets of corn, and for a little while the buying and selling went on briskly. Suddenly some of the Indian baskets were found to have false bottoms, or to have a dressing of corn over a layer of yellow gravel, a cozening Indian was struck, and all at once a threatening mob had hemmed in the leaders.

Archer shouted for silence and raised his hand; he proclaimed friendship in a loud voice, but as he spoke an arrow pierced his throat and he fell forward. English swords flashed in the hands of the Indians, and the white men turned to run, through a hail of arrows, the half-mile to the shore. The whole of their path was lined by Indian bowmen. Ratcliffe and half a dozen others set their backs to a great tree and snapped flint on steel in the vain attempt to kindle the damp match cord, then cast aside the useless muskets and drew their swords, but fell pierced through and through with arrows. The bowstrings twanged, and twanged, the roustering wind blew war-whoops and English shouts away; there was the rush of feet, slogging away in sea-boots for dear life, and the rustle of fallen leaves under the pursuing moccasins. Men struck by arrows stumbled and fell, often to struggle up before the tomahawk could finish what the arrow had begun, and run on again, a target for marksman after marksman, until one deadlier arrow did the work that twenty, sticking out from back and sides and chest, had failed to do.

The wind blew fresher; the last running fugitives had been brought down; the three men guarding the shallop surprised and shot at close range from a canoe, and only

Russell, who had retired behind some bushes to ease himself before the massacre broke out, survived. Hearing the shouts and screams and seeing his fellows falling, he plunged into the forest and concealed himself in a drift of dead leaves till evening, when he stole a canoe and escaped across the river.

As each of the English fell, two or three Indians rushed on him and began hacking at his body; in a few moments the howling warriors were crazy with the mad happiness of striking and seeing blood. How the English swords sank into English flesh! Soon they were fighting over the fresh corpses, tearing off the garments, slashing off heads and hands and legs in frenzy, and dragging at cut cloth already soggy and stiffening with clotting blood. Then, as the dismembered bodies were stripped bare, they thrust arrows up between the buttocks, swords down the blood-spurting necks; they dismembered, hacked, mutilated, and waved bloody fragments, once virility. Their coarse hair and eagle-feathers were matted; their arms and bodies were splashed with the lovely scarlet dye over their scarlet war-paint; the warriors reeled and tottered, gaping with wide-mouthed joy, drunkenly back to the village, each man carrying some head, scalp, leg or arm in token of his prowess. As they walked they fondled these trophies wantonly, unable to tear their minds from the darling memory of the explosive deed, when the blood gushed beneath the sword and the shrieking man fell over silent, whilst his happy murderer waved his bloody weapon, living, breathing, shouting, dancing on his victim.

That night was very beautiful for the people at Pamunkey. The gale blew harder and lashed the river into waves; the scarlet of the sunset faded and the dark scarlet carpet

of the ground became invisible; then flames broke out from the dark shadows spinning up into the sky. A scarlet figure whirled in the light before retiring to the black circle of his fellows, who spun and jiggled in a black band against the flames, singing to the crack of the rattles, the scream of the pipes, the throb of the drums. Pamunkey was full of happy men and women, with the reek of blood in their nostrils, all dancing, yelling, shouting their songs, falling exhausted to rise and shout again, springing before the scorching flames, while willing hands piled more and more branches onto the enormous fires. The wind caressed their panting naked ribs with its cold fingers, and seizing each other they jigged and whirled again all through the night.


As dawn was breaking, the few laggards roused themselves at the sound of a new shouting. The flames shot higher than ever. Then, from a basket in which they had been tumbled, a horned and awful figure was seen pulling English hands and feet, and green visaged heads with the scalps torn from the bleeding crowns. With slow gestures and muttered prayers, he threw them one by one into the flames against whose light he stood, an outline of black, looking like a savage sower as he drew his hand from the basket and, with a low sweep, threw the seed of countless abominations to come from his slippery bloodstained fingers. About him the dancers, awed to silence, stood in a huge circle, watching with inspired and haggard eyes. Each of the tawny bodies was soiled and filthy with caked blood and sweat; the women's rumps muddied and plastered with leaves from often repeated tumbles under the trees through the dark hours. Their lips and breasts sagged, their arms hung limp, and as the sky grew rosy in

the dawn, men and women smiled proudly and yet wanly at each other, and looked again at the column of greasy smoke that the wind tore from the jumping flames.

The sun rose, with spears of light stabbing through the trees; the long vigil was over, and with a happy shout the waiting lines of warriors and women turned and dashed from the village to the shore, and in another moment the water was bobbing with black heads. The blood was washed away, the blood and the mud-stains and the sweat; the air was full of sweet laughter and the sunbeams falling on a scene of merry play and innocence.

Pocahontas was among them. Powhatan had let her stay behind to witness the massacre, for she had wanted to see her Bear revenged upon his murderers. And as she swam, without a trace of fatigue, after the frenzies of the night, as she cleaved through the water like an otter, she told herself that she was finished forever with the white men.

CHAPTER XVII

FTER that, when the ships stood in towards an Indian village, the arrows flew on board and the landing parties came back carrying wounded and dying men as their only burden. The stores of corn and dry meat or fish were hidden away, and nothing was to be gained from raids.

Young Francis West, sobered since his plantation had been driven out from the falls, held council with Martin and Captain Webb by Percy's sick-bed, and late in December sailed for England in the last of the big ships left in the colony, to tell his brother of their plight and urge him to come out quickly with large supplies of food.

The poultry had already disappeared, as it had disappeared before, and they were killing the hogs fast at Jamestown. When hunting parties went out into the forest they were ambushed by the Paspahas, and when the mist lay thick over the river, the canoes would come down from Weyonoke and Appomattox and lie off the shore at Jamestown. Then, suddenly, the man who went to dip his bucket in the river would fall forward with a scream, and his companions running up would see a ghostly canoe vanishing.

As the winter came on, Percy, instead of dying, grew better, and at last was able to get up and walk a little. 'It is our third winter, and I, who was at the beginning, shall see the end,' he thought to himself as he tottered down to set the guard for the night. 'What numbers I have seen

perish or go back, and here am I left as President, taken almost by force, when I was dying, out of the ship in which I should have sailed for home.' Then he spoke gently to the sentinels, reminding them the lives of all were in their keeping.

Often at night shots would be heard from the blockhouse on the isthmus. The challenges would ring out all round the fort, or a frightened man run to discharge one of the culverins almost at random into the forest.

But sometimes the shot which woke the starving garrison came from the other side, for the Indians had muskets now from the parties they had cut off; and the men who rushed out would find a sentry who had nodded in the cold hours, lying with his head half blown off by lumps of copper fired point blank from the other side of the palisade. Of the Indian warrior there would be no trace.

All the horses brought by the third supply were eaten early in the winter, since there was neither corn nor hay to feed them on and they were meat. Although hostile Indians lurked incessantly about the fort, there was continual secret intercourse with these very besieging savages. When none of the captains or sergeants were looking, some of the hungriest men would steal out in twos or threes and wave the savages to a parley, then trade their swords, knives, muskets, bags of gunpowder, anything for a haunch of venison or a bag of grain. Many of the boldest spirits deserted and were ambushed and murdered in the woods long before they could reach Powhatan to implore his protection. On the ninth of February, after the blockhouse had been closely besieged for three days, Ensign Powell, watching his opportunity, rushed out with a small party and killed Wowinchopunk—the Paspilha chief,

the man who had tussled with Smith in the brook—by running him through with a sword.

By March it seemed that the end had come. Everything had been eaten up: hogs, hens, horses, corn, all were pitiful memories. In their extremity the horses' hides were boiled up for soup, and the young gallant who had provided a parcel of starch for laundering his ruff was glad to boil it up into a porridge. The body of a young Indian who had been killed and buried outside the fort was found to have been taken up in the night, and there were many stories of cannibalism.

To the poorer men, wasted by starvation and malaria, it seemed that nothing was being done, and they all lay waiting for their deaths and were only roused up for the daily work of digging graves; but the men who kept their health would have told a different story. The fort had to be guarded night and day, fishing parties were sent out, oyster beds were raided, and parties would land somewhere up or down the river and dredge the streams for tockwogh roots, or gather up sacks of acorns, walnuts, chinkapins, and clusters of withered mildewy grapes which the birds had left still hanging on the vines. They filled the ravening stomach and held a little sweetness.

Captain Davies, whose men had wintered well at Point Comfort in spite of the storms, would sometimes send up a little fish.

Of five hundred men when Smith had been sent home in October, sixty were left in Jamestown by the following spring. The previous winter, when Smith was president, seven had died out of a company of two hundred.

As the English died or were killed off, and as, under pressure of starvation, they traded their arms, the Indians

became richer. At Pamunkey, at Powhatan's English house on York river, all of the bodyguard were armed with swords and muskets; the Paspahas were rich with every tool and weapon of the white man, though they had lost their chief and more of them had been killed than of any other tribe. It seemed to them and to Powhatan that the white men could not last much longer, and that they would die off if left to themselves.

Black and yellow, grey and sandy and brown, the English scalps blew in the wind, drying in the spring sunshine, and the two English boys could have named most of the men they had belonged to. But the presence of the scalps did not disturb them as they sat by the goal posts watching the women playing football. The greatest sorrow of their lives was that they could not play themselves without being jeered at by the men and boys. Once or twice they had asked to be allowed to play, and Pocahontas had picked them for her side, but the slow chaff, all through the evening, of the boys beside the camp fire had made them give it up.

Spelman was grumbling as usual, but Tom did not listen as he watched the game with excitement. A sudden long punt brought a scurry of breathless players down the field, fighting and scrambling, hooking, dodging and tripping each other up. A kick out of the confusion sent the ball to the mouth of the goal, then it soared high and far; the goal-keeper had cleared, the knot of players broke, and Pocahontas picked herself up off the ground and rushed away up the field.

'Powhatan was like a bear with me yesterday: he's sore with us both about something. I don't like the way he looks at me,' grumbled Harry. Tom listened to this, but

found it hard to answer. None of the Indians liked Harry, and he didn't like him himself either. It was a thousand pities for Tom that Harry had ever come. He had been called in continually ever since because Harry was in trouble, to take his side, to interpret for him, and to listen to his complaints. Tom had got himself disliked because of him, and knew that his kindness was repaid by jealousy because of the girls, and that on one occasion Harry had tried to make mischief with Powhatan.

Pocahontas did not like Harry, and had once had to bite him to make him let go of her when he was being tiresome. The blustering and grousing tones of Spelman's Derbyshire accent had become hateful to Tom, and his roughness was a nuisance: he was always ready to use his fists, and then whine and tell tales if he were hurt. Yet Tom knew that there was something in what the other boy had said, and it was likely to be getting serious if Harry had noticed it. Powhatan was unfriendly: he had never been so sour, and Tom had once wondered whether he would want to have them around if the colony were finally wiped out.

They could tell the story; they knew about Ratcliffe's massacre; they had seen the bleeding scalps being brought in all through the winter and hung up to dry. Yes, Powhatan probably meant to knock them on the head one day, perhaps Harry was right, and that day was not far off.

The line of girls came racing down the field with their black hair flying behind them, passing the ball accurately along the line, and leaving the defenders outwitted and one sprawling behind them. Pocahontas on the left wing had the ball, she knocked it on with her knee and lifted it over the head of the girl facing her, raced past and centred

in a low swift kick to her sister, who tapped it in neatly through the far side of the goal.

The game was over, she was shining with sweat, plastered from head to foot with dust and mud, her doeskin kilt was torn and flapped at the back of her knee, her bottom was bare, and she was feeling happy as she ran past. 'Coming for a swim?' she called, throwing Tom a smile. How she disliked Harry Spelman's hot ginger-biscuit-coloured hair and eyes! How she loved Tom's grey eyes and freckles and dark hair! 'Come on, Tom.' Then, without waiting, she went galloping down to the beach among the crowd of her chattering, exhausted companions. The boys got up and followed, but turned aside attracted by the sight of strangers in the town.

The king of Potomac and his brother Japazaws had come over with a parcel of beaver skins to trade for knives, iron scrapers or whatever of the white men's gear the Pamunkeys might have to sell. A year before such furs would have been welcome, for Powhatan could have sold them to Smith at a big profit, but such trade was over, and when the English had been driven out there would be no more swords, knives, hatchets or sheet copper, and Powhatan would offer little for the furs.

But Potomac's chief object in coming had been to find out for himself how things were going with Powhatan, and now he saw that the rumours which had been coming all the winter were true. Powhatan was back on his river, he was no longer in hiding, there were strings of white men's scalps, and the guard who stood about the old man wore long English swords at their sides, and some of them carried muskets, weapons which he had never handled. The signs of Powhatan's triumph were plentiful,

and Potomac was surprisingly ready to let his skins go cheap.

The visitor stayed three days, longing to steal, and knowing that it was impossible to lay his hands on anything that would not be missed. He was especially interested in one of the Germans who happened to be there, for it seemed to him that the greatest glory possible would be to have a white man working for him. He would indeed have offered to buy Samuel, but he knew that Powhatan would never consent to sell him; so in secret he spoke to the German and to the two boys of the glories of Potomac, and suggested that they might like to visit it. Then shrewdly guessing at their fears, he added: 'You would be safe with me. You could live with me happily until the next ships came, and then you could go back to your own people.'

A plot was hatched rapidly, that the three of them should be ready the next morning and should meet Potomac outside the town and should travel back with him. Tom hung back, and then agreed; but late that evening he beckoned to Pocahontas and led her down to the river.

'Am I and Harry in any danger from Powhatan?' he asked, and then as she questioned him he let out the whole story. He could see that his words had made her very angry. 'I don't want to go, really,' he said to placate her. 'Only I wondered. . . . Powhatan has been strange lately.'

'What would you have him?' she burst out. 'He has treated you like his own son, and then you plot against him.'

'I don't want to leave you,' said Tom. 'But . . .'

'You know well that you are safe,' she said. 'But it

might be a good way of getting rid of that German and of Harry. If he stays, I may ask Powhatan myself to have him knocked on the head.'

Tom grinned broadly, but there was no answering smile in the dark look which the girl gave him as she stood thinking.

'No, I mean it. It would be better to have him out of the way, and if he stays I shall ask to have him killed. Now you must do what I tell you. Do you understand that? Otherwise I shall go to Powhatan, and you will have Potomac and Japazaws put to torture with you. That would be right if you love them so much.'

'I came to you at once. I told you everything,' Tom muttered, and the girl looked at him with scarcely concealed contempt as she let him kiss her in the English fashion. 'Boys,' she said to herself; 'What good are boys to me? I have had men.' Then she gave Tom his orders.

The sun was shining, birds were singing, the shrubs and vines were leafing in the wood, and the clearings were full of the first spring flowers. Potomac and his men hurried, urging on the boys and the German. Just before they reached the Mattaponi, Tom Savage fell back to the rear, then calling out: 'I've dropped my knife,' ran back along the trail. Potomac shook his head as Japazaws turned and raised his bow. 'Let him go,' he said.

Two hours later, as the fugitives dropped down the hillside to the Piscataway in Rappahannock country, a cry of warning rang out, and in a moment the slope was covered with flying figures. The German crashed off the path and sprinted madly across the open glade, but one of Powhatan's runners drew level with him, and while still travelling at full speed, slashed at him with an axe, hitting

him on the nape of the neck. Spelman seeing this, swerved as he felt himself overtaken, and dived under some low branches into a thicket. An arrow whistled over his ear, and he ran like a hunted rabbit through the undergrowth of alders by the swamp, and as he panted up the hill on the far side he could hear the shouting as Potomac's men seized and held the Pamunkey runners. Later, Potomac and Japazaws overtook him and hurried him on to the ferry over the Rappahannock. Once in their own country they were safe: Powhatan would not go to war for a boy.

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Two small ships which had been built after the wreck of the *Sea Venture* in the Bermudas, arrived up the James on May twenty-first with Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers and Captain Newport, but a fortnight later they left Jamestown again, having taken all the survivors of the colony on board and buried their ordnance.

The Paspigas had hardly arrived at Jamestown when the sails had been seen coming back up the river. At the same time came news of a landing at Kecoughtan, where three more ships had arrived.

Anxiety, triumph and gloom succeeded each other swiftly on the York river, and the Council sat and talked, smoked and fell silent while the priests sought new omens. But whatever the omens, it was clear to Powhatan that the English were well provisioned and energetic; they had reoccupied Jamestown, were putting up a lot of new buildings, had rebuilt the blockhouse and would certainly be there for another year.

The news of Lord De La Warr's arrival, for it was he,

set the Germans in a fever of excitement. They were tired of waiting for Spaniards who never came; they were tired of searching the hills for sulphur, for Powhatan required them to make gunpowder; they were tired of forests and rivers and lakes, of smoky houses and hominy cakes. Their only hope of seeing Danzig again was in the English; they had heard of Lord De La Warr, and he would help them when they explained what they had been made to suffer.

One day when Powhatan and his Council were sitting in a silent ring, round which all his people were humming with excitement, the Germans suddenly pushed themselves forward in a body. Powhatan listened while they made their speeches to him, telling him that they knew this Lord De La Warr; that he would do whatever they asked, and begging to be allowed to see him. They interrupted each other to promise that they would return with copper, clothes, swords, guns, and a white woman for his wife. They would bring a shipload of presents; they would make peace for him. . . .

As they spoke they were carried away by their own words: they all spoke at once; they pushed close, and the Indian crowd stared in astonishment as they saw Adam step forward and take hold of Powhatan's robe in his fingers as though to hold him physically in argument. The Indian looked at the top of Adam's bald head with disgust; he noticed that the fingers which held him shook with ague; the red-rimmed eyes watered; there were filthy sores on the nose and round the corners of the mouth; a gummy glue ran from the lips; the man's breath stank.

With a disgusted gesture the old king shook himself free, drew his robe about his shoulders, and motioned to his guard to surround the Germans.

'You betrayed Captain Smith to me,' he said. 'Now you would betray me to his successor.'

A horrible babble arose from the Germans, and they scuffled feebly in protest as they were seized and bound. The throng of spectators pressed closer as they were hurried after Powhatan into the long house. A stone was rolled forward while his warriors and his women hastily ranged themselves on either side of the building. The audience was noisy: a man called out a bawdy joke, and all the women opposite burst into laughter.

'Yes, just knock them on the head,' said Powhatan. Silence fell. The protesting figure of Adam was dragged down; the stone-headed hammer swung high and fell, cutting short his last supplications with the sound of crunching bone. There were hurried prayers and shrieks for mercy, and as each skull was shattered some fresh joke would be bandied between the waiting ranks; but soon all of the wretched victims had had their brains knocked out. The meeting was breaking up, Powhatan had half risen from his couch, when suddenly Tom Savage rushed forward into the open space, and Powhatan, his wives and warriors all stared in astonishment at the boy, who stood swaying, handsome and very pale, in front of the stone of execution. He said nothing; it seemed as though he had nothing to say, but had just run out into the centre of the crowd without any object.

'What is it, my son?' asked Powhatan mildly.

'I want to go back. I want to go back to my own people. I want to go back too,' the boy shouted at the top of his voice.

'Well, go then. You can go when you like,' answered Powhatan gently.

'Do you think I shall betray you?' Tom demanded challengingly.

'Will you kill me because of that? I can't tell them more than Russell did. I swear I won't tell.'

'You can do just what you like,' said Powhatan with a half-humorous, half-deprecating expression as he rose from his bed. Pocahontas broke into a fit of uncontrolled laughter as her father rose and strode towards the door. Hearing the sound, he looked up, caught sight of her, and began to shake with laughter himself. He picked his way carefully over the German corpses to avoid soiling his moccasins in the blood and brains, and was still laughing as he went out of the door. With waves of merriment his people followed him: the rain-dance had begun.

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BEFORE the new arrivals had unpacked and installed themselves at Jamestown, it was the middle of June, and too late to dig the fields and hope for a crop of corn that year. Spence, the one steady farmer of the colony, had dug a field and now that seeds had come, sowed pumpkins, turnips, carrots, onions, leeks, and encouraged by his example some of the new colonists turned up the earth in gardens and sowed the seeds they had brought from England. The spadefuls of rich wet loam dried fast in the sun and broke up into a fine tilth. Before they began, these gardeners parcelled out their allotments among themselves, and every morning and evening would see them busy in their little plots, which were surrounded by a few acres of stumps hidden under the smothering wave of golden-rod, mallow and morning glory, and then the lofty wall of the forest on three sides and the river visible through a screen of grape and trumpet vine on the fourth.

One of the gardeners worked rather apart, a decently dressed gentleman whose black coat hung from the branch of an old mulberry tree near him, which had been left growing on the river bank. Often as he dug the ground he paused, looking up absent-mindedly at the sky or bending down to contemplate a clod of earth, would pick it up and break it in his fingers.

His neighbours, at work on their plots, lowered their voices and either averted their eyes hastily or returned his

glance with propitiatory smiles when he looked their way. For John Rolfe was a bereaved man: he was marked out by his burden of private sorrow.

When the water-logged *Sea Venture* had wallowed to the safety of the Bermudan rocks, his wife was already great with child, and two months after they had landed on that fruitful shore she was delivered of a daughter, whom they christened Bermuda. Through the West Indian autumn and winter Mrs. Rolfe had sat rocking the baby at her breast and listening to the busy sounds about her: the sea chanties with which the hauling gangs slowly brought the great cedar logs for the kelsons of the new ships into place on the shore, and the other lumber down the hill-side to the sawpits. There were the sounds of ceaseless sawing and chipping and the tapping of mallets. From where she sat, she could see the white head of Sir George Summers, who, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, was bending over, scoring a cedar log with his jack knife as he measured it. The old knight had saved them all, conning the *Sea Venture* for three days through the hurricane, and now he was building a ship of cedar, straight out of his head, without putting pen or pencil to paper, a ship which was to be called the *Patience*, and which was being built without a single nail or screw or piece of iron in her, but mortised and pegged throughout with pegs of seasoned English oak taken from the wreck.

There was great competition between him and Richard Frobisher, the shipwright, who was building a bigger vessel, the *Deliverance*, for Sir Thomas Gates.

'Are you easier to-day?' the old man asked, looking down on her, and she conquered her pain to smile back at him, wondering at so white and delicate a skin in a sailor.

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His thin beard was white, his long hair silver, and his pale blue eyes so eager and happy that she could not disappoint him.

'Yes, the pain's nearly gone: you'll find John in the sawpit.' But the pains had increased, and she had pressed her child with clammy hands to her dry breast as the bouts of fever left her. There were long days when she could hear the angry little cry through her delirium, then days of blankness which ended when she woke to find herself stretched on a tiny bunk, being dandled by the waves, with John leaning over her. Her child was gone, and in his wet eyes and wavering smile, she saw the answer to her question. . . . The rush of feet on deck and the creaking of cordage woke her. The ship was no longer dancing but sailing smoothly. 'At last, at last,' John whispered to her. 'We're in the bay now. This is Virginia.' But she made no answer: he was alone, and his vain entreaties, vain tears and vain efforts at self-control were carried unregarded up the James.

He thought about God as he crumbled the drying lump of mould between his finger and thumb. God's will. What was the nature of the inscrutable God, who blew life into dust and swept it into dust again?—who made man in His Own Image, with all His Own faculties of suffering, and then made him suffer, while He Himself pursued His secret designs?

'If it is God's will, then perhaps it is not my fault for persuading her to leave Heacham,' but he knew quite well that he was to blame, and that he had done wrong not to stay with her in England as she had begged. They could have lived comfortably, farming the land with his younger brother, hawking and wild fowling all the winter. But

adventure, the offer of a new country, the lure of riches, tempted him, and so because he was too proud and too ambitious, he had lost her.

The mould crumbled to powder under his fingers, and he raked and raked again and stooped to pick up handfuls of the warm soil, and rub it to dust between his palms, and then with the greatest caution and a thrill of excitement, he opened a little wooden pin-box. Within lay the fine seeds, like gold brown dust, which he had bought from a Spaniard, and had treasured up. It was the seed of tobacco, the sovereign cure for all ills. Spence had told him that the Virginian Indians grew it, and Percy had given him a pipeful of the Indian curing, but it seemed coarse compared with the West Indian leaf.

While Rolfe was still at work in his garden, his friend Hamor came to tell him that Sir George Summers and Captain Argall were on the point of departure for the Bermudas to bring two loads of hogs—for meat was the only thing lacking—and while they watched the little cedar ship and Captain Smith's tiny, half-decked barge, the *Discovery*, drop down the reach on their perilous voyage, their friend, William Strachey, the secretary of the colony, joined them. He was a young man, but his grey-flecked beard, his stoop and his short sight made him seem elderly. There was always a book in his long thin hands, and his conversation was thickly sprinkled with the fruits of his reading.

Hippocrates, Xenophon, Annius of Viterbo, Aulus Gellius, Plato, Festus, Polybius, Renier Gemma, and a hundred other authors, Dutch, Romance and Portuguese, filled his remarks with borrowed thoughts and phrases each too appropriate to his subject to be omitted, and too

fantastically inappropriate to his surroundings to be worth saying at all. Suddenly he would become aware that his scholarship was ludicrous, and would hurry on, slurring his Greek, to stress and dwell on the first simple English monosyllable which might follow it, or hastily to translate his sense into childish words. Yet no one laughed at him in spite of these idiosyncrasies, and all listened to his advice, for he was practical, and almost alone of the men in the colony was solely concerned for the public good.

As he turned from faintly flapping a handkerchief after the *Patience* to see Rolfe standing by him at his side, he said to himself: 'That poor fellow should be distracted from his thoughts. I will ask Percy to take him with him when he goes to the Indian villages. I will invite him when I am going myself.'

Soon after Tom Savage had returned to Jamestown, a party of Hamor, Rolfe and Buck, the minister, at the oars, with Tom sitting with Strachey beside him in the stern and steering, pulled across the river.

The rowers were silent, but the tall bearded scholar soon made the boy beside him chatter away about himself, and Rolfe, the stroke, listened to Tom's story, and smiled at Strachey's interruptions, for Tom had to repeat every Indian word, and Strachey would repeat it after him and get it right. As he strained his mind for a possible connection with the Hebrew or the Greek, a queer owlish look would come over his face, a look which vanished as he turned, eager and unself-conscious, to the boy, leading him on by a flattering question to speak more about himself and his life with Powhatan.

The sun shone, and a light wind ruffled the big mulberry leaves. An Indian house built on piles jutted out

into the river beside the poles of a fishing weir; from the beach a lawn of green turf ran up under the low spreading branches of the mulberries; a wisp of smoke rose up near the bark walls of two houses half hidden in the trees. The white men landed, drew up their boat and strolled up the shore, and then caught sight of some mats spread and a figure lying in the mulberry shade. The woman propped herself up on her elbow and looked at them lazily as they drew near, then she called to an unseen servant who came hurrying from the farthest hut.

In her limbs, in her movements, in the texture of her skin, there was a voluptuous softness, a softness which was reflected also in her large black eyes, which, with her pale gold skin, made her seem curiously like an Italian woman.

Her servant came to her, and the woman slowly attired herself in front of the watching white men, setting first a white coral tiara in her black hair, which was cut in a bell shape half-way down her neck, then putting big pearl earrings in her ears, a polished copper chain about her neck, and lastly throwing off her white deerskin wrap, she put on a short cloak, stitched and quilted of deep blue and purple humming-birds' feathers. Then her servant brought her an earthen bowl full of water, and held out a bunch of ash leaves for her to dry her hands on.

When these preparations had been slowly completed, she rose and came forward to greet her visitors, inviting them smilingly to be seated, and taking a basketful of mulberries out of her servant's hands to offer them herself, though they could have found all the fruit they wanted lying beside them on the grass. Directly she discovered that Tom could not only talk her language, but that he had just come from living with Powhatan, she began to

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question him with the greatest liveliness, while an expression of malice and amusement lit up her face. There was no chance for Tom to translate and interpret to the others, for he was kept busy answering her questions, and while they were still talking, a canoe glided to the bank and Pipisco, naked except for his leather cod-piece, leapt out and called out a friendly greeting. He had no fish, but was ready to exchange a turkey-cock he had shot that morning for a few fish hooks. For a little while he stood looking down on the woman, and laughed at one or two of the things which she repeated from Tom's conversation, then he passed round a pipe, and when all the men had taken a few puffs the visitors rose up to go.

The sight of the handsome naked Indian standing beside the beautiful, black-eyed, soft woman on the shore, both lifting their arms in farewell as the English boat pulled away, filled Rolfe with depression. If only he could be staying there with these people who lived so simply, and who yet had such elaborate dignity and formality in their manners! If only he could ever again be happy with their happiness; if at least he could escape the unhappiness of being marked out by his grief and shunned in the general hurly-burly of the colony. But such thoughts were wrong; perhaps they were very wicked, and trying to dismiss the painful impression which the woman's beauty and the man's love for her had made on him, he bent to his oar and listened to what Tom was saying, to discover that it was the history of this pair of lovers.

When the white men had come, Pipisco had been that chief of Quiacohannock who had greeted the first exploring party by dancing and playing upon the flute. He and Wowinchopunk, the king of Paspaha, had led the first

attack on Jamestown. The woman had been Opechancanough's wife, but she and Pipisco had fallen in love, and finally had gone away together.

'Pipisco is Paris, of course,' Strachey interrupted. 'And we have just seen Helen, but why did not Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon collect the tribes and come in a fleet of vessels to carry her back? Or perhaps they were making ready their Armada, and the ten years' war is soon to begin?' He was amused and surprised to hear Tom's explanation of their forbearance.

'Opechancanough knew that it would mean a big war between the Pamunkey Indians and most of these here on the James, and he told Powhatan he did not want the woman's death. Powhatan took the kingship away from Pipisco and gave it to a boy child of his, making the mother regent. Pipisco has only these few houses here close to his brother's fish-weir, but Powhatan lost his best warrior in him. He will not join in any of the raids or fight now, and I have heard Pocahontas say that Pipisco was the only man who might have defeated Captain Smith. She used to say that to annoy her father. Many of Opechancanough's own people call him *wepenter*, that is, the cuckold, even to his face, but he never gets angry, and always says: 'A king must suffer such things for his people that a plain man would not have to bear.'

Hamor laughed and began to sing with a very Scots accent a scandalous ballad they had none of them heard before, about the bonny Earl of Murray and Queen Anne.

The summer of 1610 passed; few of the tobacco seedlings lived, but half a dozen survivors burgeoned through the hot days of August and September into immense

plants six feet high, and it was winter before the stripped leaves had been cured and were fit for smoking.

In the autumn there was talk of buying corn from the Indians, and a party of fourteen men set off in the long-boat to visit the neighbouring villages. At Appomattox, instead of frightened or hostile Indians, they were waved ashore by Queen Opussyquinske. There were only women with her in the village, she said, and the two pretty girls at her side grinned in welcome. The English interpreter could understand little of what she said, but all the party could see what was meant when the girls fled in alarm, and the Queen motioned gaily to them to put down their muskets.

First one man ventured ashore without his arms, laughing and turning to his companions, who were not ready to endure his jokes and the outrageous spectacle of his being led off by three naked girls with their arms wreathed about his neck. Eight men at once followed him; the remaining five, after laughing and joking among themselves, went up also into the village. None of these fourteen men came back.

Two days later, setting out while it was still dark, Percy led three boatloads of men up the river to revenge them. While one boatload was landed at the mouth of a brook a mile below the Indian village, another pushed upstream above the settlement. Then when these parties had formed long cordons cutting across the peninsula, the third boatload, in which Rolfe was, made a landing on the water front.

There was scarcely any fighting in the village: the Indians tumbled out of their houses and took to their heels in the grey dawn. Then a banging burst out on the

left-hand side as the fugitives ran into the line of guns. Five minutes later this was repeated from up the river on the right. To Rolfe, who was next but one to the water-side, it sounded just like a shooting-party in Norfolk: there were the same excited shouts as a wounded Indian ran down the line of the guns looking for a place to break through. Straggling shots followed his progress, then came a sudden outburst of firing, almost a volley, as he was successfully potted. Yet, in spite of having taken the village by surprise, the total bag—nine men and women—was disappointingly small. It was clear that a main body had got clear away, and that some of the wounded had also escaped.

So far Rolfe had not seen an Indian, but he heard his name called, and went to help lead a wounded soldier back to the boat. The man had had an arrow shot through him at close range, pinning his arms to his sides. When Rolfe had helped to lay him in the long-boat, he hurried after the other men along the shore. He could hear them shouting in front of him and beating the bushes for hidden Indians. As he reached the village he saw that the houses were burning: the smoke rose turbulently in the first shafts of sunlight, filling the air with a smell of burning leather and of resin. A group of men were standing in a ring, and glancing casually towards them, Rolfe saw that the solid figure of an Indian matron was in their midst, and that there were two children with her—a little boy and an older girl carrying a long basket. Looking close, he saw that there was a baby's head sticking out of this. 'We've got the Queen and her children prisoners,' he called to Hamor, who was sitting in the boat, but at that moment the sound of a shot made him look round. The group of

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men had dispersed, had vanished, and the Queen was lying on the ground with the little boy bending down over her, kneeling. Rolfe began to run towards the group, with what object he could not say, and, as he ran, he saw a man near by put a pistol in his pocket and draw his sword. The boy pitched forward onto his mother's face, as the man pulled the sword out of his chest, and the girl, still holding the papoose in its basket, turned to run. At once a shot rang out, then another, a third. The man, who had been wiping his sword, walked up to where the little girl had fallen, and swiftly passed the weapon through the bark cradle.

At that moment Rolfe arrived, found himself beating the swordsman in the face, and suddenly heard his own voice. He had been shouting for some time. The baby's eyes, large and oily black like olives, were wide open and staring; its skin surprisingly fair, and its hair pale brown, with a glint of gold in it. The fingers of the little hands were clenched, but when Rolfe touched them he found they were limp. It was dead.

The girl was still alive: bullets had gone through her lungs, and bright arterial blood spurted from a bullet-hole just above the nipple of her unformed breast, and blew in a scarlet foam from her lips and nostrils. Rolfe pulled out his handkerchief to wipe away the blood, and as he did so he noticed an expression of intense fear pass over the child's agonised face. He took hold of one of her hands and pressed it, and a moment later she stretched out her thin body impatiently to its full extent, and, immediately after this restless movement, became soft all over. . . .

He stood up, and something struck him with enormous

force in the small of his back, knocking him forward. He picked himself up, surprised to discover that he was unhurt. An arrow had struck him where the shoulder-strap of his sword-belt was sewn into the waistbelt, and the fourfold thickness of leather and metal studs had turned it. Men waved to him, another arrow flew near, and he ran quickly down to the boat and jumped in as it was being pushed off. The man who had killed the children was sitting next to Percy in the stern. His fingers twitched, his eyes flashed, there was an exultant smile on his handsome face, thin and wasted by the fever. He put out a protective hand to help Rolfe keep his balance as the rowers pulled the first stroke.

After this there was no more trading with the villages on the James or the Chickahominy; at most a solitary Indian hunter would come into the fort to sell a buck and have a good look round, so that he could report to Powhatan on the condition of the colony. But corn was badly wanted, if only for sowing crops for the coming year, and, just before Christmas, Argall was sent out again to try what he could do on one of the northern rivers.

A week later he was high up the Potomac, where at every village the people brought out a basket or two of corn to exchange for beads and copper.

The weather, which had been mild all the autumn, suddenly turned bitterly cold. There were fringes of ice on the river; the Indians were wrapped in furs and had huge bonfires lighted before their houses, and the cherry-red embers glowed on the hearths in the long houses and were continually being blown up into a blaze, directly the English entered to thaw their numbed limbs before going back on board to lie anchored, safe and frozen in mid-

stream. Over these fires they heard the same story at every village: that there was an English boy living with Japazaws at Machapongo, and when they met at last, it seemed that they had been expected for some time, with a present of copper, to fetch the boy away.

At first sight Spelman might have been mistaken for an Indian. He was dressed in a breech clout and deerskin leggings and wrapped in a fur robe; he was fringed and painted and ornamented with shells and feathers and porcupine quills; his skin was tanned to a mahogany colour and painted with bear's grease and pokone root, but in spite of their filth, the matted locks of hair on his shoulders were brown instead of black, and his eyebrows and lashes were red. He was eager to return to the colony, having quarrelled with Japazaws' wife and tired of savage life, and Argall was very pleased to give the Indian a small present of copper for him. Soon he found that the boy was worth far more than anything that had been asked, for with Spelman to interpret and to explain the rate at which the Indians valued copper knives and beads, he was able to get far better value for his goods than any white man had done since Smith's first expedition.

In the five days that he stayed there, the Indians brought in enough corn to load his ship, and he completely won the confidence of Japazaws, who finally came on board, putting himself, without fear, in the power of the white man.

When the weather had turned so cold they had built a hearth of flat stones and clay in the bottom of the boat, on which they kept a big brazier, made of a small washing-copper, pierced with holes, to save themselves from freezing. Before this the ugly Indian squatted down while

Argall fetched out the brandy bottle and two mugs. The Indian's face was expressionless, but his eyes roved busily over everything about him: the men's bunks, their muskets and powder-horns slung on nails, the cooking-pots and pans, an odd pair of sea-boots and the oilskins hanging on pegs.

But again and again the restless eyes came back to the sailor who was sitting quietly on the side of his bunk with a great book open on his knees, and so absorbed by his reading that he was unaware of the savage scrutiny to which he was subjected. Japazaws' curiosity increased; he was tormented by the wonder of seeing the white man's eyes slowly travelling across the page and then quickly flicking to the left, while the lips moved silently. He bent forward to watch impatiently as a finger was suddenly licked and the dog's-eared page turned over.

Argall had observed the comedy: he rose, and taking the book from the reader, he turned back to the beginning and laid it open before the Indian at a picture, part of which at least he could comprehend.

'Come here, Harry,' he called to Spelman. 'Come and tell him about the making of the world.' The subject was difficult, but it was congenial and absorbing, and Japazaws sat nodding his head and grunting in approval.


Then, when Harry had finished with the truths of Genesis, Japazaws asked if Argall would like to hear how the Indians and their country had been made. Harry began to translate about the Great Hare. . . .

The hatch over the hold had been half shut; the air was smoky and warm; the brandy had been comforting and soothing to the stomach and a fervour of smug self-complacency overspread the ugly faces of the white captain

CHAPTER XVIII

and the Indian chief, even of the dark-skinned boy interpreter. The conversation was flattering, for all three of them recognised that though the story of Jehovah and the Garden of Eden was different from that of the Great Hare and his bag full of men and women, and of the Great Deer eaten by the evil giants, they were all three engaged in the most important sort of mumbo-jumbo which made them far superior to idle, thoughtless persons who cared only for human life and happiness. Before Japazaws got up and had been helped into his canoe, Argall and he had done far more than tell each other the mysteries of their beliefs: they had revealed to each other that they were essentially alike; they had come to understand one another, respect one another and respect themselves anew. Their religions might differ about such doctrinal points as the length of ear and furriness of God, but they knew that the spirit in which they held their religions was the same. To both of them God was the great anodyne, the conscience-comforting balm which enabled them to forget their ugliness and to commit the vilest cruelties and treacheries, and the pettiest bits of cheating, with the knowledge that they were superior to all happy, gay, trustful and beautiful creatures on the earth.

CHAPTER XIX

ORD DE LA WARR, who had suffered from repeated attacks of malaria, contracted scurvy during the winter, and in March 1611, despairing of his life, was carried on board ship and set sail with Argall for the West Indies. Contrary winds carried them out of their course, but they reached the Azores, where they remained several weeks while he was restored to health by a diet of oranges and lemons. Percy, who would have been very glad to return with him, became President once more. What else could he do? Someone had to stay, and he knew that in England he would either starve or have to beg from his brother, to whom, as it was, he had been forced to write more than one letter begging for a remittance.

He had been out for four years, since the very beginning; he was weak with fever and he gave no orders, punished no offenders, and was glad to smoke his pipe and play bowls in the spring sunshine. Something would turn up. He was right: such laxity did not last long, for early in May Sir Thomas Dale arrived with three ships and cattle.

He waited for a little while before going up the river, building small forts at Cape Henry and Cape Charles, at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, where he made the garri-sons sow enough corn to supply themselves. Then he hastened up to Jamestown.

Dale was a professional soldier, fresh from the Netherlands, accustomed to command and to have his orders

instantly obeyed, and he saw at once that, sickness or no sickness, the colonists must be forced to work and to become self-supporting.

There was no place in his scheme for private Elizabethan captains, quarrels in the council, mutineers, pirates running off on new adventures, private gold-finding or private trade with the Indians. He disliked Jamestown, which had grown up out of the shiftless seamen's casualness, he disliked its marshy soil and its hundreds of unrecorded graves, marked only by the long narrow mounds of soil, pitted with rat holes.

The tradition of Jamestown was bad; he growled, glared and decided instantly on drastic changes. Hardly any corn had been sown, and lest the season be lost he set the entire colony at work to dig and plant. No man was to be excused, all were to work except the overseers, and any idler was to receive a flogging. In ten minutes he had drawn up a time-table of working hours and a severe code of punishments. Then he inspected the defences, ordered the old blockhouse to be rebuilt, a well to be dug, a claypit opened and a kiln made for baking bricks.

In the first months there were continual floggings and many bloody executions. When a party of discontented men tried to take refuge with the Chickahominies, Dale paid the Indians a high price to hunt them back. Then he hanged some, broke others on the wheel, and tied three men to trees in the full view of the colony, and set an armed guard over them until they had starved to death.

He was not mad: he was not even original. By such methods he had been taught by his superior officers to enforce discipline among his troops in Flanders.

The entire colony was terror-stricken; all former suffer-

ings and horrors were eclipsed by the nightmare of seeing three of their comrades slowly die under their eyes, of hearing their voices grow weaker, their feeble moans break out at longer and longer intervals, their prolonged death agonies endure from day to day, endlessly. No pity came from the red-faced little man, no orders to save, to succour, to give spiritual consolation. Day and night went by, the guard was changed at regular intervals, the lips and tongues blackened, the heads drooped and stiffened.

For ten days they all lived through the very pit of hell; by the time the last corpse had been cut down and buried the colonists were incapable of further sufferings. They had become automatons; they had lost their souls.

By the middle of June, the crops had been sown, and Dale went off to choose a site for a new settlement. At first he prospected Nansemond, and then he went up-river, landing and prospecting every bend which could be easily fortified. Farrar's Island, the piece of land lying in almost a complete loop of the river, was his final choice. It would be easy for him to drive or buy out the Indian, Arahatec, and the island only needed an impenetrable palisade a hundred and sixty yards long to protect it on the landward side. Half of it was on high ground, and the soil was good. He named this place Henrico, after the Prince of Wales, but for the time being the settlement was postponed: it would be time enough after the next supply. Meanwhile the important thing was to turn out a plentiful supply of bricks, and to draw up his orders in a code of laws with Strachey's help. He was determined to break the spirit of the colonists before Sir Thomas Gates arrived to take over the Governorship.

Two men who had shirked their work in the claypit

owing to malaria were lashed to the triangles and flogged to death on his return to Jamestown. There was a marvellous improvement in the general health. A few men died at their work, but most of them got better and, in spite of executions, the death rate dropped.

One morning early in July the sentry at Point Comfort caught sight of a ship's masts and sails black against the sun, standing in from Chesapeake Bay. It was already close and the men in the fort hurried out from the blockhouse, pulling on their coats and screwing up their eyes against the sun to get a view of it.

'Spanish,' cried one. 'Aye, a Spanish carvel,' exclaimed others, as the ship beat down out of the flaming pathway to the sun. The waves danced in molten gold and, farther in, a field of blue with rare white toppings. The scent of the salt sea wind was delicious, the gulls cried, and the strange Spanish ship sailed directly for the entrance into the James river, but keeping out of range of the guns of the fort. Once she had passed Point Comfort she wore round and stood in towards the shelter of Kecoughtan Bay. Then, while she slowly beat up into the wind with her sails fluttering loose, a boat was seen to be lowered, and this was soon pulled ashore onto the sandy spit connecting Point Comfort with the mainland. Three men landed and began to approach the fort.

'We want a pilot to take us up the river,' shouted one of them in good English. Captain Davies was puzzled. England and Spain were not at war, but the Spanish laid claim to the whole of the New World, and they had been continually expected to attack the colony.

'I'll keep these three fellows as hostages while you go aboard, Clark, since they want a pilot,' he said.

But Clark, the pilot, was staring at the man who had hailed them.

'By the Lord Harry,' he whispered to Davies, 'but that is Frank Lymbry. He's an English renegade, and a pilot in the Spanish fleet. I spoke to him in Majorca three years back. I can lay my life it is the same man.'

'Well, I'll keep them prisoners while you go aboard and bring the ship to anchor off the fort.' Clark set off along the sand to where the Spanish ship's boat was waiting. He got into it, and they could see it being shoved off and then the men climbing out of it into the ship. The fluttering sails drew taut, the ship swung away in a great circle, and suddenly to their surprise they saw that she was not coming in to the fort, not going up the river either, but sailing directly out again into Chesapeake Bay.

'Fire a gun,' shouted Davies, but the cannon-ball, skipping on the water, sank far short of the swiftly sailing ship. In half an hour she was hull down on the horizon, and then Davies, more puzzled than ever, was planning to send the prisoners up to Jamestown under an escort.

It was odd; damned if he knew what to make of it. A suspicious noise made him turn his head sharply: one of the prisoners seemed to be choking, laughing, helpless in a fit of hysterical laughter. There was nothing to laugh over. The man staggered away and dropped down on a log. Then his laughter burst out again explosively. He abandoned all pretences, he lay back and yelled, howled, crowed like a cock, spat and was nearly sick.

Captain Davies turned indignantly from the little scarlet-faced man and looked enquiringly at his companions. 'He is a fool,' they said, hiding their own smiles. 'Stop, Perez. Stop, for God's sake. You will get us into trouble,' said

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Molina, the tall Spaniard, who was annoyed as well as amused.

'Trouble?' exclaimed Perez weakly. 'But we want to be in trouble, don't we? So long as they don't let us go.' He began drying his eyes feebly; but Francis Lymbry was not feeling so happy: he had recognised Clark, but he could not remember where he had seen him before. There might be other men who knew him in the colony, in which case he stood a good chance of being hanged as a renegade and a traitor.

Everyone at Jamestown thought that the Spanish carvel was a ship sent ahead to scout and spy out the way for the Spanish fleet, and when six tall ships were seen sailing up the James at the beginning of August, there was a general call to arms. The colonists fell in on shore, ready to repel a landing; the cannon were loaded and primed, and the three little ships, covered with armed boarding-parties, were got hastily under sail and kept manœuvring in the roadstead under the guns of the fort.

There had been such alarms before, and once more the Spanish fleet was found to be a new supply from England. It was Sir Thomas Gates, the new Governor, and his six ships brought three hundred more men for the colony, a hundred cattle and an immense quantity of provisions for the coming winter.

Dale was free now to plant his new settlement up the river, and while they were gathering the harvest and threshing it at Jamestown, he was building and impaling and dividing up the land. Gates had given him three hundred and fifty men, and the work of putting up palisades went like magic. After a month they had enclosed a fort of seven acres in extent with turrets at the corners,

had half-finished a big church and two large storehouses. Before the first cold nights there were enough houses finished to keep them all in the dry.

Dale's plan was to colonise all along the river on both sides of it and to run straight palisades right across the big loops, cutting off huge areas in which they could pasture their cattle and till their fields. There was trouble with the Indians at Appomattox, so that winter Dale decided to clear them out. Once again lines of guns were sent out cutting them off and encircling them. Several Indians were killed, their corn and village was captured and their land occupied and palisades started. It was so fruitful and so pleasant a spot that it was christened the New Bermudas, which was soon changed to Bermuda Hundred.

The following spring, after he had been out five years, George Percy, seeing that he had been superseded in authority and that neither Gates nor Dale would give him any post of profit in the government, decided to go home in the *Tryall*, a ship sent with a full cargo of cedar logs.

The same month Rolfe raked over his garden and made his tobacco seed-bed. The prosperity of Virginia had begun.

CHAPTER XX

IN the middle of the winter, about Christmas of the year 1612, ice covered every pond and lake and wrinkled its way far out into the rivers; the snow fell, thatching the cypresses and cedars and feathering the twiggy tracery of beech and maple. It was cold, and the dry air was like delicious fire. Every icy breath warmed the heart. Dogs barked and snapped at the snow. Men shouted to one another from far off.

With high moccasins which reached half-way up the leg, deerskin leggings onto the thigh, a doeskin petticoat, a feather cloak, in these Pocahontas danced and skipped in uncontrollable excitement as she waited in the early morning for the last farewell. She was going with her brother, two other boys and three girls, across country to the great fair which was due to take place on the Potomac. Since the snow had fallen, Powhatan and Raw-hunt had built two little sledges which the girls could draw behind them on which they could carry their food and robes and the bales of tobacco and bags of cowrie shell which they were taking to trade for soapstone, buffalo robes and beaver pelts. Pocahontas was sixteen years old.

Soon the party set out from Matchcot—two miles up the York river from the site of the old Werowocomoco—where Powhatan had made his new habitation. Crossing the ice over the frozen Porapotank Creek, they pushed up the river bank for a few miles, then, with the sun at their

backs, they climbed on to higher ground, following the trail which led to the Piscataway.

The little-trodden pathway was invisible, hidden under snow, and no hunter had been that way before them, but they went forward joyously without fear of losing it for long if they kept among the open trees on the highest ground. It was tumbled and confusing country, cut up by steep ravines and slopes, which ran down on every side to the twisting streams and swamps, but their path kept cleverly to the hill-tops, only descending once in the late afternoon, at Powcan to the headwaters of the Dragon Creek. The snow crunched firmly underfoot, the sun shone hot overhead, and after the first mile, Pocahontas threw her feather cloak over the loaded sled which she was drawing. Only her hands grew a little cold, and when she stopped on a hill-side to get her breath, she warmed them on her breasts, under her armpits, in the warm groove in the small of her back. She was so excited that she wanted to sing, but was too out of breath to speak. They would sing that night before they lay down to sleep about the fire in the woods.

Her brother and the two other young men went ahead, sometimes flitting aside into the woods to retrieve an arrow shot fruitlessly at a whisk of grey as a fox crossed their trail, while Pocahontas and the three other girls pulled in pairs at their little sleds, dragging them up the hills and checking them, with one girl at the back of each as they went down a slope.

It would be dark before they reached the Piscataway, and they decided to stop and make their camp on the high ground without descending to the creek, where they might be forced to join another party on its way to the fair from Mattaponi.

'There's water everywhere, thanks to the snow, but it will be cold,' said her brother. 'I'll keep you warm,' exclaimed the girl who had been pulling all the day on the same sled as Pocahontas. She was a short, round-nosed, impudent slut of sixteen. 'A hard pinch or a slap on the bottom is what she needs,' thought Pocahontas, but the boy only smiled rather disdainfully.

'There, under that tree,' he said, leading them off the trail and pointing to a great cedar. Under its branches there was a big circle free from snow. It was dark there and mysterious, and while the girls hauled the sleds up and gathered firewood, the boys cut two poles with crotches on their tops and three other saplings, with which they made the frame of a lean-to wind-break with its mouth down-wind facing the great cedar trunk.

Between them the fire was made with a sled drawn up on each side of it, and while the boys thatched the lean-to loosely with poles and twigs and branches, before spreading the roll of matting they had brought in one of the sledges over it, Pocahontas built up a little tent of shredded grape-vine bark and tiny twigs, unwrapped the hollow log in which the poplar punk still glowed and blew into it. She shook out a lump of charcoal and the ember grew under her blowing until at last a little flame wavered over it, the bark and twigs caught fire and soon the darkness was driven back by the beating flames. She could hear the boys chopping outside in the darkness, and the crash as they broke off a big bough; then they came into the light, shaking the snow off it, and the girls took the springy fans of fir as they stripped them off, and began to build a bed in the shelter of the lean-to, spreading deerskins over the boughs and their feather blanket robes on the top of all.

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They would not sing that night when they had eaten their meal of grilled venison, walnuts and raisins, washed down with a cup of hot snow water melted over the fire. They would not sing, for they were in strange country, and they did not want any Rappahannock hunter in the valley below to hear them, but while they lay close, with their arms twined about one another's shoulders, they would tell stories.

'Pocahontas, tell us a story.' 'Yes, Pocahontas, come on now. Tell us one of your silly, white man's stories.'

She shifted her position, so that she was lying on her stomach, with her elbows on the ground and her chin propped up in her palms. The fire scorched her face and shoulders, her brother began to run his fingers through her hair, which lay loose on her back, and the boy on the other side slipped his hand over her bottom. She swung her heels back to kick his arm away. Never mind . . . he was a dear. . . . 'In London town . . .' she began. The story was Dick Whittington, and her audience listened spell-bound.

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The snowfield on the plain high up the Potomac twinkled with the lights of a hundred fires. Dozens of tribes were represented in the crowd gathered there. Parties had come from the Iroquois in the north, from scattered branches of the Algonquin, from plains Indians from across the mountains. There were shacks of bark, brushwood and reed mats, and among them were even a few buffalo-skin lodges with towering, pointed tops. All day long the men wrangled and bought and sold, valuing soapstone, tobacco, bowls against cowrie shells, buffalo

hides against cured tobacco, stone arrow-heads against ingots of copper, and all the barefoot Potomac children ran wild over the beaten field of snow, gazing at the strangers, listening to their harsh and uncouth languages, begging from them, and boasting to them. Every evening there were songs and dances in some quarter of the camp, and the whole throng of Indians would gather round and press forward to see the foreign dance of some strange northern or western tribe.

One evening Pocahontas and her party heard that the medicine man was going to talk to the spirits in one of the buffalo lodges, so after dressing themselves in their best paint and feathers they went over to see.

The great hide tent was huge, big enough to hold seventy or eighty people, and the three boys and four girls were allowed to squeeze in and take back seats while the preparations were being made. They had been buying robes from these people, and so they weren't as afraid of them as they might have been. In the middle of the lodge, a little to one side of the big fire, four tall poles tied together at the top had been set up, and the square space beneath them was studded closely with sharp hickory spikes, leaving a tiny space in the centre in which a man might just stand.

The medicine man, naked except for his breech-clout, came in at the door and lay flat on the ground, while four men tied his toes, ankles, knees, thumbs and elbows tightly together with strips of raw-hide and then rolled him up in a buffalo robe, round which they wound yards of raw-hide rope. Then they set him up on his feet like a post.

Very slowly he made a little jump, then another, until,

like the winner of a sack race, he was skipping fast up and down, and then suddenly, with a mighty bound, he had landed in the tiny central space and stood swaying in the midst of the spikes.

He began to sing, and the visitors trembled at the foreign words, and pushed closer together, glad that they were sitting at the back, and that the lodge cover was just behind them; they could squeeze through and escape into the night. A strange inhuman voice, speaking words of an utterly unknown language, suddenly came from the top of the lodge, breaking in upon the medicine song. Then another voice was heard, then a third more horrible than either of the other two, and it seemed to Pocahontas that she could distinguish English words. . . .

It was the spirits, and while their voices grew louder and louder, the medicine man in the centre went on singing more and more softly until his song died away completely, and only the spirits could be heard conversing, in their terrible tongues, at the top of the great lodge. They were invisible; Pocahontas could see straight up through the smoke vent, and there was nothing to be seen but the projecting poles of the lodge and a few stars in the night sky. Louder and louder grew the terrible voices, one of them certainly using English words, and the medicine man, who had been looking up with sweat pouring down his face, began to question them. It was clear that he was only speaking to one of them, and that the others were interrupting angrily. A breath of wind struck the lodge, and the flames wavered in the draught. Again and again the medicine man repeated his questions, while the voices overhead grew more menacing and blasts of wind shook the great tent and blew the smoke about it.

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Pocahontas and her brother by this time were too frightened to escape; they cowered together in a panic of fear while the storm of wind rose and the blood-curdling voices bellowed at the intrepid questioner. Sparks flew wildly everywhere; the flames were blown out horizontally, the cover of the tent strained and shifted, the smoke vents flapped and banged on the cover. Suddenly the voices gave a final yell of hatred, coals flew, flames leaped in all directions and the medicine man had vanished! A voice called: Help, help! and lifting their eyes they saw that he was hanging stark naked, head downwards from the top of the tent. The spirits had grabbed him, but he had caught hold of the poles and got out of their hands.

Men and women rushed forward, and in the confusion Pocahontas and her brother slid under the cover and ran. The night was clear; it was very cold; not a breath of wind was stirring.

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Two months later Pocahontas still lingered on the Potomac, although her brother and her companions had returned to Matchcot with the results of their trading at the fair.

'Come over and fetch me in the spring,' she had said to him as they parted. She knew that she would be all right with Japazaws and his wife and she was glad to be separated for a time from Powhatan. They loved each other dearly, and their love was made up of daily quarrels and reconciliations only varied by quarrels which took longer to heal and left them unable to speak to each other for ten days.

She was almost seventeen: it was time for her to get

married and Powhatan spoke often of marrying her, but he could not endure to see her with any man that she liked. Whom did she like? Laughing, dancing, holding hands or embracing: all that was pleasant with very many men whose hard, lean bodies she might easily delight to run her hand over.

It was three years since she had given Smith up for dead, and it was no good thinking of the dead, but why had Savage left her? Tom was still only a boy, but he would make a man she could love, and he had seemed to belong to her. Then he had gone—rightly, for perhaps Powhatan might have killed him in one of his jealous fits.

Tom was the only white man who had known Smith whom she could possibly love: all the others she hated. Yet in spite of her hatred, she could not resign herself to marriage with an Indian who knew nothing of the English, since they made up her secret life which she must share with any man she loved. And this was just as true as it had been three years before, although she had not visited the English since the massacre of Ratcliffe and his men.

She dreamed of bells, of London churches from whose white steeples, touched by the rosy light of dawn, clouds of white pigeons shot up, spattering the blue sky. At other times a nightmare assailed her, and she saw a great cannon which she knew was primed and loaded and watched the sailors hauling its stiff muzzle down to point it at her. The gunner stood with a flaming torch in his hand. She knew that her body would be torn and mangled; her limbs were stiff with dread, but just as the flame descended she awoke, bathed in sweat, with the picture of the gun's recoil in her mind. . . .

Yes, she hated the white men: they were crueller than

the Indians, they would be cruel to her. She hated them passionately, for they had murdered Smith, who had sacrificed her for them. They were worthless, treacherous; she brooded on them continually and thought she was only happy when she could forget them.

A sail showed in the river, an English ship grew larger, swung round just off-shore into wind, dropped her anchor; a boat hit the water with a smack and was pulled ashore, and Pocahontas, watching, felt her heart stand still with a strange nostalgia and disgust. Smith had taken her aboard that very ship at Jamestown when she was but a child, and she remembered the rasping feeling of the rigging under her toes as she had jumped up the ratlines.

In that ship her Bear, whose life she had saved not once, not twice, but time and again, in that ship he had sailed up the rivers to rob her father, to burn and pillage her brother's and her uncle's towns. If he had been there how she would have run to welcome him! But he was dead, killed by his own people; perhaps some of the very men who had murdered him were on board. So she gazed from a distance and fell into a waking dream while Japazaws met Argall and they embraced and walked apart together. . . . Before they spoke of trade, the Indian asked the white man if he had his book with the pictures still, and told him that he had drawn a picture himself of the Great Hare and of the bags of little people and of the hairs sprouting into tiny deer. . . .

Pocahontas started with a feeling that something evil and unpleasant had happened to her, and, looking round, saw that a young English gallant was looking at her. Where had she seen those treacle-coloured eyes? The young man wore a brown velvet doublet with scarlet braid,

a little white ruff and a tiny, close-fitting hat with a curly white feather in it. His breeches were tight-fitting with green ribbons and he wore green baize stockings. There was a long, straight, Spanish rapier at his side. . . . It was Harry Spelman.

Trade went faster and more easily between these Potomacs and the English than it ever had upon the James or the Pamunkey. The crew of the ship were all kept on board, and in consequence there were no brawls, no sky-larking jokes, no private bargainings, and no sudden alarms and threats between armed men.

From a distance Pocahontas watched the English captain and his boat's crew upon the shore and the men moving upon the deck of the ship. She threw her head from side to side with half-shut eyes in disgust and in despair.

On board the English ship, Argall was saying to Japazaws: 'You cannot hide her from me, my brother. I know that she is here; we have seen her. If ever you want to serve me, now is the time: help me in this. I will forever be your friend. I must have her.' Japazaws was terrified, he objected continually that it was impossible; he began to make conditions.

Japazaws' wife was a silly woman, but she was still attractive, even beautiful, because of her large eyes, thick eyebrows and beautiful, golden colour. Her ugly husband used to tell her long stories and she would sit listening, rocking herself and nodding her head with her mouth open all the while, looking as though she were just going to interrupt, but saying nothing.

A little while after Japazaws came ashore from the ship, she suddenly began to raise a great lamentation because it was sailing the next day and she had never been on

board. Pocahontas listened astonished: she had never heard the woman speak of such a wish. What a queer creature she was! Why did she make such a fuss?

Japazaws ate stolidly and ignored her while she poured out her complaint, shrill, shrewish and intolerable. Then suddenly he lost his temper, seized hold of her, knocked her down and began to beat her. 'Whore, whore,' he shouted.

It was too disgusting, too silly, and how ugly the horrible man was! Pocahontas could not understand it. How could any man be so ugly and so lacking in dignity as this Potomac? He was contemptible. Think what Opechancanough put up with! With what a perfect grace of reasonableness he bore every reference to the wife who had left him. But the noise was too much.

'I've been on board their ships,' she said suddenly. 'They have never touched me!'

'If Pocahontas could go, why can't I?' the woman pleaded. It seemed to Pocahontas that she could not avoid being mixed up in the quarrel. She was being dragged into it by both of them. It was all because Japazaws only had one wife. Such marriages led to disgusting squabbles, and she remembered that she had never heard her father lose his temper with one of his women.

'You can go if Pocahontas goes with you.' That was the end of this surprising quarrel, and she would have to go on board again, have to look closely at these English. There was no help for it. The woman was imploring her, and she had been living in their house.

'Perhaps it is what I really wanted after all,' she thought, and sank into her old dreams of laughing cavaliers and ladies, riding upon horses; playing music, dancing at balls,

and a dream of great towns with interminable streets, empty at night, that led the tired reveller to a square with statues and a noble bridge spanning the river . . . the moon shining on the water which had been flowing for so many centuries about its piers. . . . London, Paris, Rome, Venice.

'Let's go on board then,' she agreed, disgusted with herself for giving way, and never guessing that she had fallen into a trap.

On the boat was the same rigging which she had loved to climb; the same ropes and chains lying loose on the narrow plank deck striped with pitch, and in the cabin the same table with wooden platters, knives and latten spoons, and seeing all these things again filled her heart with that violent sentimental nostalgia which is only felt by the very young about the very recent past.

Japazaws was enjoying himself hugely; he shook with amiability, and kept treading on Captain Argall's foot under the table and winking at him with his swimming, red-rimmed eyes. Then he pushed forward his mug with greasy fingers for more gin and water. Argall gazed at his Red Indian brother critically. He had cajoled, half-threatened and bribed Japazaws into betraying the girl. The Indian had kept his side of the bargain and would get his copper kettle, and Argall would keep the conditions that Pocahontas should receive no rough handling or bad usage. But all the same—it was too much! Why must the ugly brute keep on grinning and treading on his foot under the table? 'What a filthy old Jew,' he said under his breath, feeling a certain pleasure that the Indian should have shown himself inferior. He ignored the mug, thinking it better not to let him get more drunk than he was already.

CHAPTER XX

Then rising from the table he asked Pocahontas if she would step into the gunroom as he wanted to speak privately with Japazaws. She waited there, taking pains not to look at Captain Smith's bed in the corner, and keeping her eyes fixed on the bottle-racks of polished walnut which stood on each side of an elaborately painted coat of arms.

Argall called her back: 'Pocahontas, you must come with us and make peace for us with Powhatan before we let you go again.'

It seemed something had gone wrong with time. It had stopped. He had called her 'Pocahontas'. That meant that he had recognised her. 'Must . . . you must . . .'

Howls and lamentations had broken out from Japazaws and his wife.

'You must come. . . .' She was disgusted, ashamed.

'What a fool I've been. What a fool!' She hid her face in her hands without looking up to see the wailing hypocrites being pushed out of the cabin, or heeding their affectionate cries to her to keep up her courage, before they went ashore dancing merrily with their copper kettle.

They sent a boy on board with her things. Argall moved all the powder and arms out of the gunroom into another part of the ship, and gave her the bed in it. There was a key to the door, and that was some comfort. She locked it and unlocked it, as Powhatan had done in the house the Dutchmen had built for him.

She was in the hands of the traitors, the murderers, of her worst enemies.

CHAPTER XXI

BESSIE and Molly Gates were happy, healthy girls who ran wild without a mother's care in Jamestown. Their father was under their thumbs, moreover he had suffered from malaria all the winter, and was always ill. For this reason he could exercise little authority over their rampageous spirits, and was only too happy to hear from their laughter that so far they had escaped the disease.

In spite of continual warnings of the danger from savages, they roamed where they liked, often venturing alone outside the palisades, along the shore to the end of the island.

'Well, I can't help it. If I'm kidnapped I shall just have to marry a savage,' said Bessie to the Reverend Richard Buck, when he expostulated and threatened tale-bearing to Sir Thomas Dale, since they only laughed when he menaced them with their father.

'That will be Pipisco,' whispered her younger sister in her ear, and Bessie suddenly blushed a fiery red, which was so pitiful and so pretty that the young clergyman did not know whether to look away or not, and contented himself with clicking his tongue deprecatingly.

'Perhaps we should convert the savages, Dickie. Perhaps it would be God's will,' said Molly to draw his attention away from her silly sister.

'You won't find them so easy to twist round your fingers,' replied Mr. Buck, who hated being called Dickie

to his face. 'Now mind, if either of you goes outside the palisades again, I shall tell Mr. Strachey, who will go straight to Sir Thomas Dale. You'll be set in the stocks until the next ship sails for England.' But his threats were drowned in shrieks of laughter.

When Captain Argall returned, these young ladies took possession of his prisoner. In vain Argall declared that Pocahontas would escape unless she were locked into the cabin of the pinnace, in vain he threatened that if she were to escape Powhatan would kill all the Englishmen he held as hostages.

Molly nodded her head wisely and Bessie said: 'Quite so. Of course, Captain Argall. That would be dreadful.' Half an hour later they reappeared with their father on their arms, to look at the Indian princess and to take her back to live with them until the pinnace had finished unloading.

So, from the first moment of her arrival, instead of being locked up throughout the spring days in a smell of bilgewater, Pocahontas was free to roam about Jamestown enjoying the companionship of two girls of about her own age, and what was the more important, to bathe in the river while they sat on the bank. Later on in the summer she taught them to swim.

'Don't escape, will you?' begged Molly. 'If you do we shall never be allowed to do anything again, and father will have us sent home. They say also that your father will kill all his hostages if you escape.'

Pocahontas smiled at this childishness. 'No, I won't escape just yet. I don't want to say good-bye when I have just met someone I like very much.' Bessie coloured with pleasure.

'Will you be converted?'

'Will you learn to read and write English?'

'Will you let us make you a dress?'

There could be no doubt about the answer to the last of these questions, and the laughing Indian girl was made to try on all of Bessie's dresses to find what suited her the best, and then their maid, Ann, was called in to help them to cut out and to try on.

For a little while they ceased being tomboys and became womanly young ladies. Ann had to unpick and sew up Molly's work, and the only one who never lost patience with stuff, pins, needles, cotton and the lost thimble was Pocahontas herself, who sat smiling and watching, taking in everything she saw and turning it over in her own mind. Once she had sat under a tree with Captain Smith while he darned his own stockings, but he had been quite calm and had talked about other things. It was very different from this dressmaking.

The dress consisted of a yellow velvet bodice, cut very low indeed over the breasts and running down to a point in front, and a very full skirt of brown figured material. It was too good to wear except on Sundays, and Pocahontas was glad to wear a cut-down, workaday linen dress which had belonged to Lady Gates. Stockings she refused, and kept her moccasins, which she found far more comfortable than shoes.

After the first week, when the pinnacle had been unloaded and cleaned out, she went back to live there. The three Spaniards were put next door, but since Lymbry proved to be an unpleasant neighbour, the Spaniards were moved out into the *Deliverance* after the first night.

Every day began for Pocahontas with a bathe, and,

when she had dried herself and dressed in her cabin, either Bessie or Molly was sure to come to fetch her to breakfast at their new brick house. In the morning they had to work in the house, and Pocahontas would go back to tidy her cabin before Mr. Buck came to expound Scripture or teach her to read and write. But in the afternoons the three girls would go off together on a long ramble round the fort, and Pocahontas would look about for old and familiar faces among the colonists, though these were few enough and often so changed and wasted by disease that she failed to recognise them.

A messenger had been sent off to Powhatan, directly that Argall had got back to Jamestown, to tell him that his daughter was a prisoner and to demand the return of all the Englishmen he held prisoners, or who had found an asylum with him from Dales' severities, and also all the arms in his possession, or stolen from the English at various times, of which a list was attached.

The messenger returned to report Powhatan's distress, for the ransom demanded was one which it was impossible for him to pay. The stolen arms had not even all passed through his hands, and now were scattered through all the tribes, friendly and hostile, within a month's journey. However, the men could be found even if the arms could not, and seven runagates and prisoners were sent back shortly afterwards, and their escort asked for Pocahontas in exchange. The request was refused; they were told that she would only be handed over on delivery of the arms, and, without being allowed to see her, the Indians were forced to return.

Mr. Buck had always hoped for a convert, but he had never imagined that the work of conversion would be so

agreeable. He had pictured himself as 'wrestling with Satan' and overcoming that terrible adversary by the most tremendous demonstrations of Religious Truth. Satan, however, on this occasion, seemed to have run off with his tail between his legs, and there was not much more difficulty about winning her soul from hell than ordinarily attends washing off man's original sin by the act of baptism.

With his Bible under his arm he would stump down to the wharf and climb up the gangway onto the *Discovery*, and call out to his pupil, who would welcome him into her cabin with a lively smile, and there would follow an hour's lesson of the most delightful kind imaginable. Pocahontas believed everything he told her, believed it fully, completely accepting it all as literally true. The only difficulty she experienced was in remembering it. Each morning she had to tell him in her own words the gist of what they had read together the day before, and when she confused the names she was so penitent and downcast that he could not find it in his heart to scold her. Her large black eyes were fixed on his as he spoke, and she listened meekly and reverently to the story of Joseph and Pharaoh and the plagues of Egypt. After Scripture came reading and writing, which at first presented much more difficulty. For over a month she struggled fruitlessly with the alphabet, then suddenly one morning he found that she had discovered the idea of writing for herself, and had shakily drawn out a number of words to show him. Thereafter writing was an art which needed nothing but practice. Spelling was freer in those days, and all that she had to learn was to draw the letters decently and learn them all by heart. Reading was more difficult, for she was slower to divine the sounds

of words spelt by others than to put together words of her own. Yet she was a more willing pupil than many English boys, and her master had reason to be proud of her.

Bursting in on them, came the shouts and squeals of Bessie and Molly as they tumbled down the ladder:

'Come on, Pocahontas. Lesson time's over.'

'Hullo, Duckie Buck. Luncheon. Let her go.'

'No more pothooks and hangers to-day.'

The young clergyman flushed with annoyance. 'You must not dare to call her by that heathenish name. It is a name of sin, given her by the devil. Remember that she is Rebecca now.'

'Oh, that's all right,' exclaimed Molly with relief. 'I was afraid you were just going to say that I must not dare call you Duckie, and then I shouldn't know what to call you. Well, come on, Pocabecca. Hurry up. I'll call you that because you're still half a savage and only half a Christian.' And bumping and banging, kicking, shouting and clattering, they bounded on deck with his pupil and carried her off with their arms round her waist.

Early one afternoon in June, the three girls passed by Rolfe's garden beside the river. He was on his hands and knees weeding his seed-bed of tobacco plants with the point of his jack-knife, and all that the girls could see of him were his elbows, the soles of his boots and the seat of his oldest pair of breeches. He was unconscious that he was being looked at. The sun was hot, the air steamy and the damp, rich soil was warm and crumbled at a touch. The little plants were growing thickly, every seed seemed to have sprouted, and he was thinking that he would soon have to begin pricking them out, and the thought of how

large an area they would cover and how tall they would grow made him feel very happy.

Perhaps the seat of his breeches expressed something of his bliss; at all events it excited Bessie Gates to an outburst of mirth, and her giggles infected Molly. The sound of their laughter roused Rolfe from his dream; he straightened his back and turned his head to find himself looking up into the grave face of a lovely Indian girl, who had seen nothing ridiculous in his attitude, and had stepped forward and was addressing him.

'Are you the only one here who grows tobacco?' she asked.

'Yes,' he answered. 'I'm the only one so far. There will be others.'

They looked at each other and smiled, united at once by a common interest and by something else. The other girls had laughed at him: he knew that, but the fact no longer irritated him. He was looking at the Indian girl's black hair which fell down onto the point where the cheek and neck met, just below the ear. It was coarse and wiry like the strands of a horse's mane. He stood up. No, he wasn't interested in other girls. They had ceased to exist.

'They are very thick,' she said, bending over the seed-bed. 'You must pull them out.'

'Yes, they are crowded. I shall start planting them out soon.'

'I always grow tobacco at home,' she said. 'My plants smoke very cool. Powhatan says they make the best tobacco. That's because I don't leave many leaves on them.'

'What do you mean?' he asked.

'Only six or eight leaves,' she said. 'That's the way. But Powhatan will have to smoke someone else's growing this winter.'

Bessie and Molly had hung back to hide the blushes that had followed after their giggles were detected; now they called to Pocahontas, and she said good-bye to her new friend and rejoined them.

'Why did you speak to him?' they questioned her.

'I like him. He's a good man. He grows tobacco,' she answered, and they let the mystery drop.

Half an hour later they were all three splashing each other merrily in the mouth of the Back river where they bathed.

But the happy companionship of the young convert and the governor's daughters was not to last long. In July Bessie fell ill with malaria, and directly the bout was over Sir Thomas Gates decided to send his daughters back to England by the next boat, which was sailing in a few days. The climate was terrible. Jamestown was no place for young ladies; he could not have them running about with savages when they ought to be learning to sing and to speak French and Italian. There had been complaints about them already in the colony, and he reproached himself for his selfishness in keeping them so long with him. He ought to have sent them back at once after their mother's death. He had said he would time and again, and this time they should go.

So, in spite of their protests, they were packed off on board the *Star*, and left the colony in tears, consigned to the care of their aunt, a very dragon of a woman.

When they had gone, Pocahontas found that she had much less liberty. She was still invited to dine at the

Governor's table, but her happy rambles were over. She was not allowed ashore alone, and her walks were henceforth in the company of Mr. Buck. It was not surprising that they were very often in the direction of Rolfe's garden, where they would find him working alone, or leaning on his hoe, talking to his friend Hamor.

The plants had been set out in long rows and were growing fast, and often while Buck and Rolfe dropped into conversation, Pocahontas would gently take the hoe and work down the rows, while Rolfe would let his eye rest on her stooping shoulders with a strange contentment.

'You've got a labourer to work for you now,' said Mr. Buck.

'I wish she could stop longer. I've got to set out another piece of land to-morrow. I've got my second sowing to plant out.'

'There's no reason why she shouldn't work with you, if she likes. But what can you want to do with so much tobacco?' For Mr. Buck did not smoke.

Stooping sent the blood to the head; when they straightened their backs and looked at each other, everything looked dark: a dark face, a dark smile and a dark sky behind. The sky became blue again, the river flashed and danced, but the dark face of Pocahontas and her smile remained dark, mysterious and desirable.

Why did she work for him for nothing? Why was he so happy when she was there? Was everything he had longed for coming true? And fear of the future, the future which holds age and age's evils and death for all of us, and bitter, bitter deceptions, disappointments and regrets as numerous as the hairs which whiten or fall from our

heads, that fear came over him and sent him down on his hands and knees again to find refuge from it in dibbling the holes and sticking in the young plants and ramming the earth as tightly as he could about their roots.

'Never mind. Never mind. I'm happy. Perhaps I shall go on being happy. But why? How should I be?' he questioned. Then, his eye falling on the curves of the girl's breast as she straightened herself and slowly walked away to the end of the row to fetch the watering can, he found the answer. 'It's because she loves God. Her soul is safe. She is a Christian.'

The stream of water fell on the parched earth which drank it up with a little gasp, a little sucking sigh as the last drop vanished, leaving only a ring of puddled moisture, and she moved on to the next plant.

As she came past him their eyes met and they smiled and he held his hand out underneath the stream. How cool! How delicious!

Without a word she lifted the can and poured a stream over his head. The water poured from his dark curls and washed the sweat from his forehead. A lot went down the back of his neck and the length of his spine, wetting his shirt.

He spluttered with the shock of the water.

'Do you like that?' she asked, amused by his ecstasies. This was the most intimate contact that occurred between them as they worked together that summer, more intimate even than long looks from which the first smile faded and which ended in a mutual fear—not of each other, but of something outside them, more powerful than themselves.

One day when Sir Thomas Gates was well enough to

take his seat at the head of his own table, she asked him quietly: 'Will you tell me the truth about Namontack? He was my father's most trusted man and I loved him as a child.'

Sir Thomas started and gazed at her with kindness. He had been thinking about his arrears of pay.

'What's that? Namontack? I've heard the name. I think I knew the man.'

'He went on a second visit to England. Did he die there, was he killed, is he still living there or what happened to him?'

Sir Thomas Gates stared and pondered, then he remembered. 'That Indian of Newport's who was missing in Bermuda, he ran off into the woods and didn't come back, so we sailed without him. We left two other men there, too. Machumps will tell you all about him.' And Sir Thomas Gates turned and said to his lieutenant: 'If Machumps is anywhere in Jamestown tell him to come along this evening.'

'Yes, it was a queer business. Namontack could speak English fairly well. It was his second visit. Both of the Indians came back in the *Sea Venture* with Newport and Summers and myself and were wrecked with us. Then Namontack disappeared. A queer business.'

That evening Machumps came in. He was a dark, bullet-headed Indian, wearing a pair of padded, blue satin breeches to below the knees, and a high crowned felt hat with an eagle's plume in it which he took off on entering the room. Sir Thomas Gates pushed back his chair, and Strachey, Hamor and Tom Savage drew up their chairs in a semi-circle.

Pocahontas sat motionless with her hands in her lap.

She was wearing her low-necked velvet dress and had a tinsel network over her hair. Her English clothes were still a trouble to her; she moved with her natural freedom in them but very slowly, and her ample movements acquired the majesty which comes to the wearers of coronation robes. She held her head erect, had no gestures when she spoke, and the only movement was the rising and falling of her short thick breasts set high up, their nipples barely hidden by the rich egg-yellow of her bodice which rose behind her neck to support a yellow starched ruff which made it difficult for her to turn her head very far.

Gates and Strachey had been used to meeting fine ladies of higher rank in England, and the girl beside them dominated them by her dress and her dignity. She was no savage child whom they had kidnapped in order to blackmail her doting father, but a princess of a royal house whom it was necessary to treat with chivalry and deference.

She asked short questions, and Machumps answered slowly, picking his words, at great length, but, except for Tom, the watching spectators could understand little of what was said and looked amused or puzzled from her hard, unsmiling face with tight, contemptuous lips, to Machumps, who explained slowly, patiently and with difficulty. They knew what the enquiry was about and were even interested in what result was arrived at, but it was boring to sit and listen to the short repeated questions which the girl put to him obstinately again and again.

Pocahontas was quick to notice their restlessness, for, when Machumps had finished, she turned to Sir Thomas Gates and said in English: 'You came to us as strangers from across the sea, and, to learn more of you, Powhatan

sent Namontack to your country. He came back once, and, to test the truth of what he said, Powhatan sent him back a second time with this man to travel with him. He is the brother of Winganuske, the latest of Powhatan's wives, and he was bound to Powhatan as his servant. He was doubly bound to Namontack to serve him and help him and obey him, for Namontack commanded and they were among strangers. Yet here he is, and when I question him he tells me lies. I can't believe a word he says.'

'Well, what ought we to do, Strachey?' asked Sir Thomas Gates.

'It may be our fault, Sir Thomas, and not this Indian's, for leaving the other man behind.'

'Then Machumps should have stayed also,' said Pocahontas doggedly. 'I think he should be beaten until he tells the truth, because I know he is lying.'

'Well, we'll adjourn now and think it over,' said Sir Thomas.

'Machumps will run away unless you chain him up,' said Pocahontas. 'If you let him stay free I shall know you are not in earnest and shall tell Powhatan you wanted him to escape.'

The girl's face was impassive; she was determined to carry her point.

'Oh, well, Strachey, give an order for him to be kept in irons to-night on one of the boats.' Machumps rubbed the palms of his hands together in fear and cleared his throat to speak, Pocahontas walked out of the room without a smile, without looking at him, without expression of any kind.

Machumps lay in irons in the hold of the *Discovery*. It was pitch dark, and he could hear Pocahontas moving and

knew that he was altogether in her power. He could just catch an almost inaudible murmur; he thought that she was speaking to the ghost of Namontack and sweated with terror. Actually she was repeating part of the Catechism as she took off and folded away her grand dress. At last he could hear her coming to him. There was the sound of her footsteps, and then her fingers sliding over the wall of the bulkhead. Then she stooped and felt for the chained man in the darkness.

At the touch of her cool hand and the sound of her calm, quiet voice, Machumps started convulsively and whimpered: 'I'll tell you the truth. I'll tell you everything. I killed Namontack; I hit him with an axe from behind while he was stooping, while we were out hunting together. Then I dug a grave with the axe and with my hands, but I could not make it long enough, so I cut his legs off and threw them on top of him.'

Pocahontas was invisible and silent in the darkness; he could not hear her breathing or feel her near him; she seemed to have vanished, until at last she spoke.

'Then it is not worth while my doing anything about it.'

'Will you tell Powhatan?'

'No, I think not. It will upset him, and his killing you can do no good to anybody. It would not even console him, knowing for certain of his loss.'

She turned away with her heart beating irregularly, sickened and yet feeling oddly proud. In the darkness she seemed to see Namontack standing before her with his big glowing eyes, his curly lips and heavy eyebrows.

'Why did he kill you?' she asked the vision. It was too late to ask Machumps that, and she did not speak to him again on the subject.

CHAPTER XII

THE summer waned into autumn, and Rolfe and Pocahontas moved, hidden from each other in the shadow of the tall tobacco plants, which fell, almost like trees, into the arms of the reaper. A month later they were in the midst of curing the leaves, and it was not until Christmas that the whole harvest was packed into barrels, waiting and ready for the next ship, and they saw them hoisted on board and stowed safely in the hold when Sir Thomas Gates left the colony in February 1614, resigning the Governorship to Sir Thomas Dale.

In the last two years the complaints of Dale's severity had somewhat died down; the new settlements of Henrico and Bermuda had been impaled and fortified, houses and churches had been built, the virgin forests felled, the fields and pastures fenced in, much had been ploughed and had already yielded a crop of corn. All this work had been accomplished by discipline enforced and backed up with the whip, the stocks, the gallows.

Naturally enough, Dale's reputation was that of a martinet, whose will was arbitrary and inflexible, and there were very few besides Strachey who could speak to him freely or criticise his actions. Many indeed admired him: they said that in the three years he had been out the colony had become almost self-supporting, that there had been no famines, that its area had been multiplied by ten and its death-rate reduced to a tenth, and that all these improvements were due to the ruthlessness of Dale.

The easy-going unemployed shopman, weaver or mechanic who had been induced to emigrate because he was always the first man to be sacked from any job and the last man to be re-engaged, and who demanded maintenance in the colony as a right, felt very differently towards the commander, who ordered him to be given a good flogging while he was sick, and expected him to work under the burning sun so long as it was light. The private captain with the inclination, but not the courage, to turn pirate, who thought that he had come out in order to trespass with impunity on Tom Tiddler's ground, liked him still less, but knuckled under rather than end his life upon the gallows. Whilst Gates was the Governor, he had administered Jamestown and the new settlement at Kecoughtan, and Dale had been given a free hand up the river, so naturally when he came down to take command with increased powers, he was in the position of a new broom.

One of his first decisions was to come to a final agreement with Powhatan.

'Hang me up for a Priapus, but that girl has been here a year! Her father will have forgotten her if we don't hurry up!' he exclaimed, and Strachey laughed and told him that she had been converted and baptized. 'So much the better. She can baptize that blasted old heathen her father.'

On Dale's arrival, Pocahontas was deprived of her liberty, because her gaoler was afraid of the new Governor, but Rolfe was allowed to see her on board. One morning in March he burst in on Buck and his pupil, and asked to speak to Rebecca alone. His face was white; he was scarcely able to speak with agitation, and it was clear that something serious was the matter. Buck crossly gathered up

his books, and went on deck. He could not approve of secrets and private conversations between men and women. He decided to take friend Rolfe aside and drop him a hint.

'The new Governor is going to sail up the Pamunkey next week to see Powhatan and exchange you for what he can get,' Rolfe blurted out as soon as they were alone together.

Pocahontas smiled and remained unmoved by the news.

'You don't want to go, do you?' he asked. 'You remember what you said to me when you promised not to escape? "I want to stay with you, not to go home".'

'I don't want to be a prisoner all my life.'

Rolfe caught hold of her by the wrist and shook her arm angrily. Her calm exasperated him. 'You want to leave me then? But I can't let you go. I love you.' He dropped the arm he was shaking, and put his hand on her shoulder, held her by both shoulders while she gave him a long look. Then he hugged her to him, and began kissing her.

Pocahontas lay perfectly quiet in his arms, with a look of faint surprise and exhaustion on her face. Then clutching his hand, she laid his fingers on her breast.

From the deck, Buck was calling down: 'Here's Hamor come to see you, Rebecca.' Rolfe let go of her, then as she went to the foot of the companion, he stretched out his hand uncertainly to stop her, and asked: 'But you don't want to leave me, do you? You don't want never to see me again?'

Pocahontas smiled, and taking his outstretched hand in both of hers, she gently tickled the palm with her finger.

In an instant she had sprung up the ladder, and had joined the others. Rolfe never forgot that moment: the intense surprise of the touch of her finger in his palm, and the shock of realising that it meant that she loved him, and bound up with these was the picture of her turning and scrambling, with flying moccasins and golden ankles and calves, up the ladder away from him.

When Hamor and the other two men had gone, she unrolled the bundle of her Indian clothes and looked at them with pleasure.

Rolfe could not sleep; all night his mind trudged to and fro through the maze of self-questioning, self-torture, and self-deception which accompanies making any decision to do something, when one is in love. To brood, to hide, to be, to bask in the sunshine of the loved object, of such moods love is made. Decisions, proposals, acts torture it into absurdities. So Rolfe had been happy with the girl whilst they had worked together reaping the tobacco, turning the damp leaves in the sun, digging the ground in autumn, and throwing it into ridges to catch the frost. There had been times when their eyes had met and lingered, when his arms had ached to catch hold of her body, and act over again the moments when he possessed her in his sleep. He had felt unsatisfied desire, but the body's ache of lust had been happy, for he had been living in the one way in which love can thrive: from one moment to the next, never questioning, never doubting that the morning will bring the happiness of companionship.

Suddenly all was changed. He was to lose her; she was being sent away out of his reach, before he knew himself what exactly it was that he wanted. But what did she want?

Would she stay in the colony and remain a Christian if she were free to choose? 'If she goes back she will be married to a painted savage and will become a heathen again. We shall lose the soul we have saved for God.'

With this thought strongest in his mind, he rose early and went straight to the pinnace. The sun was rising, the tide was at the flood and there was not a breath of wind to ruffle the water and—as often happens near high tide—the ship was rocking gently for no visible reason; the air was fresh, almost chilly.

He called out to her and blinked as he went down the ladder, trying to see after having the sun, and the molten fire from it down the river, in his eyes, and Pocahontas threw open the door and remained standing in it. She was naked except for her Indian petticoat of white doeskin. He had not seen her in her savage dress for many months; it seemed almost that he had not looked at her before. Her body was very round, cylindrical; her thick short breasts were high up, with blunt, round nipples like blobs of dark earth squashed down on a gold statue. There was some tattooing like lace-work on her arms above the elbow. As she turned he could see her coarse hair hanging loose and thick over her shoulders, and the simple groove that ran down her back broadened out and was lost under the belt of her petticoat. Without being fat, her whole body was oddly simple: not made of pieces jointed together, but all one piece.

Granite statues have this quality, for their hardness discourages fussiness in detail, yet this was not the simplicity of sand-polished stone but rather that of a plant growing fast and swelling with clear sap.

She looked at Rolfe as though surprised to see him, then

laughed at his expression of serious astonishment and at the blood coming up into his face.

Quietly he put down his pipe and took hold of her, for he was burning like a dull ember, but when he had touched the smooth drum of her body and run his hand over the cool surface and felt the swell of a breast, the polish over hard bone, and the sudden stubborn hair springing up, he grew faint, weak with desire, and fell back against the cabin wall.

Feeling her power then, seeing him stunned by it, she gave a low cry of delight and pressed herself on him, pushed him back, enlaced, entangled, smothered him with caresses and murdered him slowly, torturing him with her unexpected embrace.

She lay exhausted, too weak to say articulately what her body was telling him: 'Look, do you think now that I want to leave you? Do you think now that I can love?' But unable to speak, she was content to gaze with adoring eyes, while Rolfe groped back to consciousness like a man who has been sandbagged and robbed and looks about him—at the sky and the grass, and then begins to gather up his worthless belongings, scattered whilst his pockets were being rifled.

Illusion plays its part in falling in love, and Rolfe had made for himself a strange figure of Pocahontas: pure, humble, chaste, zealous to walk in the way of the Lord, and the daughter of an Emperor. She was none of these. But such illusions are like the mirage of the deserts: they disappear and one walks right through them, and they rise up after one in their former shapes. His passion was multiplied ten times by the reality, yet, as soon as they had separated, he began to build up the figure of his imagina-

tion—that doppelgänger which so many husbands prefer to their wives, and wives to their husbands, and which in the end destroys real love, masking one lover from the other and making real contact impossible between them. And then the doppelgänger, having done its evil work, vanishes like a djinn, leaving two strangers face to face.

‘She will become a heathen again,’ Rolfe said directly he had left her. ‘At the first word of going back she has abandoned decent dress; abandoned decency and modesty.’ For she would never have behaved in that way in Lady Gates’s workaday linen frock. But at the back of his mind was something far worse than Pocahontas in nothing but a doeskin kilt; there was the figure of an Indian brave in all his finery of paint and feathers, and this painted figure disturbed him so terribly that he called aloud, in anguish: ‘Oh God, I swear that I will consider nothing in this save the good of the colony. I will obey Thy Will in all things. ‘If I were to lose her I should be out of temptation.’

But the thought of losing her was unbearable, and threatened to bring back the thought of the painted warrior.

‘But if I were to marry her? I should thereby save her immortal soul—(I should save her from the painted Indian). I might be the means of bringing peace to the colony and of converting thousands of the savages, doing that work of which so many have spoken and which only here, with Pocahontas, has been begun.’

Marry Pocahontas! That seemed the only way, and he decided that he must speak to Mr. Buck and to Hamor about it and ask their advice. But as he waited after knocking on the clergyman’s door, it flashed upon him that such a marriage was folly, or worse. She was half-naked, with nothing to commend her. She was barbarous in every-

thing and of an accursed generation, spawned in sin. She would grow old and ugly very soon. He could enjoy her without marriage and expiate his sin by repentance when he had tired of her. By marrying her he might make himself an outcast.

'Come in,' cried Richard Buck, and at once Rolfe began speaking of his project and saying that in all this he was thinking only of the Will of God and of Pocahontas' salvation.

Mr. Buck asked him almost at once if he had had carnal knowledge of the girl, which Rolfe vigorously denied. In his heart the clergyman was delighted by the proposal; he foresaw that Pocahontas would have a public wedding in which he would officiate, eclipsing altogether Whitaker and the other ministers up the river. But it was essential, of course, to raise objections and to consider every side of the matter. So love, which had tormented itself already, had to torture itself afresh and to lie and perjure itself more than ever. For this time there were two respectable men, one of them a clergyman, who had to deceive themselves successfully and then deceive each other, and Mr. Buck had to confound poor Rolfe with Ezra, chapters ix. and x., which seemed to dispose once and for all of the possibility of such a marriage, only to puzzle and console him with the congenial directions of Deuteronomy xxi.

The pinnacle was being cleaned out, provisioned, rigged, and equipped to take its part in the new voyage up the Pamunkey, which was to be a demonstration in force: a hundred and fifty men transported in a fleet of four ships. In the bustle and confusion which attended these preparations, it became difficult, and then impossible, for Rolfe to see Pocahontas alone.

His state of mind was terrible. He had brought himself to the point of deciding to marry her, but by then it was too late. He could not hope to do so without Sir Thomas Dale's consent, and the Governor would not abandon the expedition which he had organised with such care. If only Gates and his daughters had been still out in the colony, it would have been easy to arrange.

In the middle of March the ships sailed, and Rolfe was able to volunteer and go on board ship with Dale, Hamor, and Pocahontas herself. Thanks to Hamor, he was able to see her sometimes, and to talk with her, and she was surprised by his agitation. To her mind there was nothing irrevocable in being taken home, a distance of only sixteen miles in a direct line.

'I can always come back for you if I am exchanged,' she said.

'But Powhatan won't let you. He'll find you a husband and marry you off at once.' And Rolfe's face was so full of the horror he felt for the painted warrior that she could not help laughing. Rolfe had hit the mark: it was to avoid disputes about marriage that she had remained quietly at Jamestown without making any attempt to escape. But when Rolfe spoke of such a marriage she laughed it off as a joke.

'If I were married, I would run off with you, and we could live together somewhere in the woods like Pipisco.'

'I should be hanged,' he exclaimed, horrified by the suggestion. 'They say that Dale is going to hang all the men who have gone to live with the Indians, if we can get them back from Powhatan.'

Pocahontas laughed. 'There is not much chance of your

escaping a hanging, Rolfe, and if you do my husband will scalp you,' she said, and ran her finger through his hair, for its curliness was a continual source of pleasure.

The ships put in to Timberneck Creek, where Powhatan had had his solid house with a fine hearth and chimney built for him. Directly they were within hailing distance they were greeted with defiant shouts. 'Why have you come up our river? Keep off or we will serve you as we did Ratcliffe.'

From the ships they shouted back: 'We've brought Pocahontas to get her ransom,' but such words were not much heeded, for the next instant a shower of arrows fell on board, one of which struck a sailor in the middle of his forehead, penetrating the brain and killing him on the spot.

Dale, who did not wish to begin with a pitched battle, ordered Argall to haul off out of bowshot. Then the boats were manned with landing parties, and sent ashore, while the Indians were put to flight by a few salvos from the ships' guns. The whole town, including Powhatan's new English house, was set on fire at various points. At sunset the boats came back loaded with loot: Indian robes, furs, deerskins, and feather blankets, moccasins, fishing lines, pipes and such curiosities which they exhibited to those who had remained on board. The flames leapt up as darkness drew in, and Pocahontas, who had felt the greatest excitement as the ships beat up Chesapeake Bay, and then, early that afternoon, had turned and run before the wind up the estuary and past Tyndall's Point into the river, and who then had been violently angry with her father's people, gazed at the burning town with extraordinary agitation. The flames broke through and danced

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along the roof of the long house and swept up higher into the sky.

‘How many more towns shall I see burned?’ she wondered. ‘Will the fools have learned their lesson, or will all York river be laid waste? It’s on my account, I suppose.’ She felt such intense scorn that it produced discomfort: cramp in her fingers, slight giddiness, a pain in her stomach. She had been interested and impressed by the discipline and calm of the English.

There was the tramp of feet, a crowd was forming up on the poop, and then the burial service was being read over the body of the sailor who had been killed. It was night, a wind from the East brought the salt smell of the sea; there was the call of the wild geese travelling north through the night. Pocahontas, standing between Rolfe and Hamor, bent her head in prayer. The body, sewn in sailcloth and heavily weighted, shot over the side into the water, and the dancing ripples shone red with the reflection from the glow of her father’s burning houses.

CHAPTER XXIII

NEXT morning they weighed anchor and sailed up the river, but as there was next to no wind, and the tide was against them, they made slow progress, and put into Capahosic about four miles up the coast. It was a small village, and they were not expected by the Indians to land, but there was a big crowd of people on the shore: many of the refugees had come up there to sleep the previous night, and had remained talking over their losses and undecided whether to return home or to follow the white men's ships up the river and see what was going to happen next.

With these there were also a great many who had come down the river to hear the news of the burning village at first hand, and to get a nearer view of the ships. But the crowd was mixed, there were numbers of women and children and old people; there was no special body of armed warriors, and it was not prepared to fight.

'Why do you burn our houses?' was the question which rose above the other shouts as the boats came in to land.

'Why do you shoot at us?' answered the English, and the Indians fell back upon excuses: the arrows had been shot by strangers from another village, the English renegades had run away into the woods—and that at least was true—and Powhatan had sent his men after them to capture them and bring them back. The English arms

were being collected, and would be brought to them there the next morning.

Locked up in her cabin and listening to what she could hear of this rigmarole being shouted from the shore, Pocahontas became more and more depressed. It seemed to her that it was clear that Powhatan no longer loved her, and that he did not think she was worth buying back for a few swords and muskets. He would have come himself or sent Rawhunt or one of her brothers if he still loved her—but it was plain that he did not.

For a year he had done nothing or almost nothing; he had not even offered a ransom of corn in place of the English renegades, if he felt bound in honour not to sacrifice their lives. He had done nothing; he had not moved to ransom her, and now it was to be proved to the English that he did not love her at all. She, the Nonparell of Virginia, Powhatan's special darling, was to be made to suffer the most bitter humiliation. Thrust out by the English, she was not wanted by her own people. Not one of her family had come and asked to see her. She remembered that Powhatan had suddenly grown very old and feeble, that he was growing forgetful—perhaps in the past year he had lost his memory.

She did not look up when Rolfe came into her little cabin or answer when he spoke, but her expression of misery consoled him since he fancied that she was thinking of their separation.

'Would you marry me and live with me in Jamestown?' He could hear the tramp of feet above; everyone in the boat was on deck, and in the excitement he was not likely to be missed. It was the first chance which had offered of his speaking with her alone since they had sailed

from Jamestown. But she would not answer him, and he kept pressing her with questions and at last grew angry and began shaking her as he held her in his arms, and then, kissing her and shaking her again, until at last she said: 'Yes, Kacoum' (that is Captain, which is the title she usually gave him). 'Oh, how I wish you would take me anywhere but here. Take me to London or Jamestown or run away with me into the woods, I don't care which or where we go, so long as you want to have me with you and love me as you say you do.' Then, her love being strengthened by a passion of grief, Pocahontas began returning his kisses with such violence that poor Rolfe was almost beside himself with happiness, and, leaving her, rushed on deck to find Hamor who had some trouble to keep him from going direct to Sir Thomas Dale and asking for her there and then.

Hamor was sure that such a request would be refused, and told Rolfe that he must write out a petition or a letter explaining his religious feelings and speak of the good which might come to the colony by such a marriage, and of how it would be the beginning of the great work of converting the savages. And while Rolfe sat sweating over the paper, writing and scratching out his words, Hamor came in to help him and suggested sentences which sounded well. It is always difficult for a lover to tell the truth when he has to speak of his intentions, and Rolfe only achieved it in the sentence when he wrote of that 'unbelieving creature, namely Pocahontas, to whome my thoughts are, and have a long time bin so intangled, and inthrall'd in so intricate a laborinth, that I was even awearied to unwind myselfe thereout.' All else in the letter spoke only of those things which Sir Thomas Dale might

want to hear. It was past midnight before it was finished, and Hamor left his friend making a fair copy in a good hand that Sir Thomas Dale might read.

No arms or messengers came from Powhatan in the morning, and it seemed that the Indians had kept them waiting only in order to remove their stores to a place of safety, for, when Dale sent a boat ashore, the men came back at once with the news that there was nobody left there but the old people, and that the houses were stripped of furniture and empty.

Directly the boats came back, the little fleet sailed a few miles further up the river, past the abandoned site of Werowocomoco to Matchcot on the other side of the creek. From the distance a great crowd was visible collected on the shore and, as the ships drew in, it could be seen that they were all men brightly painted with red and blue and that they were carrying their bows in their hands. There were about four hundred of them in sight and all armed to the teeth.

The boats were lowered and fifty men with muskets sent on shore under cover of the guns. In the light air the smell of burning match-cord was wafted back to the ships. The Indians made no resistance to their landing, but walked up and down with complete boldness asking for the Captain of the English and his reason for coming to them in that manner, and then asking for a truce until they could send to Powhatan to know whether it was to be peace or war. The truce was granted at once, and was to last to the following day; its termination on the English side was to be announced by drums and trumpets. Meanwhile, however, Pocahontas was being spoken of, and two of her brothers asked to see her. For Machumps had

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spread a rumour that she was dead, hoping by that to dissuade Powhatan from taking any steps about the ransom. He did not believe that when once Pocahontas saw her father again she would keep her promise not to tell him about Namontack's death. Such was the explanation of Powhatan's indifference.

When the English said they had brought back Pocahontas, the Indians at first thought they were bluffing. Then hearing her spoken of so often and with such confidence, her brothers became interested and asked to see her, and agreed to go on board while two Englishmen were sent to her father about her exchange. Hamor pushed Rolfe forward as the most suitable ambassador: a man who knew Pocahontas well and whom she trusted, and who could best take messages from her to her father and who had learned enough of the language from her to do so. Dale, who had no suspicion of a plot, agreed to this at once, and Rolfe and another volunteer were sent ashore while Hamor took charge of the letter and promised to deliver it to Dale while Rolfe was on shore, asking Powhatan in person for his daughter's hand in marriage.

Ever since leaving Jamestown Pocahontas had been wearing her Indian dress, but when she saw her brothers in the boat being pulled out from the shore she ran into her cabin and pulled on her grand English clothes as fast as she could. The desire to impress them and to appear like a white woman was overpoweringly strong, and they had to wait while she was trying to loop her hair back in the English fashion. Then, when she was satisfied, she threw open the door and appeared radiantly beautiful and rushed upon them with a dazzling smile. No one would have taken her for a prisoner, for a wretched girl who had

fallen into a trap through her own folly and who was to be ransomed, at great inconvenience and expense, by her family.

Up to the last moment her brothers had been suspicious and they were secretly alarmed by the delay, so that when the door flew open and their sister pounced down upon them they were overwhelmed by delight and their love for her was enhanced by relief about their personal safety. They grinned, began laughing with guttural pleasure and clasped her by the hands while they ran their dark fingers over her marvellous yellow velvet shoulders. The last remnants of Red Indian reserve broke down completely, and all three of them began talking as fast as they could at the same time.

They were still all three talking at once, when Pocahontas struck her brothers dumb with astonishment by telling them she was going to marry an English captain.

'Then why—' they exclaimed, when they could recover themselves, 'why come up our river? Why burn our towns? Why ransom you?' And at the last question Pochins burst out laughing.

Pocahontas had to explain that Sir Thomas Dale knew nothing about the marriage, and that Rolfe was asking Powhatan for his consent at that very moment, and her brothers looked more doubtful as she spoke, seeing clearly that their sister had been trying to impose upon them. But at that moment Sir Thomas Dale came skipping downstairs into the cabin with Rolfe's letter in his hand.

'What, what! I'll be the first to salute the bride,' he exclaimed, and taking Pocahontas by the shoulders, gave her two smacking kisses on the lips. Then he turned to the

two bronze figures, each six foot of muscle and majesty, who stood looking at him, completely baffled by his appearance.

'Wingapol! Wingapol!' he called out, which was almost the only Indian word he could remember, and then went off into hearty guffaws, as though he had made a very good joke by saying 'Welcome!' in a foreign language. The Indians smiled back uncertainly, for he puzzled them. For Dale, though he was ruthless and efficient as a soldier and an administrator, was incapable of natural or simple behaviour. In all personal relations he seemed like an overgrown schoolboy, like a complete fool. For some reason silliness gave him self-confidence.

Directly he read Rolfe's letter he saw Hamor's hand in it, and realised that the two men had been intriguing behind his back, that they had got up a very carefully planned plot, but he did not bear malice.

He had intended to use the girl to obtain a momentary advantage over Powhatan, but it was ridiculous to sacrifice her for a tactical advantage if she could be used to obtain a better strategical position. He saw that everything depended on Powhatan's consent. If he approved of the marriage, a permanent basis for peace might be secured: James river for the English, York river for the Indians, renegades to be handed over, and corn and game sold for hatchets and copper at fixed prices, no private trade to be allowed. . . .

So he kissed the funny girl, guffawed and shook hands with her brothers, and when he next met Hamor, he dug him hard in the ribs and said: 'Clever fellow, aren't you? You dirty dog, I'll be even with you one day. But I think if your scheme comes off it will be worth two of Argall's

and mine. I've just been kissing the bride. I've got a good excuse now—always wanted to.'

Next morning Rolfe and Sparkes reappeared, having failed to see Powhatan. They had been received by Opechancanough, who had been pleased by Rolfe's proposal, and had engaged to get Powhatan's consent, and had promised to send a party to Jamestown a few days after the ships got back.

'We'll set all the men on sowing corn directly we get back,' said Dale. He was once more the administrator.

On the night before her marriage Pocahontas was filled with dissatisfaction. She did not feel regret exactly, and yet she was unhappy. In the afternoon her old uncle, Opachisco, had arrived, sent by Powhatan to see that the marriage was properly carried out. She had never cared much for Opachisco, he meant less to her than any of her family, and she was disappointed that Opechancanough had not come himself. With her uncle came her two brothers and about twenty Indians, mostly boys and girls of her own age whom she had known all her life.

When the first excitement of seeing them was over, she felt isolated amid their friendly chatter. Her own people could not help her any longer, and if she was unhappy there was nobody to whom she could turn.

The visitors were given three tents to sleep in, which they pitched outside the stockade in a triangle round a big fire. Then they looped up the near sides of the tents, so that they were open to the firelight and the warmth. In the evening she walked out with Opachisco from Dale's house, followed by Rolfe and Hamor with her brothers, and stopped after they had been let through the palisades, as they came in sight of the fire and the encampment.

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Some of the young people were still eating, one or two were singing and a boy was playing a few notes on his flute, as though he were testing it before striking up. A girl strolling across to the boys' tent whirled around, practising a pirouette before the dance. Then she gave a little leap into the air and her feather petticoat flew up and slowly sank after she had touched the ground. The smell of the fire was strong and the spring air cool. Stopping in the shadow of a huge tree, Pocahontas gripped her uncle's wrist and whispered to him: 'Wait. Let us watch them for a moment.'

Opachisco stood silently gazing for a little at the firelit group which meant nothing to him and then lifting his eyes to the stars above. He waited as patiently as a horse or a donkey that stands resting one leg until its driver is ready to go on, and anything in the nature of a confidence was as impossible between them as if he had actually been an animal. She could not cry out to him: 'Oh, how beautiful! Oh, for that safe life I shall never live again! Oh, for my girlhood!'

He would not have understood that. There was nothing strange to him in the familiar party making ready for a dance, but after a year of being cooped up every night in a boat it was strange to her, and the freedom and safety of such a life made her heart ache.

There could be no exchange of intimacy, but she tightened her grip on her uncle's wrist and was grateful for his stolid and indifferent physical presence. If he had not been there she would have cried or run away. Suddenly he dropped his eyes from the stars and looked at her, seeing her very well in the darkness with his old lynx eyes. He saw she was upset, but he did not ask himself by what

since it was not for a man to wonder about a woman's feelings, and this indifference, characteristic of her race, was consoling and reassuring; it was what she most needed.

'If they had listened to me,' he said, making a queer noise in his throat which she knew was laughter, and then added: 'But why on earth should they listen to me? I never listened to anybody when I was young. . . .' Some trivial story absorbed him, and she did not attend to his mumbled tale.

The boy with the flute began playing while two others brandished their rattles. All stood up and took hands for the dance. She saw her brothers come forward and Rolfe with a group of colonists attracted by the sounds on the far side of the fire between the tents. She pulled her uncle's hand and they walked forward into the circle of light.

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The chimes of the new church bells beat through the forest and over the water, and the labourers were glad to straighten their backs from corn-setting and make the rest of the morning a holiday. The Reverend Richard Buck in a black gown with white bands, bustled forward and a crowd of seedy, out-at-elbows men, who still gave themselves pathetic airs as gallants and as gentlemen, stood watching to see the people pass to church. Governor Dale was there in a red coat wearing his best sword and low shoes with blue bobbles; all the women at Jamestown were there in their best frocks and then the bride appeared in her grand dress walking beside Opachisco in his eagle-feather bonnet and a deerskin robe embroidered in roanoke shell wrapped about his shoulders. Behind them fol-

lowed her brothers and a train of grave Indians and solemn young squaws, awed by the clanging of the mysterious bells.

Pocahontas had forgotten her fears of the night before, and was in wild high spirits. Her dress was lovely: Powhatan had sent her a pearl chain, Sir Thomas Dale had given her an Italian ring, the clamour of the bells delighted her, sounding the note of wild romance which answered to her heart's desire.

'Bells are ringing!' she said aloud in English, and thought of how one day she would stand with Rolfe on London Bridge and listen to the wild bells ringing out their joyful message on a stormy Christmas morning. Bells were ringing for her: she would never look back to the silent rivers and the great forests where her people ran like shadows under the trees, but she would go with her white captain, her husband, sail with him in a ship which tossed and creaked over the tumbling sea, whilst the sailors sang and the wind howled and the ropes' ends cracked like whips. With him she would traverse a crowded city of shouting people who jostled each other and swore in the streets, and that prospect, instead of dimming her as it had the night before, delighted her. She lifted her head and looked about to catch Rolfe's eye, and her look filled him with courage and content. He forgot to wonder what the other men were thinking about him or saying about him—and smiled broadly, not with amusement, but with pleasure, as he let his eyes roam over the eagle-feathers and feather robes behind her. Nobody had ever had a wedding like theirs before, and when his eyes met his bride's they were shining with an excitement equal to hers.

CHAPTER XXIV

POCAHONTAS had persuaded Rolfe to leave Jamestown, and directly after their marriage they sailed up the river to Henricopolis. As they came round Jones' Neck and sailed down the stretch with the high bluff of Farrar's Island facing them, on which they could make out some of the buildings of the new settlement, she stood and pointed to the right-hand bank.

'There,' she said. 'That is where we shall live.' Rolfe gazed dubiously at the high grassy bank and the great tulip poplars and oaks and the grass between them. He could not see very much from the river.

'But it's outside the palisades,' he murmured.

'I want to live outside,' she answered. 'We shall be between my people and yours, and we shall be able to see both of them more freely. Powhatan will give us as much land as we like and you will be able to grow the finest tobacco in the world.'

In Henrico many buildings had been finished and the brick church had been begun, the fort had been finished and very strong palisades had been run across the neck of land connecting Farrar's Island with the mainland.

Next morning they went through the palisades and walked for a mile and a half back along the river bank. When they had scrambled through the overgrown bed of a creek, and climbed up its almost vertical sides, the beauty of the place seemed to Rolfe far beyond Pocahontas' description of it.

On the level top the ground stretched in savannah between the ancient cedars and oaks and walnuts, and the country had the appearance of a nobleman's park stretching in a circular plain, more than a mile across, which was bounded with hills covered with pine forest on one side, and sank to cypress swamp on the other.

The trees were leafing; a herd of deer browsing the grass lifted their heads to gaze; half a dozen turkey buzzards, perched on a stag-headed oak, were stretching out their wings to air in the sun and looked like dead birds hung up as scarecrows. Rolfe nodded his head. 'Why, there's next to no forest to clear. I could run a plough straight across here, between these great trees.'

Pocahontas looked at him, not understanding and wondering whether he were pleased with the spot which she had chosen.

'Where are we to put our house?' he asked.

'On the bank overlooking the river; there in the shade of that tulip poplar. The water is deep under the bank, and one can jump straight into the river.'

'And we can anchor a barge here and bring bricks,' he said, smiling at her. 'And I must get a plough.'

When he had explained to her about ploughs, she told him that he would grow better tobacco on the bottom land there than they had ever done at Jamestown.

'I shall call it Varina,' he said. 'That is what the Spaniard called the tobacco seed I brought out with me.'

'And the savannah land will be good for corn too,' she added; but Rolfe needed no persuasion, for he was delighted by the beauty of the place, and it had reconciled him to living half-way between the Indians and the white men.

'We are lucky,' said Pocahontas. 'We need not fear anyone nor fight with anyone.'

She nodded her head thoughtfully and then added, with a suspicious gleam lighting her face up with a cruel expression: 'Machumps is the one man I don't trust. He killed Namontack, and he might try to kill us because we know his secret.'

'He has seen too many of Dale's hangings for that,' said Rolfe; and she agreed thoughtfully whilst the cruel smile faded slowly from her face. The open nature of the country made enclosure easy; and when Dale's consent to his living outside the boundaries had been given, the two labourers who were to work for Rolfe came along the shore every morning, soon after sunrise, from Henrico, to fell the timber which would be needed for the fences and for the house. Meanwhile they were to live in a tent until the house should be built.

The first morning, Pocahontas stood watching her husband taking turns with Will and Ned, the labourers, to swing the axe while the plumed fir shivered through all its flattened fronds. The sun shone, the sappy chips smelt sweet, and when the tree had fallen she set on it with a hatchet, stripping off the branches whilst Rolfe and the men went on to the next tree. Then, when she had hacked off all the branches, she selected the most springy ends and, tying them into a bundle, towed them behind her to where she was going to pitch the tent.

The sound of the axes went on, reminding her of her first visits to Jamestown, and the morning hours were punctuated by the long crashes of falling timber; and, when at last the men stopped work to eat their luncheon, they found that Pocahontas had finished the big bed, which she

had made Indian fashion, and that she had pitched the tent over it, spread out the deer-skins, unpacked their belongings, had a fire lighted and a piece of pork simmering in the pot, while she herself, on hands and knees, was rolling out some buckwheat cakes.

'If you would have let me have a shot with your gun, John, I could have got you a buck. The noise of felling makes them inquisitive. First they run away, then they come back to see what it is all about.'

'Why didn't you have a shot, then?' asked Rolfe. 'The gun is loaded, and I've shown you how to put fresh priming in the pan.'

Pocahontas stared astonished, for she had spoken as a joke, meaning merely that he should keep a look-out for deer himself since she had seen them.

'You would be angry if I touched your gun without asking you. It would be wrong of me to do that,' she said simply and seriously, and he could see she was surprised when he told her not to miss another chance of getting venison.

'It will make your shoulder ache,' he added. 'That gun kicks like hell.'

She smiled uncertainly, longing to touch the gun but held back by scruples, by racial taboos, hardly daring to believe her good fortune and not understanding how he should give her permission so lightly, as though it meant nothing to him that a wife should use her husband's arms. But though, when he was gone back to work, she lifted up the heavy musket and, after balancing it on the rest, practised pulling the unlighted cord down into the pan while she aimed, the deer did not come back that afternoon and she had enough work without wasting time in going to look for them.

As soon as she had taken off the boiled pork for supper and put her loaves of corn-meal into the embers, she went off to choose a place for her garden, since it was already the season for sowing seeds, a matter that would not admit of delay. She chose a large plat of ground, half-shaded by two big walnuts, not too far from the house, so that she could scare off birds and squirrels easily while she was at work. The ground was thick with the dry stalks of last year's golden-rod and morning glory, and there were running trails of blackberry. First she swashed off this rubbish with a bagging-hook, then after she had dug up the roots of any briars, she went farther afield, clearing an area all round her garden and gathering up armfuls and faggots of dry grass and dead sticks.

By that time she had to be thinking of her loaves in the ashes, and evening was drawing on before she found time to run up, with a glowing stick in her hand, and set fire to the dry grass spread in a carpet over her garden. Soon the plat was a square sheet of flame and the men, their day's work done, came up to watch her running round it, beating the flames back with a bough where she had left any stubble which gave the fire a chance of spreading across the border she had cleared.

Rolfe took another branch to help her while the other men, after watching for a few minutes, went on their way along the shore. When the flames had died down and there was no longer any chance of the fire spreading, Rolfe and Pocahontas threw down their branches and looked at each other. She especially was black: her face, hands, arms, breasts and back all smudged over with charcoal and sticky with sweat, and she said that before eating she must bathe. Rolfe, who was tired out with a hard day's work,

followed her reluctantly to the river bank. They did not speak, and Pocahontas slipped off her dress, which lay in a white ring on the grass at her feet, and stood, a slender dusky figure, outlined against the darkness of the river. She dived. The splash and the ripples died away. Rolfe looked up: the last colours of the brilliant sunset were vanishing from the sky, a light which seemed a long way off was shining from Henricopolis, below him the river was black and Pocahontas was barely visible as she swam and called up to him, urging him to join her.

He had forgotten his weariness and hunger. He felt alone: he had penetrated farther than any Englishman. All round him there was nothing but woods, streams, lakes and rivers scattered with Indians who were his friends, and with whom his blood would be mingled in his children. How far he had travelled from the dreariness of the Wash and of the Fens! In this wilderness he was a prince, who might have been a farmer living all his life in sight of Boston stump!

Then, pulling off his boots, his breeches and his shirt, he threw himself off the bank into the water and almost shrieked at the unaccustomed coldness. How could she bear it? Very soon he climbed out, while she, still unsatisfied, swam gently to and fro in front of him with her mouth just above the surface of the water, and, peering down at her, he could dimly make out the tresses of her black hair flowing over her dark shoulders. They were very happy, and for that reason very silent together. She ran about in the darkness to get dry, and later they listened for a little to the night-birds calling and then, drugged with content, fell asleep with the scent of the freshly cut fir boughs of their bed strong in their nostrils.

As soon as they had done breakfast next morning she was out at work wearing nothing but her Indian petticoat and her moccasins, forking the ground over and digging in the ashes, and by evening the sand, leaf-mould and ash was dry enough for raking, and the light tobacco seeds were dusted over the fine tilth of a little bed, a few handfuls of sand were sprinkled over them, and the surface patted and pressed down with the palms of the hands.

On the following days she set the Indian corn and runner beans in the more open part of the ground, and in the hottest nook of all she set the pips of the pumpkins and squashes. The river was close at hand for watering her seed-beds, and one day she was happily grubbing on her hands and knees when she looked up and saw an antlered head peering out. She crawled back and ran doubled up for the gun, lit the match at the fire, and came crawling back on all-fours. But, in spite of all her precautions, the deer had either seen her or winded the burning match-cord and they had vanished. Although she kept a sharp look-out when she was alone, she did not succeed in getting a buck that summer. For the first six months this was the only real unhappiness in her marriage.

As soon as the first batch of trees had been felled, a saw-pit was dug, and the two labourers spent the day sawing, while Rolfe felled more trees and began peeling and notching logs for the walls of his house, which was planned to be as impregnable as the old blockhouse on the neck of Jamestown island. Soon the walls began to rise, log being piled on log and the work growing heavier as they rose higher. The windows were sawn out before the log walls were finished; they were to be defended by tremendously solid shutters thick enough to turn a bullet at close

quarters. For the fireplace a barge-load of bricks was unloaded on the shore, and Rolfe mixed mortar and laid them himself, building a hearth ten feet wide with walls thirty inches thick, and a chimney in which he could hang a dozen sides of bacon.

Then, while his men were putting on the roof, he set to work to make furniture, mortising together the legs and sandpapering the top of a big walnut table. By the time he had botched together four chairs which would stand on their legs, the house was ready for them to move into it, and Pocahontas made another Indian bed with fresh branches on the floor, though he promised her an English four-poster later on.

But all this work had to be laid aside twice before it was finished: first for planting out the young tobacco seedlings, which was more than Pocahontas could manage single-handed after the rain; and then for the haymaking, when the men set to work to mow six acres of the savannah grass-land. By the end of June they moved into the house, and a month later they had a home paddock fenced about and brought two cows up from Henrico.

Byres and sties followed to shelter their beasts during the winter. Pocahontas had to be taught to milk; Rolfe had to take one of his labourers off the building and help himself with the second hoeing, for the springing weeds were growing faster than she could keep them down. Each day brought some new and urgent work for which other labours had to be laid aside; nothing was ever finished.

Such a life of unremitting toil, which is lived by every farmer's wife throughout the world, was completely new to her. She had seen Indians work hard for a few days

while the fishing was good, or rounding up and driving deer; she had seen the English felling trees at Jamestown; but she had never met this compelling passion to build, to transform the face of nature and to impose as rapidly as possible something entirely alien, and never to be finished, in its place.

There was a difference which she never fathomed between the Indian and the English way of life, and which yet, as time went on, made her feel restless and uncomfortable. It was that while Indian life was fixed, the whole manner of English life was changing. Powhatan was content to live as his forefathers had done, and before the coming of the English would never have thought of changing his way of life. Though he was an emperor, ruling over many peoples, he feathered his own arrows and, as a result of this, he was always contented with what he had made. But Rolfe could not wear the same clothes, live in the same sort of house, sail the same sort of boat, eat the same sort of food or eat it in the same way as his forefathers. Everything had to be better, and so, in spite of all his work, he could never be satisfied with anything he had made and was always scheming to improve on it and replace it. This change of attitude was the most fundamental difference in civilisation that the white man brought with him into America.

But Pocahontas threw herself into the new life with enthusiasm, and only occasionally, as the jobs multiplied endlessly, faster than she could remember them, did she become bewildered and troubled. When she had learned to milk, Rolfe taught her to make butter, and before she had mastered the delicacies of handling the churn, he wished for cheese as well. She had been prepared all her

life to grow a few rows of tobacco plants, enough for her father or her husband to smoke himself and to give away to his friends; but Rolfe was not satisfied till an acre was planted, and was planning to have three acres the year following. It was the same with the corn. They were growing enough for themselves and their labourers, but Rolfe was talking of buying more in the autumn from the Chickahominies to fat hogs through the winter. The Englishman, working for himself, was insatiable. She had seen nothing like it in the colony at Jamestown, where a feeble communism had reigned and the greatest ambition of the crowd of listless men had seemed to be to smoke and spit, and watch a game of bowls. In Jamestown only the fear of a flogging had driven them out to hoe the fields.

Yet she was happy, for Rolfe loved her and she was strong, her body standing the strain of the work better than his. Usually the work was a new game to her, only occasionally she wondered whether it would not be pleasanter to lie all day in the shade of a great tree listening to the sounds of running water and the wild voices of the forest, and to spend the body's strength in dancing all night by a great fire.

There was no time for such freedom; there was the corn to hoe, the garden to water, the house to sweep, the cooking, baking, washing, milking, dairying, the hogs to feed; even in the evening Rolfe, though he was almost dropping with sleep, would begin darning his own stockings by candle-light. Had he no time or thought for love?

When these moods came she dismissed them lightly, saying to herself that by next summer all these wonderful and splendid things would be done and life would once

more be rich and gay and idle. She could not understand that it was the belief that next summer he would grow ten times as much corn and tobacco and hogs and keep three times as many cows in milk which gave Rolfe the strength to work so hard. Instead of two men he would employ ten; instead of ten acres he would farm a hundred, and the hundred-acre farm would grow by leaps and bounds into a plantation of a thousand acres, producing shiploads of cured tobacco and scores of Virginia hams.

Fortunately they were not left without visitors, and it was when a party of her people (with the present of a young doe, honeycombs, or a dozen young wild turkey chicks that Rolfe planned to bring up with the fowls) came out of the shadows of the woods that the young couple could enjoy an hour or two's respite from their work. The squaws would crowd round Pocahontas and peer with cries of astonishment and dismay into the house and cow-byre, and the men would salute Rolfe with dignity and then a pipe of tobacco would be lighted. Presently Pocahontas would come out of the house with delicacies which tasted strange to her old companions: bowls of cream to eat with the blueberries they had picked in the woods on their way, wheaten bread spread with butter, and a white curd cheese on its mat of straw like the ones that are made in the fens of Cambridgeshire. Her handsome, magnificently muscled brother would take a glass of milk from her in his dark fingers, and, lifting it gravely to his proud lips, would sip dubiously and give it back to her with a laugh. Then, after an hour or two, the party would rise up and go on their way.

Besides these woodish acquaintances, Mr. Whitaker, the clergyman from Rockdale across the river, was a fre-

quent visitor, usually arriving just before a meal-time and doing hearty justice to such heathen presents of venison, turkey and opossum, as her brothers had left after a visit. Soon after their marriage, before the house was finished, Hamor had come up to tell them the story of his visit to Powhatan and bring them the two embroidered buckskins he had sent them. At passages in the tale Pocahontas laughed until she cried, at others she might almost have dropped a tear or two in earnest as she thought of the old man who loved her, and who had stood so long at the head of his people and who now was sinking slowly into the grave with the knowledge that he had seen only the first beginnings of a changed world.

Hamor had much to say of the fleas which had driven Tom and him out of the guest-house to spread their mats under the shelter of a tree.

'He keeps that guest-house for the English,' said Pocahontas. 'They were English fleas and had grown hungry since the last band of renegades were lodged there.'

But it was the first excuses which Powhatan had made for not sending her younger sister to Dale which amused Pocahontas most. 'He promised us another of his daughters if you should die,' said Hamor. 'And he laughed when I said you were so well contented you would not leave us and go to live with him again.'

The summer months slipped by unnoticed; the corn ripened and the tangled creepers flared red on the edges of the forest. The tobacco crop was cut and the leaves hung beneath the eaves, and from every rafter in the house and byre; and masses of leaves were spread out on the ground in the sun during the day, and heaped together and covered over with tarpaulins at night, to keep off the dew.

Rolfe spoke of building special drying-sheds before the following year.

The leaves were falling in the forest and Pocahontas was anxious at their living alone at that season, since a raiding party of Monacans might slip past her brother Parahunt and come down on them. But Rolfe assured her that it was only a mile and a half to the settlement and that if a lot of shooting was heard a rescue party would be sent up. In any case the tobacco had to be cured before they could leave; he laughed at her suggestion of carting it all down and curing it at Henrico, and they were still on the farm when the first frosts came in December.

Rolfe's tenderness to her grew with the approach of her confinement, and Pocahontas was happiest at a time when she had expected, like all the women of her race, to be most neglected. Two months at Jamestown passed quickly and provided a welcome holiday before they returned to the farm at Varina, taking with them a plough, which had just arrived from England, and two pairs of oxen. Before her child was born, Pocahontas sent a message up to the falls and asked her aunt to come down to help her. Rolfe was uneasy and disturbed at this strange, savage woman coming into the house.

The experience of his first wife in the Bermudas had given him a terror of childbirth, and he wished to have an English woman and the surgeon, but Pocahontas begged so obstinately to be allowed to have her own way, that at last he consented.

All day long he and his stockman, Ned, wrestled with the four stubborn red Devon steers which they were trying to break into a team. The animals had been yoked and worked before, but, in the confusion of transportation to

America, the yoke-fellows had been all mixed up, and there was no sorting them out since many had died and some had been unloaded at Kecoughtan.

Thus the four animals allotted to Rolfe had never been yoked as a team together before. Patience, strength, brutality and self-control were needed: the jibbing beasts had to be coaxed, goaded and waited for, and then, when all was ready, a fresh start was made, the crooked furrow would grow straight for a dozen yards before one of the animals jibbed and plunged again. The sun set at last; the day's work was done. Worn-out in body and temper, plastered with clay, sweat and bullocks' hairs, and walking with the stiff-legged ploughman's step, Rolfe staggered from the oxyard to the house and Pocahontas came out to the doorway to meet him. She was carrying something in her arms but his tired eyes looked only at her proud and happy smile. Why was she smiling like that? 'What is it?' he was asking when he saw that in her arms she was holding out a baby. 'Your son!' she answered, but already he was in a passion of fear.

'Go back to bed at once,' but Pocahontas only laughed at him, and the tiny dark-red creature began his nagging wail.

The summer that followed was as filled with toil as the one that had preceded it; but the novelty and first charm of work had worn off, and Pocahontas was troubled because she could not make Rolfe rest. She herself was freer, for he would not let her do the dairy work, or feed the hogs, now that she had a baby to look after. He insisted indeed on treating her with more care than an English woman, though she was as strong and as fit for work as a mare with a foal. Thus she could lie under a tree in the

shade and nurse her child; but she was not happy, for she wanted Rolfe to be with her. She could hear him shouting to the two pairs of bullocks, Ruby and Bloodstone, Plymouth and Lynn, that worked fairly well together and drew the harrow slowly across the field. Where the harrow and the big wooden roller had already passed, the labourers were at work planting out the young tobacco seedlings and watering them in. In the middle of the day, when the sun was hottest, Rolfe drove his team under a tree to rest and chew the cud whilst he strode slowly back towards her. He was lean, wiry, with his skin burned nearly as dark as hers. He wore a broad-brimmed rush hat on his head; the sweat ran down his hard bony face and he smiled slowly and with difficulty, and threw himself down into his chair while she set the plate heaped with boiled bacon, beans and dumplings before him, and later passed him a bowl of wild raspberries and curds.

She could not persuade Rolfe to stop work and go for a few days' hunting in the forests; she could not often see him alone. Usually the labourers ate with them, and visitors swarmed; hardly a day went by without Indians coming, mostly out of curiosity to see the baby. The freedom of these visitors to wander where their fancy took them, their cool, beautiful, glue-gold skins, their clean nakedness, irritated Pocahontas, stirring her envy. She told herself that she was happy, that she loved Rolfe; she knew that he loved her; she believed that the white man's ways were better, but she could not bear to see the cool, naked, clean Indians strolling idly under the trees, with feather crowns on their heads, knowing that they spent their nights in song and love whilst Rolfe wore himself out with incessant labour and smelt sour of sweat and

CHAPTER XXIV


stale clothes, and nauseously sickly-sweet of cows. So, unless they were her own brothers and sisters, she did not welcome the Indians, did not offer them food, and they would hang about peevish and disgruntled until Rolfe came from work to smile at them gaily and pass them his tobacco pouch.

White visitors were more to her taste, for they praised Rolfe loudly, exclaiming in wonder at all his works and making her feel, while they were there, that all his toil had been worth while, and that there could be no greater happiness in life than to be married to more acres of giant-leaved tobacco plants than any woman's husband could smoke in twenty years. Yet, when that winter the tobacco crop had all been cured and dried, and packed in hogsheads for carriage to England, and the hogsheads stood in rows waiting to be hoisted on the next ship, Pocahontas felt that it had been worth while herself.

'Dale is going to England in the spring,' said Rolfe. 'He'll sail with these in the hold. And he has asked me if we should like to go with him and visit England for a year.' Pocahontas could not speak. Her happiness was too great and she was afraid of disgracing him, or herself, by ridiculous words, because on such an occasion all words were ridiculous.

The hard-working summers since their marriage had been well worth while. Thanks to them, they could afford to go for a year's holiday to England.

CHAPTER XXV

RGALL'S ship, which was to take Dale back, had lain idle for months at Jamestown; and, though everyone had been speaking of the voyage as though it was going to begin the following week, it was the middle of February 1616 before the sailors hauled her up, beached her and set to work to scrape, scrub and tar the bottom. After that they had the masts out and stepped them anew. When at last the ship was clean, she was sent up the river to Henrico to load part of her cargo there, part at Varina Farm, and part at Bermuda Hundred on the way down. The ship was already expected at Jamestown when it occurred to Dale that it would be more impressive if he ended his term of office by entering London with a dozen Indians in their paint and feathers, than with a solitary Princess who was a married woman wearing English clothes. He therefore asked Pocahontas to invite a party of her people to accompany them.

She had wanted an excuse to see her father before leaving and suggested that she should visit him, but Rolfe objected. He was afraid that Powhatan would keep her and never let her come back.

For the whole morning husband and wife faced each other in argument: Rolfe talking, losing his temper, recovering it and trying at intervals to smooth over the effect of his violent words; Pocahontas dumbly resolute and immovable. She scarcely spoke and expressed none of

her convictions, but she repeated that she knew her father better than Rolfe.

It did not occur to either of them that no father was likely to get the better of so determined a daughter, and the dispute went on interminably, Rolfe saying it would be madness to trust Powhatan, and Pocahontas insisting that she could judge her father's character, and that if he had wanted to take her away from Rolfe he could have kidnapped her any day he pleased from Varina.

'That's different,' said Rolfe. 'I don't trust him, because you're going to England and he will think that you will never come back.'

'I shall go. Sir Thomas wants me to invite people. I must explain.'

'If you go to Powhatan, I shall come with you and Dale will sail without us.'

For once her obstinacy had come up against something in Rolfe as strong as itself, and she saw at last that nothing would make him alter his will; that he would only grow more violent and more repentant after each outburst.

'I am still a prisoner, then?' she asked, compressing her thin lips and looking at him as though she were fully aware of being a Princess and an Emperor's daughter.

'No, you are an obedient wife,' shouted Rolfe, and Pocahontas sighed deeply and submitted. She was aflame with anger and rebellion, but she showed no signs of it and she did not sulk.

So, instead of going herself she had to send messengers, and, before they could return, Argall's ship was waiting for them to go aboard. But Sir Thomas Dale had set his heart on Indians, and they waited until at last a party consisting of two of Pocahontas' half-sisters, her brother-in-

law, Tomocomo, four girls, and three young men arrived, careless of time and completely unaware of what they were letting themselves in for.

Besides these romantic figures in their robes and feathers, Dale took with him Molina the Spaniard and Lymbry the pilot, both of whom had long ago despaired of ever leaving Jamestown. Perez, their companion, had died of fever two years before, and ever since Lymbry's attempt to run away with the pinnace in which they were kept prisoners, they had been kept in irons or closely guarded.

At length, with Spanish spies, Indian braves and girls, all on board, the cables were cast off and they slipped down the waters of the James. The reaches of the river widened; the forest changed its character, coming near to them on each long point, until those on board could see the little wavelets breaking on the pebbles of the tiny beach and the boughs of the trees drooping to the water, and then, as they went about, growing smaller and passing behind them into the slight haze which hung over the land.

'Ned will start sowing the corn this week when he has finished rolling the English wheat,' said Rolfe, for he was as faithful to his Varina as to his Indian wife; the Norfolk pightles would spread their charms and throw up their button mushrooms in vain, for he was wedded happily to his savage fields which he had broken for himself from the virgin wild.

They passed the fort at Cape Henry, the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, and the ship began tossing in the Atlantic rollers. They were out at sea; the land was dim and they headed towards the last pink cloud reflecting the sun which had set behind them.

As the ship heaved and slid forward, trembling from the

last kicks which the sea delivered on her bottom, running a little way before rearing up again under a new attack, Pocahontas and the other Indians grew dizzy, clung weakly to the bulwarks, retched painfully and at last made their way below.

Pocahontas lay on a narrow bunk with her baby beside her in the dark. After the first bout of sickness she did not feel nausea unless she moved. She slept and woke again, feeling weaker and more exhausted than if she had stayed awake. The sea was invisible, but its vast presence was never out of her mind: it overpowered her, and when Rolfe blundered in with glowing cheeks and eyes, and spray in his beard, she felt a child in surroundings too large and dangerous for her to understand. She was dependent and turned weakly towards him to be nursed, as her own baby turned to feel for her.

When Rolfe made her rise to go on deck, the sight of the sea, the ring of blue only broken by a larger wave thrusting its white cap harmlessly up into the sunlight and subsiding mysteriously, the pitching bulwarks, creaking ropes, all moving, pitching, straining, shivering horribly in the bright sunlight of a fine day, combined to bring on sickness again. When she went below her freshened sense of smell had been made keener than a dog's, and she recoiled from the reek of sacks, rottenness, bilge-water and Indians lying pell-mell where they had spewed. And with the memory of the circle of water and sky, she felt more than ever her own weakness, her broken body and humbled spirit, and lay too exhausted to cling any longer to the thought of Rolfe, who would protect her, too prostrate to heed Tom, whom she must protect.

The sun blazed hot in a sky stippled with thin, high,

maquerel clouds and white hair-streaks wiped across the steel plate of blue. Below, the circle of the sea's blueness was intense and wherever a wave-top lopped over in accidental foam, it made a rainbow shadow of bronze, almost of red, and these, half seen out of the tail of the eye, might have been the vanishing limbs of tawny sea-people. Pocahontas could not believe the sea empty: it was too large a world not to be ruled by men, and a red-skinned race must fleet through its depths after the cod, and aim their arrows at the flying-fish and leaping dolphins, just as their fellows on land ran through the green forests after the deer, and shot down the flying duck and turkey.

When she spoke to an old sailor, he told her of the women he had seen who swam close by the ship when they had been a week without water in tropic seas, singing sweetly and mocking the thirsty men with invitations, and of how they had all vanished when a man leapt overboard, and that a shark had bitten off his foot before his mates could get him out again.

'Have you English never married with these sea Indians as Rolfe has married with me?' she asked, but a laugh was the only answer that she got, yet when she next looked at some of the wild, blue-eyed, black-bearded mahogany-coloured men, strung out on the yards reefing sail before a squall, it seemed to her that she had hit on the secret of their birth.

Day followed night, night followed day; the sun rose, the shadows travelled across the deck and faded at sunset. Week followed week, and their eyes so long trained in the colours of the forest grew tired of nothingness, of the eternal blues, blue of sky, blue of sea; and their noses also grew sick with the smell of unwashed sailors, of stale air

in closed cabins, of pitch, bilge-water and rottenness. The Indians were sick, not so much from the never-ending motion of the hateful sea, as from being cooped up without exercise and eating white man's food.

When they had been a fortnight at sea, they ran into a calm: the sun shone through a haze of heat; the sails drooped idly; the brass and iron, and even the wood, were scorching to the touch, and the ship rolled slowly and inevitably on the long up-wave and back again into the immense and shallow trough. One of the Indians on deck borrowed a rope and a bucket, and then each of the savages took it in turns to climb out naked between the spritsail gaffs while his companions drew up and deluged him with buckets of sea water. When the men had washed themselves like this to their heart's content, it was the turn of the girls, the first of whom, with greater daring than any of the men, perhaps to escape from the quizzing of the sailors, jumped boldly overboard. The ship was barely moving and the girl had no difficulty in keeping ahead of it. In a moment the sea was full of Indians of both sexes, and, after a nod from Sir Thomas Dale, Rolfe and Pocahontas joined them. Cleanliness and a love of water were the chief things which she had taught him.

After this the Indians bathed whenever the weather was not too rough or the ship sailing too fast. Usually they dived off the bowsprit, or dropped into the water from the spritsail gaffs and caught a trailing rope by which they were able to climb or to be hauled on board.

One day when the men had been drinking, a dispute broke out between Lymbry and the master-at-arms who acted as his gaoler. The voices grew loud, their words foul, and suddenly the master-at-arms dashed his fist into the

drunk prisoner's face. Blood dribbled from the nose over the lip and into the beard. Half an hour later, as sailors and the unchained prisoners sat over their food, came the sequel. As the man beside him laid down a cook's knife, Lymbry picked it up and threw it at his enemy at the end of the table. The startled man had not time to dodge, and the point caught him where the sinewy back of the neck broadened to the shoulder, missing the carotid by an inch. Half a dozen sailors hurled themselves on the renegade; and the shouts woke interest aft where Sir Thomas Dale and Argall were talking to the mate. Soon they had joined the knot of men holding their dishevelled prisoner. The wound, the knife, these were looked at.

'Hang him,' roared Dale. 'Hang him out of hand! Fetch a rope there. By Saint Cock, I'll make dead meat of him.' Everyone on board came on deck. Lymbry's hands and feet were bound; the ship was brought up into the wind; a rope with a slip-noose was passed round the wretched man's neck, and then an animated discussion began in which Dale, Argall and the injured man took part, as to whether the mizzen yard would bear the man's weight. At last the experiment was made: the rope was rove through a block on the end of the yard and made fast with many hitches, and then a team of sailors seized the hal-yards, waiting for the word. Lymbry, meanwhile, stood speechless with the rope round his neck, finding no words. Fear of the horrible death awaiting him was almost extinguished by the dread knowledge that he had forgotten something. His lips moved; he was on the point of imploring the crowd to tell him what it was. Meanwhile everyone on board the ship scuffled quietly from side to side of the deck, silently pushing and jostling each other;

some even climbed into the stays to get a better view. Rolfe, in terror of being absent, yet pushed by conscience, rushed down to fetch his Bible from the cabin, thus adding the decorum of religion to the scene. The Indians were calmer in appearance; they asked each other in low grunts about this new form of torture and were puzzled by the hurry and by the pushing, undignified curiosity of the crowd. Lymbry suddenly caught sight of Rolfe with his Bible: a smile of triumph spread over his drunken features; he had remembered.

‘I want a priest,’ he announced.

‘What does he say? What does he say?’ spluttered Dale, who was scarlet in the face, with his eyes popping out of his head.

‘He wants a priest, sir.’ ‘He’s a papist.’ ‘He wants to confess his sins,’ sounded on all sides, and the voice of the condemned man echoed: ‘I want a priest.’

‘You must go fish for one then,’ shouted Dale, recovering his power of speech.

Pocahontas, standing beside Rolfe, watched the scene with aloof and cool disgust. The time was gone by when she could thrust herself forward and interfere on such an occasion. The man would be hanged; he was an unpleasant man and she did not mind his death. Indeed, she would be glad of it, but the manner of its doing revolted her. The hurry, the fuss, seemed more horrible than an Indian torture. Instead of a proud creature singing as he was cut to bits, there was a terrified and bewildered drunkard trying to argue. Instead of a crowd that revelled in laughter and dance and cruel play and then gave itself openly to lust, there was a crowd which licked its dry lips and stared with loathsome curiosity. When he met her contemptuous

eyes, each shifted as though he knew himself to be a guilty man.

'Hoist him up boys,' ordered the mate after an enquiring glance at Dale, who nodded. The Governor's eyes were fixed and swimming, and with his purple face and swollen red throat bursting from his ruff, he seemed as though he were being hanged himself. There was a vile scream, suddenly interrupted, as the body of the victim was swung off the deck. The mizzen yard bent, the ropes cracked, slipped, drew tight, and Lymbry's body, kicking violently, doubling itself up upon itself, and spinning round and round, was slowly drawn up as the lower end of the yard was hauled down to touch the deck and was then lashed fast to a ringbolt. In the silence the sails could be heard flapping.

Tomocomo shook his head gravely, disappointed, foreseeing that his pleasure would be short. The kickings grew less frequent, blood burst from the blackening face, the eyes started out, there was a final convulsion, buttons suddenly flew off and the last unspeakable indecency set the gaping crowd giggling, tittering, sniggering. Then there were a few hearty barks of real laughter. Shrugging her shoulders, Pocahontas turned away from the abomination and laid her hand on Rolfe's shoulder. 'Come, don't watch any more.' But he, without lifting his eyes from the page, was reading as fast as he could and quite at random: 'The wild beasts of the desert with the wild beasts of the island shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein.'

The helmsman, with the twirling horror over his head, had been looking up, neglecting his job; the wind caught the ship aback and all was shouting and confusion as the sailors ran to the sheets. With the corpse still swinging at

the peak the sails drew taut, and soon the bubbling wake streamed once more across the sea.

There was no conclusion, no ending to this gathering of men, no orgy to wipe out the sordid knowledge of cruelty, shame and guilt. The dreadful corpse swung above, and its awful shadow danced upon the deck as the little knots of men moved forward and adjourned in groups, to which the cook and the cook's mate served round silently an unauthorised mug of spirits in honour of the occasion. Sir Thomas Dale, noting the Bible in Rolfe's hands, wiped his forehead and, going below, pulled out his own copy of the book. But the print danced before his eyes, the book fell from his grasp; he felt very tired, grunted and fell asleep. That evening he read the burial service, and Lymbry's body was reverently committed to the deep. They sang a psalm.

CHAPTER XXVI

PLYMOUTH, with its multitude of shipping and the big green promontories of the sound and the Hoe rising steeply up before the harbour, was their first port; but they stayed only long enough for Sir Thomas Dale to send off a messenger to London announcing his arrival, and to take on board a supply of water and fresh provisions.

The lights of hundreds of lanterns glimmered round them on the mastheads and in the rigging of the ships, and a few feeble lamps twinkled from open windows in the town; but to the Indians it seemed the largest and most brilliantly illuminated place in the world, and Tomocomo, who had been ashore with Dale, was thrown into the deepest gloom. He had carried a peeled wand and a knife in his hands, intending to make a notch for every white man that he saw, but in the first ten minutes he had lost count, and was afraid that in his hurry he had made notches twice over for the same man and had left out others altogether. At dawn a cannon boomed from the shore, and their answering shot echoed, re-echoed and re-echoed again from the rocky walls; then the sails were spread and they were under way again.

As they sailed round the coast, Pocahontas's excitement grew: she was eager to be quit of the ship and the other Indians and to plunge into the heart of England, so she was not disappointed when Rolfe said that they would go down to Heacham at once. Her first sight of London was

sailing up the Thames on a sparkling June morning. There was a cloudless sky of blue, a light wind helping the tide to carry them up and a silvery haze over the distances. Soon they reached the clustering houses of Greenwich, and they drew into the quay just after they had passed the square block of the Tower with its pinnacles and flags, and the houses clustering thickly on the hills behind, and the streets ahead following all the winding loops of the river.

As the ship slowly approached the shore the little group of Indians stood silent among the sailors, who continually hailed the people they passed on the shore or in other boats; their keen eyes searched through the silver haze of smoke and they made out the houses running up and down the hills, clustering in streets that swept back a little way from each side of the river. At length Tomocomo shook his fierce head and said: 'I know now why they laughed at me,' and then, after looking at the notched stick he carried, threw it with disgust into the river.

'And this is only one of the English towns, and the English are only one of the kingdoms of the white men,' thought Pocahontas, but she did not speak, for the size of London made her heart glad and she was tired of the hostility of Tomocomo; she was tired of the Indians altogether except for her young sister, who never worried her round head about anything, but played with little Tom. She was going with them to Heacham as a nursemaid, while the others were to be lodged in London by Sir Thomas Dale and the Governors of the Virginia Company.

London was paved with cobble-stones, from which the horses knocked sparks at every other step and on which they slid and clattered, cobble-stones on which it was im-

possible to walk comfortably in moccasins. A hard-soled shoe was necessary; and after the cramped months on board ship Pocahontas was so tired out by an hour's walk over the cobbled streets that she had no wish left to explore farther along the winding streets of timbered, overhanging houses. Everywhere there were crowds that jostled each other to see her, and shouted as they passed; everywhere there were horses straining and slipping, with heavily loaded drays and waggons that bumped and clattered with an insufferable din over the pot-holed cobbled streets. She was tired out before they had reached their lodging, and Tom was tired, hungry and frightened.

The shoemaker came that evening, and two days later she could walk along a London street in a pair of high-heeled, cork-soled chopines without wrenching her ankle at every step; but by then Sir Thomas Dale had sent word that he was riding down to Newmarket to see the King and that he would carry them with him. Rolfe and Pocahontas would go on from there to Norfolk.

The first days of London had exhausted and bewildered her; the noise was horrible to her, and she wondered what the white people could be made of to enable them to stand it. How could the children whom she saw running in shrieking swarms, barefooted, along the gutters, stand such noise? Why weren't they all deaf? But the children screamed, the horses and waggons banged and rattled with metal on stone; costers, porters and shopkeepers bawled at the tops of their voices; ballad-singers, coalmen and milkmen yelled with shriller notes; and on this roaring medley smote the recurring sound of church bells chiming the hours. The weather was hot, the stench in the gutters was terrific; dry horse-dung flew in showers over

everything. She longed for solitude, for woods and for deep cool water where she could bathe unseen, and yet she was ashamed of such a wish so soon after coming to great London which she had so longed to see. Then they were leaving.

For the first time Pocahontas found herself mounted upon a horse; the strange feeling of insecurity, of looking down on other people, and the odd motion when the heavy beast broke from its accustomed walk into a lumbering trot, thrilled her, delighted her and made her anxious to get away from the crowd of other riders and to try to ride properly on a saddle instead of being strapped into a sort of chair. Rolfe rode beside her holding little Tom before him. Dust flew, horses whinnied and horse-flies bit at them.

When the road reached the edge of Newmarket Heath, a mounted groom rode up to meet them and the party halted, the horses in the rear packing in closer to the front ranks. It was a hot day, though windy, and the dust rose as the horses fidgeted. Everyone was excited, alarmed and uncomfortable, and at last Pocahontas asked why they were waiting.

'I don't know,' answered Rolfe. 'We're to see the King; I suppose he is going to pass this way.'

The groom trotted back along the road to Newmarket. Already a string of horses was being led out from the little town and turning away into the hollow on their left. Sir Thomas Dale's horse tossed its head and the bit jingled; Pocahontas glanced at the rider's face and saw that he was pale with unaccountable agitation, his lips moved, and his knee trembled violently, in a sort of St. Vitus's dance, against the flap of his saddle.

She remembered Lymbry's hanging and all the executions which Dale had ordered, and was amused to see the little tyrant was trembling already. 'I'm thirsty: is there a stream near here, John?' she asked, and was annoyed when Rolfe made an imperative gesture to her to be silent. Why should she be thirsty because Dale was afraid? She looked about her to see whether she could catch sight of water, and her puzzled eye fell on a tall man, standing not far off on the slope below them, who was whistling to two dogs which were rapidly driving a herd of fat, woolly deer across the plain.

'So many and so tame!' she thought. 'Doubtless they are for the King's hunting,' but since Rolfe was so cross she did not bother to ask a question. After they had waited for some time longer, Rolfe's brother extracted a bottle of sherry from his bundle, but as he was passing it to her, Sir Thomas Dale motioned to him for it, took hold of it and took a long drink. Pocahontas was furiously angry.

Suddenly a gentleman on a chestnut horse, followed by a groom, was seen trotting towards them, then he was hailing them.

'He's just coming, Sir Thomas. Time to get moving.'

The whole party set off at a trot and when they had covered a couple of hundred yards, they caught sight of a group of men riding towards them. Fifty yards from the royal party they halted, while Sir Thomas Dale rode on alone. The footman, who had been waiting for some minutes at the correct spot, caught his horse as he pulled it up and scrambled off and then ran forward, pulling off his hat, and fell on one knee before his sovereign.

James I, dressed in pale blue and riding a very fiery

horse, pulled it up short and gazed in pretended astonishment at Sir Thomas Dale—then he stretched out one hand while his horse capered about and reared so that for some moments he had no attention to spare for Sir Thomas. Pocahontas stared at this little exhibition with delight and was greatly impressed. The whole party fell in behind and rode cautiously down to the racecourse, where they dismounted.

‘Does the King kill those fat deer with his sword?’ asked Pocahontas, and the King, lifting his head at the sound of her voice, asked who she was and smiled in her direction.

‘Those are sheep,’ hissed Rolfe in tones of horror, and next instant Sir Thomas Dale was leading her forward. In front of her was a man of fifty in a tawdry suit of pale blue, with riding boots. His complexion was muddy, or his face was dirty, he had wrinkling apple-red cheeks, deep-set eyes, and he was smiling benevolently at her.

‘What did she ask?’ he enquired.

‘I wanted to know whether you were going hunting,’ said Pocahontas.

‘No, No, No, not at this time of year. Horse-racing. Don’t you know what racing is?’ he said petulantly, irritated at the silliness of her question. It had, however, given him the opportunity to get back to the business of the afternoon, and he signed for the first race to begin.

For two hours Rolfe ran from groom to groom, and gentleman to gentleman, begging them to let him know when it would be permissible for him to continue his journey. Nobody knew, nobody cared, and Pocahontas sat, oblivious of time, in a transport of delight, watching one race after another. She loved King James. She knew

he was worthy to rule over the whole earth, for the most beautiful animals in the world belonged to him, and ran for his pleasure. Never in her life had she seen anything which moved her with such anguish of excitement as the two horses coming nearer and nearer, galloping neck and neck down the Rowley Mile and then passing her, while everyone shouted and rushed after them onto the course. The horses reminded her of the white greyhound that the King had sent her father. She would have liked to speak to him of the dog but the crowd round the King was too thick. She would tell him about it later on.

At last the racing was over, Sir Thomas Dale gave the Rolfes permission to continue their journey, and soon she and John, her sister and John's brother Henry, were trotting slowly along the road to Ely. Willows, bulrushes and reeds shut out the shrunken waters of the fens, and every now and then a heron rose up from behind the causeway on which they rode and beat up almost perpendicularly into the air with majestic vanning of its great wings, or a flight of duck would flash over suddenly and vanish with a trailing string of splashes behind the banks of sedge and reed.

Hour after hour went by; but on the second day, when Ely had been left far behind them, the black earth and level expanses of the fens, with their sheets of water and gaily turning windmills, gave place to the green of meadows and oak-trees. From Downham Market the road improved, and they rode at evening into Lynn amid shouted welcomes on all sides. Red-faced, full-bearded men in grey worsted coats and soiled ruffs, wrung Rolfe's hands, chucked Pocahontas familiarly under the chin or bent down to give her three smacking kisses, one on each cheek and one full on

the lips, in the old English style. They were men dusted with flour, stuck over with tallow, stained with Stockholm tar, sprinkled with sawdust or smelling of salt fish, according to their trades.

'Man and boy,' they bellowed. 'Man and boy for thirty years. . . .' Then, looking at little Tom's long black eyes set flush in his flat face, and noting his dark red cheeks and coppery neck, they clicked their tongues on the roofs of their mouths, almost in dismay.

'So this is another Rolfe. They have always been dark men, but they will be darker than ever now.' And feeling that they could not hit on the right thing to say, they searched their pockets for a lump of sugar to give the child himself.

That night at the inn in the big market-place the merchants crowded round and every fresh arrival called for more wine or beer, and late into the night the talk and singing went on. One man after another would take up the tale, breaking into a long narrative which ended with roars of laughter, and hammering of pewter mugs and calls to the potman for more drink.

Upstairs Pocahontas lay awake for hours in the great feather bed with little Tom asleep beside her, and it was long past midnight before she heard the party break up and the inn doors slammed after the last guest had departed. Then there were unsteady feet and voices on the stairs and John staggered into the room. She had to pull off his long boots for him. He was funny, smiling broadly and begging her pardon. It was clear that he could not see her, and in the end he fell asleep in the middle of a sentence while she was pushing him into bed. She had seen a great many drunk English sailors, but Rolfe had never been so

drunk as this before. She thought he was funny and stroked the white flesh of his shoulder, but he did not feel her touch.

Next day they rode forward over the open waste of Norfolk, where the grass and warrens gave place to fringes of oaks and stretches of bracken that ran down to the shores of the Wash. Then a few fields appeared: there were green, gem-like paddocks clustering round farm and village, and longer stripes of grey-green corn and yellow land ploughed and left fallow which ran up the sides of the swelling hills.

A house of dark yellow, small squared stones, roofed with heavy red-brown pantiles, stood in the shelter of tall trees, and from the narrow casements one could look down over the Wash, and at low tide see the wandering rivulets of water lacing the enormous stretch of sand, on which panniered donkeys and pony-carts stood patiently while the fishermen collected loads of oysters, whelks and mussels, while by high tide a whole quiet sea had flowed in, cutting off the distant view of Lincolnshire. John Rolfe's younger brother Edward was living at Heacham Hall with his wife and family, and the red-cheeked Norfolk woman was shy of her Indian sister-in-law because she was a Princess.

'To think that John should have married a King's daughter,' she repeated over and over in the kitchen; but after a few days the novelty of grandeur wore off, and she made friends. Pocahontas had nursed Tom all through the voyage; now it was high time to wean him, and she horrified her sister-in-law by giving him raw beef finely chopped up.

Since John had been away, Edward had been building

an immense walled garden. The bricklayers were still at work, and the farm-carts came and went from the seashore with the bricks unloaded from a barge which had brought them all the way from Peterborough by water. Pocahontas loved to watch the bricklayers slapping the mortar on with their trowels and laying the narrow bricks so fast and surely, while the carts came creaking across the park-land and the sea showed blue through the green boughs of oak trees.

Before they had been a week at Heacham the hay was ready for mowing, and the sound of the whetted scythes took her back to the first summer at Varina. She had often rebelled at seeing Rolfe working so hard; but in Norfolk she understood the white man's way of life and saw for the first time what Rolfe had been aiming to build up by his work.

For his ancestors, by lives of incessant toil, had transformed nature and had built up such pleasant things which had come to seem part of nature: green pastures, cocks of new-mown hay in which she joined her sister-in-law in romping and tumbling with the children, gardens full of sweet-scented flowering stocks, pinks and damask roses.

When the haying was done, Rolfe put her on the white pony on the old saddle which he and his brothers had used when they were boys, her sister-in-law lent her a cover skirt, and John rode down to the beach with her, holding the pony by a leading-rein. At first the quick little jogging up and down was too much for her, and she clung with desperation. The shape and feeling of the strange animal she was on, with its barrel ribs, sloping shoulders and the stiff, hogged mane rising up out of a wobbling belt of fat and gristle, full of grey scurfy powder, and cut in one place

by the path of the collar, all filled her with hysterical excitement. Very soon Rolfe started off at a canter and the faster motion was smooth and she felt safe. Only when she looked down and saw how fast they were whirling over the ground did she feel dizzy and afraid. In a few days she was allowed to ride without the leading-rein, and one day Rolfe called to her to follow him and set off for a gallop. The pony did not wait but dashed away, wild to overtake the big horse. At each of the furious bounds she felt herself being loosened and then caught again, she gripped like a vice with her thighs, and dug her knees in, and they flew over the sand, wheeled round after Rolfe, and the shallow water flew up, splashing her from head to foot. Rolfe was leading still, then she saw him slowing down; she grunted with deep delight and slashed her pony with the whip, and the little beast set back its ears and galloped like the wind across the sands and out towards the sea. The salty air and spray flew in her face; the hard rumble of the pony's hoofs on the wet sand maddened her, she hit the pony again and again.

'Hold hard,' shouted Rolfe, overtaking her and heading her off the water. 'Easy there. You'll be out in the mud. Easy there. Whoa.'

Pocahontas was thrown two or three times, but she picked herself up without a bruise and clambered on directly Rolfe had caught her pony again for her. Riding was the best thing of all, and she never had been so convinced of the superiority of the white men to everything Indian as she was from the back of a horse. She rode every day that Edward could spare the pony.

Sunday was a day of rest. The Rolfes were devout, almost Puritans, and none of the brothers would practise

archery or play bowls or cricket as their neighbours did after church. In the morning they always had family prayers, but on Sunday these were longer than usual. The men put on their best coats with clean starched ruffs and silver-buckled shoes, and the whole family went in procession, filing into the old flint and rubble church with its steep, high-pitched roof, and through the wide airy nave to sit in the big family pew.

Pocahontas felt very proud at taking part in this ceremony, and enjoyed the church and the service; only, as the day wore on she was overcome by a queer feeling of emptiness and anti-climax. She was expecting an outburst of emotion, a relief after the tension, or even the face of Jesus parting the clouds and peeping down on them. But instead of this, Sunday dragged itself on slowly waiting for something which never happened.

In the afternoon they ate an enormous dinner of cold meat pies and cold fruit pies, with custards and clotted cream and cheesecakes, all cold dishes, since no cooking might be done on the Sabbath, and in the evening the Rolfe brothers walked arm-in-arm with their wives along a stretch of lane under the big oaks, or looked about at the farm as though they were strangers to it, often prodding the ground or turning over a wisp of hay or a sheaf of barley, or scratching a pig's back with the ends of their walking-sticks. The children followed after them with Pocahontas' sister, rather lost in their fine ribbons. Even the dogs were specially good and patient and did not snarl at each other, or snap at flies as they did on weekdays. By bedtime Pocahontas felt, like the dogs, out of sorts and physically uncomfortable.

In September Simon Latham, the falconer, came to Lynn

to fetch some Iceland falcons which had been sent him from Denmark, and John, meeting him at the Mayor's house, was invited to join in a day's sport. The company were to meet on Massingham Heath, and Rolfe and Pocahontas rode over early in the morning. Miles away the yokels had been gathered together and were throwing stones and creating a commotion in the great heronry in the hopes that some of the birds would seek peace and quietness by taking their passage over towards the Wash. In the meantime, while waiting for the herons, the score or so of gentlemen assembled prepared to have sport with the partridges, and Rolfe, though he had no hawks of his own, accompanied them.

Pocahontas took her stand with the cadgers and watched them taking the hawks out of the little tilt cart in which they had been driven over. Three or four hawks stood hooded and motionless on each cadge, and she watched their owners come up and take the beautiful birds onto their gloved hands and then set off on foot, in a long line stretching across the open country, to walk up the partridges. Soon she saw that one of the birds had been unhooded and given its liberty, and she could see her beating her quick wings and circling high up over her master's head, waiting on for the game.

'There. Lookee yonder,' called one of the cadgers, but, quick as were her eyes, the falcon's dive had been faster, and all that she saw was the men running together to where the peregrine had struck down its prey. Latham, the chief falconer, was a dried-up man with a queer animal-like look about his low-browed lean face and dry ruffled hair, and Pocahontas liked him because he did not stare at her or laugh, but, without paying her any attention,

went on with the troublesome task of imping a feather, in the wing of one of his big Iceland falcons, which had been broken somehow on the jolting journey from Lynn. This broken feather had put him in a very bad temper; he gave a furious glance at his cadger and turned over the imping needles bitterly, trying to find one long and stout enough for his purpose. Meanwhile the great bird shifted awkwardly, and shook out its barred and brindled plumage and sat still again. Yes, this falconer was unlike other white men: he had the intensity and passion of an Indian in all his movements, and, as she watched him, she longed to see once more the naked limbs of the hunters moving through the silent woods.

Suddenly there were hulloos from the distance, and a flock of enormous birds was seen making its way towards the south. They were bustards, and too big for the ordinary peregrines and goshawks which the other members of the party carried, but worth trying for with the Iceland falcon, and Latham at once leapt on his horse and, carrying two of his big falcons before him, galloped off with an expression of torment on his face. In a few moments a fold in the ground hid him. The line of part-ridge hunters were already out of sight, and Pocahontas was alone with the boys guarding the cadges of spare hawks. She stroked one of the hooded birds, looking closely at its talons and at the jesses and little bells on its legs. It seemed to draw itself more tightly together under her hand, but it did not move on the perch. After an hour a heron was seen at a good height slowly winging its way, not from the heronry but over their heads, going in the direction in which the falconers had disappeared; and the boys became desperately excited, for they longed to loose

two of the hawks at it, but knew that it would be as much as their lives were worth to touch the birds. But just after the heron had passed over them two falcons were loosed at it from somewhere out of sight over the side of the hill. The falcons mounted rapidly, but the heron seemed to draw away from them and had turned back towards the Wash.

Pocahontas at once climbed on to her pony and set off over the open heath in pursuit of the birds. Every other moment she looked up to watch the duel in the sky: the hawks had risen above their quarry at last and she saw one hurl itself down like a stone and the heron half-roll away from it, dodging his adversary, while the falcon was carried helplessly beyond the heron by its own momentum. Already the second falcon was high enough to strike. The pony stumbled; Pocahontas clutched the reins, gave a look at the earth, and then once more gazed up into the blue vaults and the white mountains above her. Without looking down she slashed at the pony with her whip and gripped harder with her knees and already she had forgotten the earth, forgotten everything but the desperate struggle between the birds in which she believed that she was somehow playing a part, and she slashed with her whip automatically because the birds were getting higher and higher in the air. At last she saw one of the smaller dots fall on and disappear into the larger dot, its prey. They remained stuck together wavering, growing larger; the heron thrashed slowly and helplessly with its enormous wings; the two birds fell in a slow spin, then faster, and turned over once or twice as they came tumbling through the air.

Already Pocahontas was close to them: they were fall-

ing a little way ahead. Without taking her eyes off them for a second, she rained blows on the galloping pony. Hawks and heron were down, were on the ground, but at that moment there was an appalling wrench and she went sailing through the air, landing on all fours in the middle of a rabbit warren. The pony gave a whistling moan as it tried to move, then fell back and lay still. It had put a hoof through a skin of turf into a rabbit hole and had broken its leg, but without giving it a glance or paying any attention to her sprained wrist and bleeding, bitten tongue, Pocahontas picked herself up and ran to where the big falcons were plucking out feathers and tearing at their prey. Her first impulse was to rush on and seize the birds, but she saw that she might scare them off and advanced slowly until the dead body of the heron lay between her and the falcons, who eyed her anxiously and struck at her when she moved closer. She knelt down, and for a few minutes or so she stayed thus, eyeing them, and determined in her heart to get her hands on them, and at all events not to let them tear the heron. Then came the sound of many hoofs and men dismounting. The falconer pushed past her, giving her one friendly glance, and then swiftly and softly took up his birds. While she was still staring, Rolfe was on her flaming with anger.

'How dare you! The pony. You ought to have broken your neck.' He had seen her riding off utterly recklessly, with the pony galloping so wildly over the ant-hills and through the short bracken that he had thought it was bolting. He had ridden his hardest to overtake her and then had seen with rage that she was thrashing her beast to go on. When the pony had gone down, both she and it disappeared from his sight, and for a few minutes he had

been sick with anxiety, expecting to find her lying badly injured; and his relief, when he reached her, showed itself in a fury such as she had never seen in him before. He caught her by the sprained wrist and swung her round, and as she winced silently in pain she opened her mouth and the blood from her bitten tongue frothed on her lips, but she said nothing. Rolfe had been badly frightened, but, directly he had shaken her, he was sorry for his violence and turned back to where the pony lay, pulling it up and feeling the broken bone. He swore angrily, pulled out the long knife he wore in his belt, and, feeling behind the near foreleg, rammed the blade home between the ribs. The pony bounded off, trembled violently and collapsed. Then it lashed out wildly with its hoofs, shivered again and died.

The fierce, rough-haired falconer was speaking to Pocahontas; he was giving her the body of the heron; and spreading out its great slate-blue wings and running her fingers up and down over the black and white feathers of its throat and crest, she gloated; and Rolfe's sudden anger was forgotten.

CHAPTER XXVII

IT was November, and a thick white fog, yellowed by the coal smoke, hung in a pall over the Thames. Looking out of her attic in Savage's Bell Inn (Tom Savage's grandfather had been the last Savage to whom it belonged, and a few years later it was to bear a rough picture of Pocahontas herself as its sign) she could barely see across the Holborn to the cabbage patches and buildings on the hill on the other side. The fog made her eyes smart and she coughed painfully. Someone was calling to her up the twisted rickety stair. She was wanted—she was always being wanted. At every moment of the day came an alderman, a lord, a poet, some of the other Indians who were lodged near by in the city, or the people they lodged with, merchants and their wives.

Mr. Purchas, the rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, was always in and out and continually brought his friends. Dr. King, the Bishop of London, came and had a long talk with her, and his sons, John and Henry, were frequent visitors. Both were clergymen, and so was their friend, Mr. Donne. Rolfe was proud when they or Mr. Purchas came and always called Pocahontas down to receive them; but sometimes, when strange young noblemen, tricked out in gorgeous clothes, rode into the inn-yard with a dozen servants and called out loudly for a sight of the Virginian woman, he would flush angrily and go out to them, hat in hand, make a low bow, and say that Mrs. Rolfe was sick

in her chamber and begged to be excused from receiving them that day. Meanwhile Pocahontas from her high window would peep through the curtains at the rich liveries and the coats of velvet, and look at Rolfe standing and bowing low, while the fine gentlemen shouted insults and swore at him with Scots oaths which she could not understand.

A rumour had gone round that the King had spoken angrily to Sir Thomas Dale of Rolfe's marriage, questioning whether it were legal for a commoner to marry the daughter of an emperor. This rumour was indeed no more than the truth; but Sir Thomas Dale had stood by Rolfe manfully, explaining that he had asked permission most dutifully for his marriage, and that he had granted it as James's vice-regent in that country, seeing that Powhatan himself had consented to it. Finally Sir Thomas had flung himself on his knees and had implored forgiveness for his fault. This was not at all what King James wanted and made him angrier than ever, for he had a Scotsman's love of an argument. So he went on muttering about Rolfe, who, he had heard, had introduced tobacco planting and had brought back a small fortune in his hogsheads of matured Varinas.

Sir Thomas Dale suffered; his return was by no means what he had hoped for. Complaints of his cruelty to the colonists had preceded him, and he saw that there would be no job for him in the future in Virginia. However, his salary was to be paid him by the Dutch, and he began to revolve projects in his head of going out and making a fortune in the East Indies.

One day two visitors of a very different sort walked into the yard of The Bell, and asked to be announced to the

Virginian woman and her husband. Rolfe went to the door and saw the long nose and thin features of George Percy, but so much restored in health that he was scarcely recognisable. With him was an old man with a high forehead, dark-eyed, with iron-grey hair and beard, splendidly dressed in rather old-fashioned clothes. Rolfe recognised him instantly: he was Raleigh.

Pocahontas had known Percy for many years and was pleased at the courtesy he showed her, for he had paid her small attention in Virginia. Now he took off his hat, bowed deeply and dropped on his knee to kiss her hand; and Raleigh smiled gravely as he imitated his companion, and said that since he had been forbidden the court he was fortunate to be able to kiss the hand of so beautiful a Princess. Then he turned to Rolfe and said that he had enjoyed smoking tobacco of his growing.

Melancholy brooded over him; he was restless; his questions about Virginia were abrupt and inconsecutive and gave the impression that he knew the answers to them already. Reality meant little to him. He was the greatest of projectors; he hugged the shadow, for the substance was to him a shadow. Solid gold, broad acres of earth, jewels, ships, men, all these ran through his fingers and dissolved as though they never had existed; but the gold of dreams, the jewelled cities of imagination, the wide stretches of unknown lands, and El Dorado itself, were his forever, and remained through life his almost personal possessions. If he was a legend during his life, it was because once or twice this fool gold of imagination was unloaded at his feet in solid lumps and kept its reality when it passed into the hands of other men.

After sitting for half an hour and refusing wine, he sug-

gested that they should accompany him to the Tower to visit Percy's brother, the Earl of Northumberland. 'You will like to see the lions,' he said to Pocahontas, adding: 'I have seen too much of them, for I have lived there longer than I have ever lived in one house in my life.'

The Tower of London could be barely made out as they approached it through the fog and growing darkness of the November afternoon. A few drops of rain were falling, and at low tide the waters of the Thames were scarcely to be distinguished from the mud-banks which bounded them on either side. Inside the Tower, both the lions and the Earl of Northumberland seemed at first sight to have given up all hope and interest in life, and the coming of visitors could at first only attract a few lack-lustre glances.

Mangy, moth-eaten lions, with dirty soiled coats and large unhealed sores on their bodies, where the mastiffs had fixed their teeth, shambled out in alarm from their dens as the keeper prodded at them with his pike, and picked their way back through the puddles when he had gone. Pocahontas was not impressed by them and said that she had often seen their skins brought down from the mountains by Indian traders. And instantly the fire blazed in Raleigh's eyes and he questioned her with a new interest.

In the passages of the Tower the walls ran with moisture, the air was cold and stagnant and heavy with a smell of mildew, and it was so dark that it was scarcely possible to see. In the Earl's chambers a roaring fire was burning in the chimney, a huge silver candelabrum was blazing with lighted candles and there was a strong smell of incense and cloves. The Earl himself was ill: he had caught a chill after working over his furnace and retorts, and his eyes were

inflamed and red, as though he had been weeping. With him was his daughter Lucy, a young and pretty girl, who looked up with delight when Sir George More, the Lieutenant of the Tower, ushered in the company. Northumberland gazed at them blankly, then with difficulty roused himself, nodding to his brother and smiling faintly at the friend who had been his fellow-prisoner for six years.

‘So you still keep coming back?’ Raleigh shook his head and George Percy brought Pocahontas forward. She looked at the flushed and feverish old man, wondering why she had been brought to see him. At last, with extreme slowness, his mind called up something from the past and he said: ‘You are not the first Virginian that has been in this room. Seven or eight years ago, I think, a man was brought here for me to talk to: his name was Namontack and he spoke English quite well. You should have known him.’ And then the Earl added that he had talked a great deal to Namontack and had given him a present of copper and of a couple of rings. Pocahontas began speaking, telling the history of Namontack’s death slowly and clearly in as few words as possible, and she saw that Northumberland and Raleigh were interested. But new impressions were difficult to take in, and Namontack, seen eight years before, was clearer in the Earl’s mind than the woman who was speaking to him. But at last the pale watery eyes did rest on her and take her in, and a smile appeared on the weary, puffy face.

‘You are all they say of you, and they say a great many fine things behind your back. Now you must have a keepsake too, like poor Namontack. Would you like a pair of earrings?’ And the old man tottered over to his table and took out a pair of earrings from a drawer. Each was made

of two ovals of mother-of-pearl set in twisted silver. He chuckled with foxy cunning at the glow of pleasure on her face and asked if he could put them into her ears himself.

'Large ears,' he murmured. 'Yes, you have large ears, and you don't look very well.'

'I fade in England, just as he faded in Virginia,' said Pocahontas, nodding towards George Percy.

It was dark as they left the Tower, but Raleigh was anxious to keep his companions with him; he could not face the prospect of two hours alone in his house in Broad Street; company was essential. But Rolfe was already apprehensive and alarmed. The news that he had been all the afternoon with Raleigh, and that they had visited a traitor together, would be carried to the King, who was already angry at his marriage and disliked his tobacco planting. He had been imprudent in allowing him to take them to the Tower, so that when Raleigh proposed that they should all visit the shipyard where his ship the *Destiny* was building, he made excuses.

It was dark, it was cold; and George Percy was afraid of another bout of malaria, so he also refused, and Raleigh was left to take his way alone to the river-side. He did not want to see his ship, but he would wander about for a while rather than go home. His old, compact figure moved away stiffly through the fog. What he had feared most had come about: he was alone again. Rolfe shunned him, he knew that. But he had liked the Virginian woman and her brat at the tavern. He clenched his fist and waved it in the air.

'It can, shall and must be done!' But why hadn't he done it?

'Everyone else succeeds. Only I fail,' he said aloud, quite untruly.

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Every day it rained, pools of black water lay in the yards and in the streets, and the carts splashed it over the passers-by. Mud was trodden over every room in the house, rain beat in round the window-frames and dripped down the walls. Pocahontas coughed. She hated London; she hated being called downstairs to be looked at by a vast man like a barrel, in a dirty brown cloak which dripped with water from the corners onto the brick floor of the inn parlour. He was drinking sherry and holding the long glass in his hand, he stared at her and nodded his great head and lifted the glass again to his lips. He was Ben Jonson and he was drunk. Outside it was raining steadily and there was no sign of his going away. After being questioned for five minutes and ignored for an hour, Pocahontas crept away up the stairs, but she could hear Ben Jonson roaring at Rolfe for the rest of the afternoon. For some reason the rain, the darkness and the gloom of London, together with the coarse tipsy voice below and the reek of the tavern, of horses staling in the yard outside and of wet and dirty clothes, combined to produce an unforgettable picture in her mind. She had never felt such despair and misery before.

Whither could she escape? She held Tom tight on her knee, for the child was a fact, the only fact at that moment in her life. Everything else was a mistake. All her life she had been moved by violent passions to do one thing or another, and looking back on them she saw that every-

thing had been due to ignorance. She had fallen in love with Smith—knowing nothing of him; had come to England knowing nothing of it. What strange chance was it that had inspired her with a passion for things of which she was ignorant? And what had made the white men go to Virginia; what made them do as they did? She might have lived under an ash tree all her life, have gone naked, swum, made love and danced with a creature as beautiful as Pipisco. Such a life was far away, she would never get back to it; it would be better to live in Norfolk, or even in London, than on the edge of the forest, breathing in the savour of the wilderness and seeing the life she could not share.

But such thoughts were wicked and might be punished. Rolfe would take her into St. Paul's to-morrow, where the nice old Bishop, Dr. King, was to preach a sermon about her. They would sit in the dark and narrow nave and the people would crowd to look at her. Tom would hate them and she would try to choke back a fit of coughing.

Sir Thomas Dale came to call for her in a coach to take her to visit the Queen in Denmark House, and a big, fat, flaxen-haired woman with cheeks like over-blown red roses, wearing an enormous skirt which accentuated her stoutness, hobbled across the room. Queen Anne had the gout; twinges of it made her wince with pain, but she laughed continually and kept telling Pocahontas that she had heard a great deal about her and wanted to know more; that already she was quite in love with her and wished that she could have met her in the Virginian forest. The pale blue eyes looked into the dark ones, expressing something silly, something generous, something at once innocent and corrupted.

After this first visit to the Queen a new, more desperate, life began for the Rolfes. Messengers with notes, carriages with maids-of-honour, pages and footmen flowed in on them at all hours of the day, and the courtiers who had turned into the inn-yard out of the idlest curiosity now paid their respects in form, to be in the fashion. Pocahontas had to spend her time with a tailor fitting on a rich court dress, and then, when it was finished, had to sit in it for her portrait.

She coughed, was feverish at night and morning, and spat blood, and, hearing of her illness, Raleigh sent her an elixir and the Queen sent her own doctor; and in the intervals of her fever Pocahontas would at one moment hear the gusts of sleet and hail beating against the casement, in the next find herself looking up at the furred coat and spectacled, bearded face of the doctor. At another time Rolfe would be on his knees, praying beside her bed, and then the old Bishop himself had climbed up the stairs and his gentle presence and earnest kindness did more towards her recovery than the doctor's bleedings or Raleigh's elixir.

By the end of the year she was well again and up and about, and before Twelfth-night the Queen was well also, recovered from the gout. The new banqueting hall at Whitehall blazed with lights; a small forest of holly trees covered with berries, over which powdered chalk had been sifted to represent snow, had been introduced at the far end of the hall. Everywhere tinsel, holly and mistletoe had been hung, there was a blaze of lights and the collected company shone with a frost of diamonds and a flame of rubies. When the King and Queen were seated, and the babble of voices was still at its loudest, the noise of a drum

being beaten loudly drowned conversation, and presently one or two fifes joined in. Half a dozen beefeaters marched in with their halberds on their shoulders, followed by the fifes and the drummer, and after him came an old man with a long, thin white beard. He was a thin old man with long cross-gartered stockings, round trunk hose a generation or more behind the fashion, a close-fitting doublet and a tall hat. In his hand was a truncheon, and directly the drum stopped he introduced himself with a mighty laugh as Christmas, Old Christmas, Christmas of London, Captain Christmas. Then, after a ranting speech, he called in his ten sons and daughters, led by Cupid wearing a London apprentice's flat cap and an apprentice's coat with a pair of wings at his shoulders. They entered singing, and then, when their song was over, a commotion was heard off the stage and Venus burst in, dressed as a servant looking for her precious boy. A dispute between Christmas and her was soon patched up, the drum and fifes sounded again and all burst into a song in which all of Christmas's children—the Yule Log, Minced Pie, Baby-cake and the rest—were introduced and marched about. This song was followed by more chaffing dialogue, after which the Christmas family executed a formal ballet, only Log standing in a corner, since he was too heavy to dance. After the ballet, Captain Christmas delivered himself of a doggerel epilogue, his children began dancing again; and the company, rising, began to join in without waiting for the King and Queen to open the ball.

Soon the Queen was dancing herself, and Rolfe, looking down from the gallery to which he had been admitted, saw young Lord Hay lead Pocahontas out. In spite of her court clothes, she looked so different from everyone in the

hall that, even without seeing her dark face, he could have recognised her at once. She held her back and shoulders differently; she walked more lightly; there was an indescribable grace in the way she gently waved her feather fan, never fluttering it, for she did not understand its purpose.

She had not seen the English dance except for some sailor hornpipes on board ship, and now, holding hands with the gorgeously dressed young peer, she capered, spun and gammocked, making up steps to match his and jiggling in time to the music. The Queen stopped dancing to watch her and clapped and laughed; the King laughed, and Rolfe, shut off from these great ones, felt a sudden jealous anger that he knew was unreasonable. Then, feeling afraid that someone might look up from below and recognise him among the throng of humble people in the gallery, he drew back into the shadow. His jealousy of Pocahontas was increased by what Dale had told him of the King's displeasure at his marriage, but he suppressed this feeling, hiding it from himself; but it found expression in an increase of puritanism. Captain Christmas appeared at first sight a harmless piece of jollity, but was Christmas harmless or was it a pagan feast endangering the immortal soul? They had always kept Christmas at Heacham, dragging in the Yule log, drawing Dun from the mire and playing a hundred seasonable pranks, and Rolfe was not ready to denounce it. At the same time many saintly men did object to Christmas, and it was plain that Venus and Cupid were heathen deities. Then he remembered that there were stories going round the town of masques in which the Queen and her ladies appeared as sea-nymphs with nothing on but spangles and muslin, and that in those

costumes the dancing went on till dawn. When her brother had come over from Denmark, there had been orgies, and the evening had ended with the whole court dead drunk. There were darker scandals still: it was said that while the Queen loved the Earl of Pembroke, the King loved the younger brother, whom he had made Earl of Montgomery. Then why, if such stories were not true, had the King spared the life of Carr? The Scotch court was Sodom: they were all rotting with corruption and impiety. He turned away, to get as far as possible from the sound of the music, and stumbled from the gallery into a darker passage. Two figures stretched in a dark corner scrambled apart. Rolfe, with his heart beating with anxiety, hurried down the stairs and, without being seen or opposed, entered the banqueting hall itself and joined some persons standing against the wall.

Pocahontas was by now the centre of attention of the whole company. The King and Queen were both watching her, advising her and encouraging her as Lord Hay showed her the steps of a Scotch reel; and Pocahontas, laughing, flung herself into it and danced with terrific spirit. The dancing came to an end; wine was being handed round and healths drunk, and then, in a far corner of the room, he could see the King and Queen standing together shrieking with laughter while Pocahontas and Lord Hay bent down to a table.

‘What are they doing?’ he asked his neighbour. ‘Bobbing for apples.’ Yes, the man was right. He could see the bowls now. There was no occasion for jealousy.

The evening was breaking up and Pocahontas, seeing Rolfe in the doorway, came towards him with her face flushed with pleasure. Her white teeth shone, her eyes

sparkled, she looked magnificent; and his suppressed jealousy, his new puritanical dislike of the court, his fears, all vanished as she looked at him, and a happiness to match hers stole into his heart. She, a princess, caressed by the King and Queen, was his. She was his faithful and dutiful wife, and he had won for her a greater glory than any that could be given by these great ones on earth: a crown was to be hers in Heaven.

Just before she reached Rolfe, however, Pocahontas caught sight of two girls who had been standing the whole evening, squashed by the crowd against the wall of the room. They were Bessie and Molly Gates, and she rushed up to them with delight.

But the two tomboys of Virginia, who had been watching her talking freely with the King and Queen, gazed at her with speechless, sheepish terror, for a moment they seemed about to run away, they flushed scarlet, and Bessie hung her head while Molly mumbled unintelligibly. Then, one after the other, they curtsied to her with positively cow-like clumsiness.

'Bessie, Molly, darling Molly, you must come to see my baby.' She laid a brown hand on Bessie's arm. 'I still wear that dress you made for me.' But before either of the sisters could make an intelligent reply, a moustachioed old lady was heard calling to them imperiously. They rolled their eyes helplessly in terror, curtsied again with the motion of heifers rising from their knees, and hurried away, leaving Pocahontas staring after them with astonishment; then she saw the old lady give them each a vicious pinch.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN January Pocahontas was ill again, coughing and spitting blood, and it was natural for Rolfe to believe that the crowds of visitors and the messages from the court were bad for her. It was clear that the air of London did not suit her, and that her lungs had become affected since they had come up from Heacham in the autumn, and he decided to take her away where she would get the benefit of country air. They moved accordingly from Ludgate Hill to Brentford, where he found a good lodging on the outskirts of the village. It seemed that the change did do her some good, but boredom followed after her interest, and brought on a relapse.

Yet Brentford was good for her, and, what was more, it was good for Tom, who had been ailing but now began running about in freedom and was soon himself again. The winter was mild and already there was the feeling of spring in the air. The sheep were lambing in the next field, and through the open window Pocahontas could hear the new-born creatures crying and their mothers answering them when they had strayed. The blue sky was full of the song of larks. She felt happier when she was alone and was glad to lie and rest in this new place.

They had few visitors: the other Indians came out with complaints of illness and bad food, and the white man's plague, which made them cough and spit blood; and Pocahontas felt their misfortunes were a tax on her strength greater than she could bear. They always complained:

everything always went wrong with them; and she began to sympathise with Sir Thomas Dale, who refused to see them any longer, and had given orders they were to be turned away from his door. Poor Dale would not be employed again in Virginia. He dropped the Indians, and Rolfe on his part gave up writing to him; while Captain Argall, who was the coming man, paid several visits to Brentford. After dinner, when business had been dispatched, Argall, who was a Puritan, would call on the Lord and declare that the spirit of Jesus was there with them in the room, and would implore a miracle should be worked for his ailing sister, Rebecca. This fanaticism was strange and disturbing to Rolfe, but for the time he was carried away by it, for it suited his temper at the moment, and, urged by the two men, Pocahontas would stand up in a giddy trance and testify to her faith in Christ.

More soothing for the patient than such fiery intercessions, were two visits from the Bishop of London. Dr. King said little, but he sat on each visit for an hour by her bedside holding her thin, hot hand in his, and occasionally patting it and giving little grunts of sympathy which she well understood. They reminded her of her own people. The day after his second visit she felt so much better that she got up and went out for a little walk in the country lanes with Tom. They found a primrose in the copse on the way to the river, and she gathered an armful of hazel catkins to ask Rolfe what they were, and she was very pleased when he told her that they were the tails of the lambs which had just been born. It was comforting to her, when she was so sick, to find that some things happened in the same sort of way, and as naturally, in England as in America. On the way back from this walk also, she had

seen a hare crossing a ploughed field, which was a very good omen. Secretly she offered up a prayer to the Great Hare, who had sent this sign of comfort for her.

One morning there was the sound of voices and a knock at the door. And when the maid went to open it, Pocahontas heard the voice of Captain Smith.

'Good morning,' he said jauntily, coming into the room. 'Do you remember me? Can I come in?'

Pocahontas repeated his greeting automatically. There were three men behind, whom he had brought with him. It was their voices which she had heard outside. She turned away from the visitors in acute embarrassment and unhappiness and walked away from the door to the other side of the room, to hide her face. Rolfe, who had seen her expression, was puzzled as to the cause; but directly he had heard Smith's name, invited him to step with his friends into the parlour. After some demur they followed him, and she knew as a slight comfort that she was alone. She wept, her tears running freely, then her sobs choked her and she began to cough again as she cried. From the next room she could hear Smith's voice. He was talking loudly and she caught the words: 'I writ a letter in her commendation to the Queen. But I am sorry now that I said that she spoke English.'

Rolfe made no answer to this, and Smith's voice went on and on. There were stories of his last voyage, when he escaped from a French pirate in an open boat and a storm sprang up which sent the ship to the bottom, while he was saved. 'But a hundred thousand pound of mine was lost in her.' Then came the early stories of Jamestown.

She had loved the man who was speaking as though he had been a god, and she realised that she had been wrong

to think chance had shaped her life. It was Smith who had made her what she was. She had no character of her own; he had infected her with some of his own daring and his own genius. She had revered him as a god, she had loved him madly; it was his stories which had inflamed her mind with pictures of England and of London. In those days he had been great: he had been the equal of Powhatan, and the legend of his prowess had spread among peoples who had never seen him. But the figure who had hailed her at the door was changed. It was not only that he was shabby, poorly dressed, dirty and almost out at elbows. All that she had seen in one glance of recognition; it was not that which mattered, but he was changed. The look in his eye was different. She was still trembling, and, going upstairs, flung herself down on her bed and lay for a long while thinking over the past, and gradually the shock of seeing him and the bitterness she felt against him died down. She no longer asked herself why he had sent her no message before he left Virginia and had not troubled to see her or write to her in the eight months since she had been in England, but remembered that he had indeed been a great man and that she had done well to love him, and that she must carry herself well before him.

She tidied herself carefully, brushing her hair, washing her face and painting it with the rouge, and powdering it with the powder, which the Queen had given her. Then she went slowly down to greet him.

Her heart beat violently as she entered the room and went up to him; for an instant everything seemed as unreal as it does at the moment before fainting; but Pocahontas had never fainted in her life, and instead of doing so, heard someone, herself, saying: 'You promised Pow-

hatan that what was yours should be his, and he promised the same to you. You called him your father when you were a stranger in his country, and now that I am here in yours, I will call you father.'

At these words, and particularly on hearing the firm respectful tone with which she had spoken them, Smith's manner changed, and he answered simply and sincerely: 'You mustn't do that. You are a king's daughter and I am a poor captain looking for a ship.' Only two minutes before he had been speaking of himself as the 'Admiral of New England,' and Rolfe had been forced to hide a smile.

Pocahontas looked him steadily in the eyes and answered firmly and with a touch of asperity in her voice: 'You were not afraid to go into my father's country and put fear into all his people but myself, and now you are afraid to let me call you father. I tell you that I will, and that you shall ever call me your child and remember that you are one of my people and that we are fellow countrymen.'

She found as she spoke thus that she needed all her self-control to prevent a note of pity coming into her voice.

'They did always tell us that you were dead, and I did not know that you were not until after I came to England. Only Powhatan did not believe that you were, and ordered Tomocomo to seek you out because he said your people always lie so much.'

Although she looked at him so steadily and spoke so firmly she was thinking that the English were not really such liars after all. The Smith she had known was dead, and in his place was this fatter, thickened, middle-aged man. The fire had gone out of him, the air of authority had

degenerated into a pitiful bluster. When that stopped, he looked quite empty.

The woman of the house called them in to dine, and Pocahontas noticed that Smith ate and drank too much, and soon grew very red in the face, and that his blue eyes watered and his nose grew damp. Soon he began to speak of the fleet they were fitting out for him in the West Country, mentioned Raleigh with contempt and once more referred to himself as the 'Admiral of New England.' Yet it was clear, as he talked, that there was no such fleet and that Smith himself knew that he was not likely to get the command of another vessel. Something had happened to him and he was changed. At thirty-seven he was a failure. Something had snapped in him, and from being the hero of a hundred legendary exploits he had become an impostor. He knew, and everyone else knew, that he was impersonating Captain Smith, the man he had been and was no longer. But in his presence it was difficult to believe that the real man had ever existed.

By the end of dinner he was drunk and the pretence crumbled completely. He seemed to forget where he was and why, and even fished out the prospectus and the map which he had been hawking round the gentlemen's houses in Cornwall that summer, in a desperate attempt to raise money somehow, with the story of the wonderful colony he was going to found in the north, New England he called it.


At last his companions grew restless, the two seedy youths and the down-at-heel Cornish Squire he had brought with him, told him that they must be moving, pulled him up from the table and helped him on with his cloak. Pocahontas kissed him bravely on each cheek when she said

farewell, and after the door had closed behind their visitors, she and Rolfe looked at each other.

‘What a contrast to Raleigh!’ she said at last, but Rolfe did not understand what she meant and he looked so blankly that she added: ‘Smith is almost a young man, he is only about forty, and Raleigh is sixty-five, and yet. . .’

But Rolfe still could not see anything in common in the men which led her to couple their names. ‘My poor darling, how tired you must be,’ was what he said, putting his arm around her. Since she had been in England she had learned to weep, to weep with weakness and weariness and without shame, and that evening she lay weeping and coughing and spitting out blood by turns, and it was a long while before kind, honest Rolfe could comfort her.

CHAPTER XXIX

RGALL was sailing some time in March, and Rolfe and Pocahontas, with Tomocomo and his wife, were going with him, leaving several of the other Indians behind. Argall had spoken of sailing in company with Raleigh as far as the West Indies. Besides the ships at Plymouth, Raleigh had his flagship, the newly built *Destiny*, and six other boats fitting out on the Thames, one of which, the *Star*, had been out at Jamestown in the summer of 1611 and again in 1613. Captain Pennington was therefore an old friend, and one day when Pocahontas was thought to be recovered, she and Rolfe were invited to dine on board the ship. Two recent visitors to Brentford, who had contrived to meet each other on their way there, were Lord Hay and Lucy Percy, and the girl now met them again on the *Star* with George Percy, her uncle, who shook his head knowingly when Rolfe asked him if he were going out to Guiana.

While the men walked on the poop discussing the prospects of the expedition, the English girl led Pocahontas into a corner and began to confide in her without the slightest hesitation. She and Hay were in love with one another, but the Scots were the hereditary enemies of her Border family: the Percies had fought them for five hundred years, and always beaten them, and her father would never allow such a marriage. And yet, if anything could procure his release from the Tower, it would be Hay's influence with the King, and if she were ever disobedient it would

be for her father's sake. Pocahontas listened to all this with great interest and astonishment, wondering why she was being told.

Yes, Lucy Percy looked extremely pretty with her very fair skin and rather aquiline nose and slightly protruding eyes; but at last she paused for breath, and Pocahontas asked: 'What do you want me to do?' Lucy was for a moment taken aback by this question. She was wrapped up in her own life and could think or speak of nothing else, and loved to have a savage Princess among those friends who were helping her in her amour. Then she began to explain that Hay was to give a masque for the King and Queen and the French Ambassador in the following week, and if she could make an excuse to visit Pocahontas that evening, she could go with her to the masque and afterwards sleep the night at her lodgings. Pocahontas was delighted at this and invited her at once, and the English girl embraced her passionately, intoxicated by having got a new friend who was so strange and wonderful, and the daughter of an Emperor as well. And Pocahontas felt her heart thrilled by having such a lovely friend, whom she would help to a marriage so much like her own.

When they had dined and went on deck, the twilight had fallen; the ghostly smoke-coloured streets stretched away down the Thames and melted into the pastures and the hedgerow elms, whilst all around them the barer poles of masts and yards rose thin and tapering against the violet sky. Just in front of them, lights showed in the stern of a ship; there was the sound of tramping feet aboard her and they could see the workmen just coming off her and jumping into the boat that was to row them ashore.

'Raleigh's ship, the *Destiny*,' said someone. No one

would ever speak in that tone of Smith's ship—if he ever had one again. Raleigh might fail and Smith might conceivably succeed, yet an immeasurable gulf was fixed between them. Why was it? For Smith had been a great man. Yet though she asked herself this question she knew the answer to it, for she had seen Raleigh, and through the darkness she could see him again, descending the ladder and stepping rather stiffly into the dinghy waiting for him.

It came into her head that somewhere there was a village of happy Indians, ruled over by a wise old King, and knowing no more of what was here preparing for them and of Raleigh's inexorable descent than the salmon in the river knows of the eyrie of the sea-eagle.

At the masque of 'Lovers Made Men' all was richness and decorum. The company was seated with the King between the Lord Mayor and the French Ambassador, then the Queen and then Lord Hay. Pocahontas sat close behind the Queen and Rolfe this time had a permit to stand in the body of the hall. There was no noise, no hearty laughter and smacking of wine-scented lips, nothing but a subdued murmur and the crackle of silks as the ladies and gentlemen took their places. The curtain, with the Triumphal Arch and the Latin inscriptions, shook and was slowly drawn aside, a stick was tapped on the ground and the flutes and oboes and viols breathed forth their music.

For the first time Pocahontas saw before her eyes the wonderland of the stage, of which she had heard so much spoken, and for the first time she heard poetry being sung to music; and, without understanding what it was about, she fell into a trance of delight in which the voices of Mercury, of Lethe and of Cupid were the whole of the world to her, for she had forgotten where she was. It was

strange for her to come back and find that the audience about her were rising from their seats, and that she was expected to take her place in a coranto on the stage, yet the soft, light-hearted music wantoned on, full of the gentleness and harmony of poetry which had that moment first revealed themselves to her. She passed from the dream-like beauty of the world of the stage to the half-real world where she and the Queen and fifty ladies whirled and pirouetted, sank and bowed to cavaliers who, compounded of silk, satin and lace, and scented with ambergris and musk, seemed to be more than half-spiritual or celestial creatures.

At that moment the memory of Virginia and of her own people would have been detestable; they were diabolic creatures of blood, of violence and sin. While the music breathed on she knew why she was a Christian; she understood that love which is as soft as the moth's wings in the night and as intense as the diver's first breath of air.

But the revels were coming to a close, the cavaliers were trooping beside the great farthingales, and the ladies rocked and swayed like sailing ships. Already Mercury and Cupid were stepping forward to speak their last elegant lines. She looked at them eagerly, remembering that they were two of the old gods, kinder and gentler than the God men worshipped to-day. Perhaps the music was so beautiful because they were being worshipped now. She wondered, but she knew that she could never find out, for such a question would make Rolfe angry and would seem very wicked to him.

'Do you know why Lucy Percy was not able to come with you here, to dance with Lord Hay?' the Queen asked with a laugh. 'That old fox, her father, sent for her to-day,

and has kept her prisoner with him in the Tower. He said she shall not dance a Scotsman's jigs? Did you ever hear the like of it? If Hay wants to get her out of the Tower, he must make the King pardon her father first, and, if I know Hay, he will. My Lord Des Marets, here is a Princess for you to meet.'

The dancing began again as the music floated out, commanding and compelling harmony. The ambassador asked her when she was going back and whether she would be glad to leave England. 'No,' she answered. 'No, my Lord.'

She could not bear to think that in a few weeks she was going back to that hideous land where all was murder, massacre, torture, treachery, where infamous creatures, her brothers and her kindred, tore scalps from the living heads of men. She was near to God; the same music which she now heard would surely sound in Heaven. She danced one more dance, and her exaltation grew more and more; then suddenly bells rang in her ears, the lights swam before her eyes, and she was choking with something wet and very warm, and was being lifted up and carried out.

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The song of the blackbirds and the thrushes, shouting with joy of spring; the continual caw of the rooks riding up and down over the elms; the ceaseless crying of the lambs came from the outside world. 'You will be better when we are at sea, and you will be well by the time we reach Virginia,' said Rolfe, bringing her a handful of the spring flowers, snowdrop, oxlip, and dog-violet, which he had snatched at for her in the hedgerow.

She looked at the flowers and smiled, but they meant

little to her. She had a longing for Virginia, for the sound of the wild geese and the sudden rush of spring, for the smell of the dark long houses and the idle happiness in the women's faces. But she knew that she would not see much of her own people even at Varina, and that she would not care for the English colonists now that she had seen the Court.

'I should like to hear the music again, the King's music that we heard at the masque,' she said, and Rolfe's heart ached because while she was so ill she took such a child's pleasure in clothes, and music, and pretty vanities.

Raleigh's ships would not be ready in time, or else Raleigh would not be ready, and Argall declared that he would sail alone. 'Perhaps we may join company with them at Plymouth.'

On the thirteenth of March the Queen sent Pocahontas a farewell message and a bottle of perfume; she was accompanying the King on the first stage of his journey to Scotland the next day.

As the days passed Pocahontas grew weaker, and she was barely conscious when they took her in a coach from Brentford through London, and carried her on board ship at the Tower steps.

The *George* lay between two of Raleigh's ships, the *Star* and the *Destiny*. Amid shouts of good luck and derisive cheers, the cables were cast off, a few sails were set and the *George* silently slipped away.

'We are off now,' said Rolfe entering the cabin. Pocahontas had risen from the bunk where she had been laid, and was sitting huddled up on a chest, pressing herself into the extreme corner of the cabin. Her linen shift was wet with fresh blood, she was holding her mouth and chin

tightly in her left hand. She gave Rolfe one long look and then dropped her eyes.

His words of comfort, of courage, even his words of love, were dried up in his mouth as he looked at her and perceived that she was suffering the very extremity of pain. There was nothing he could say; nothing he could do. The ship trembled a little; he could feel it moving, and he stared at Pocahontas without speaking. She was huddled up, with her shoulders drawn high, and her head pressed down to her knees. He did not move or speak until she looked up, and seeing him still in the same place an expression of irritation came into her eyes.

He moved then, and dropped on his knees beside her, and was putting his arm about her shoulder, when she said in a harsh voice: 'Don't touch me, please.' A moment later, as an afterthought, she gave him a difficult smile, then held her mouth again in her hand. Since Rolfe was on his knees he began to pray, but directly he tried to direct his thoughts to God he became aware of his heart beating very fast and could get no further than: 'Oh God, Oh God, why should this happen?'

He lifted his face, since he could not pray. Pocahontas was still in the same attitude, yet he could see that her suffering had grown greater and was growing all the time. The slight swaying of the ship was causing her agony, and he was strangely aware of her pain, though she did not move or make any sound. At last she looked up at him with extraordinarily brilliant black eyes which terrified him.

'Tomocomo,' she whispered. Rolfe rose to his feet and hurried to find the Indian, who followed him, then stooped to enter the cabin, and stood in front of Pocahontas with his arms crossed over his chest.

Why had she asked to see Tomocomo? Rolfe asked himself, and saw with surprise that, without speaking a word, she was looking with excitement at the walnut-coloured, coarse face. As for Tomocomo himself, he looked down at her stolidly and did not speak, or show emotion of any kind. Behind him his wife stood, holding little Tom in her arms, in the doorway.

'This can't go on much longer,' thought Rolfe. 'This can't go on.'

Tomocomo at last gave a deep and surprisingly loud grunt.

'I shall tell Powhatan,' he said, and, turning on his heel, went out of the cabin. Pocahontas was looking down and did not seem to notice his going away.

'This can't go on. This can't go on,' Rolfe said to himself, and took her right hand in his. The child was in the room with them. Pocahontas fixed her eyes on it and then squeezed Rolfe's hand. Sweat began breaking out all over her forehead and her neck; it ran in drops down the wisps of hair in front of her ears.

'Let Tom stay in England,' she whispered. People came and were looking at them from the doorway, and were talking outside in the passage. Tom staggered across the cabin floor towards them and Rolfe gathered his son to him with his free hand.

'Yes, Tom shall stay here if you die,' said Rolfe. 'That's what you want. You want him to grow up an Englishman.'

Bright crimson blood began to run through the fingers of the hand she held over her mouth. Then she began choking. Rolfe called for help, and at once two immigrant English women came into the cabin, and told him to go

outside. The Indian woman took Tom out of his arms. Rolfe looked back and saw the women wiping away the blood with linen rags, and then lifting Pocahontas onto the bunk. He went on deck, looked up at the sailors on the yards shaking a sail loose, and listened to the creak of the jeer-capstan, wondering why the men were not singing.

Suddenly Rolfe remembered the death of his first wife, taken from him in a ship as it sailed up the estuary of a river, and God's hand was made plain, for was He not now, with obvious symmetry, taking away his second wife as the ship pushed off and floated down the river? He went down the steps and hurried into the cabin.

The thin, savage face gleamed in a smile, her eyes shone, she had been made tidy, and the women in the cabin looked with reverence at Rolfe, as though his wife's death were making him temporarily holy. As though his soul were brought into God's presence while hers escaped.

Rolfe himself was unaware of being set apart. He did not see how they clustered in the passage outside, inquisitive and rather frightened that death should have come on board already, but knowing well enough that if they behaved sensibly and waited, it would be all right and Death would go away again.

Captain Argall came into the cabin carrying his Bible and put it between the weak, almost unconscious fingers.

'Are you bound for Heaven?' he asked her.

She turned her eyes in her head reluctantly to look at him.

She tried to answer but she could not speak, she nodded and unconsciously raised her eyes to look at the light. Argall began to call on Jesus in a loud voice, and Rolfe, not knowing what was happening, and powerless to speak, dropped on his knees, and took hold of Pocahontas, and laid his face

close to hers. The dying girl did not heed Argall's exhortations, hardly knew of Rolfe's presence. She understood.

The pain had grown so vast, had filled her body, and then, when the agony could grow no more, like a boiling liquid which can grow no hotter, however fierce the flame, its quality had changed. The pain had become purer, it had become lighter—it had lifted itself out of her body until it hung over her like a cloud of incandescent vapour. She could forget it and think of Jesus, of a naked figure bound to a post and tortured, of the blood flowing from his body, and the black, coarse-haired scalps that dribbled blood, the rushing of the mighty river and the notes of a bird's song perched high up overhead, shaking its wings.

She smiled; she was happy, and so fell limply into death.

C H R O N O L O G Y

Three ships sail from England	December 20, 1606
Sight Virginia	April 26, 1607
Land at Jamestown	May 14
Newport sailed for England	June 22
Wingfield deposed	September 11
Smith set off up the Chickahominy	December 10
Smith returned from captivity	January 8, 1607-8
Newport arrived from England in the <i>John and Francis</i>	Evening of January 8
Tom Savage and Namontack ex- changed	First week in March
Newport and Smith returned from Werowocomoco	March 9
Newport sailed for England with Wingfield and Archer	April 10
Arrival of Nelson in the <i>Phoenix</i>	April 20
Nelson sailed for England, taking Martin	} June 2
Smith set off on exploration of Chesapeake Bay	
Smith made President	September 10
Arrival of Newport with second supply in the <i>Merry Margaret</i>	October
Namontack returned to Powhatan	October
Coronation of Powhatan	November
Newport explored above the falls	December
Newport sailed for England, taking Ratcliffe	} December 29
Smith set off up York river	
Smith seized Opachancanough	January 22, 1608-9

POCAHONTAS

Colony dispersed to live on the country	April 1609
Argall arrived and his supplies commandeered	July 10
Third supply arrived without the Admiral's ship	August 18
Seven ships with Ratcliffe, Martin and Archer; and Maguire, the Spanish spy, in Ratcliffe's ship	
Smith resolved to return to England in Percy's place	
Ships sailed with Smith, leaving Percy President	September 13
(Maguire sailed in one of these boats)	
Davies arrived in the <i>Virginia</i> pinnace with sixteen men and Ratcliffe planted Point Comfort with them	October 4
Ratcliffe and his party massacred by Powhatan. Spelman saved	October 4
The Starving Time	December 1609
Spelman ran off to Potomac	October 1609-March 1610
Sir Thomas Gates in the <i>Deliverance</i> , and Sir George Somers in the <i>Patience</i> , arrived from Bermuda with 139 men and Machumps, the Indian	March 1610
Evacuation of Jamestown and meeting with Lord De La Warr	May 21
Sir George Somers to the Bermudas in his ship the <i>Patience</i> with his nephew	June 7
	June 19

CHRONOLOGY

The Germans begged Powhatan to be allowed to go to De La Warr and were knocked on the head	June 1610
Maguire's report sent to Philip III. by Spanish Ambassador in England	July 1
Letter signed by De La Warr, Gates, Percy and Strachey	July 7
Sir Thomas Gates left for England with the <i>Blessing</i> and the <i>Hercules</i>	July 15
Sir Thomas Gates arrived in England	September
Percy murdered the Queen of Appomattox	November or December
Argall found Spelman up the Potomac	Christmas
De La Warr left Jamestown to recover his health in Fayal	March 28, 1611
Sir Thomas Dale arrived as Governor with 3 ships and cattle	May 10
Dale planned the new settlement at Farrar's island	June
Sir Thomas Gates arrived with 6 ships, 300 men, 100 kine. His wife had died on the way, but he brought his two daughters	August 2
Dale reported in a letter: the visit of the Spanish Carvel, the capture of three Spaniards and kidnapping of Clark	August 14
Dale planted Henrico	September
Dale drove out the Appomattox	Christmas

POCAHONTAS

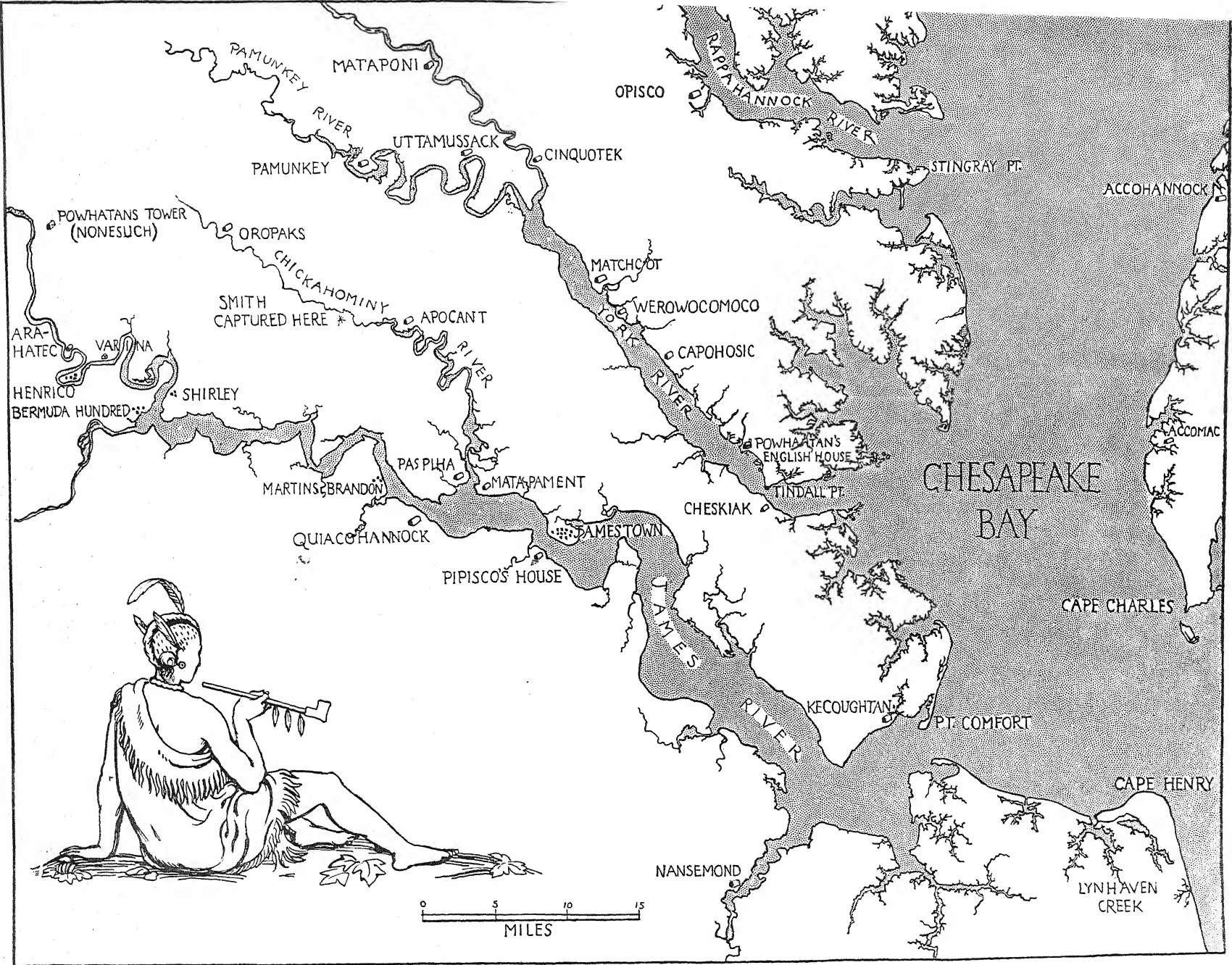
Indians and planted Bermuda Hundred	
George Percy left, never to return, in the <i>Tryall</i>	April 22, 1612
Pocahontas went to fair on Poto- mac with her father's merchand- ise	Christmas 1612
Pocahontas betrayed by Japazaws	March 1613
Argall returned with her to James- town	April 13
Molina succeeded in sending a letter back to the Spanish Ambassa- dor	May
Gates returned to England and Dale succeeded him as Gover- nor	February 1614
Dale went up the river with Argall to exchange Pocahontas	March
Rolfe and Pocahontas married	Early April
Hamor and Savage visited Powhatan to ask for Pocahontas' younger sister. Powhatan enquired after Namontack	Summer 1614
Sir Walter Raleigh enlarged out of the Tower	March 19, 1616
Dale, with Pocahontas, Rolfe, ten or twelve Indians and Molina arrived at Plymouth. Lymbry had been hanged on the way	June 3
Queen Anne, better of the gout, went to Whitehall	January 4, 1617
The masque of Christmas attended by the Queen and King, and Pocahontas. The Queen danced	January 6

CHRONOLOGY

with Earls of Buckingham and
Montgomery

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|--|-------------------|
| Masque of Lovers Made Men given
for the French Ambassador.
King, Queen, Lord Mayor,
Duke of Lennox and Lord Hay,
who was courting Lucy Percy,
and Pocahontas were there | February 22, 1617 |
| The King set out on a progress to
Edinburgh. The Queen accom-
panied him to Ware | March 14 |
| Pocahontas buried at Gravesend | March 21 |
| Raleigh sailed on his last expedition | March 17 |

THE END



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